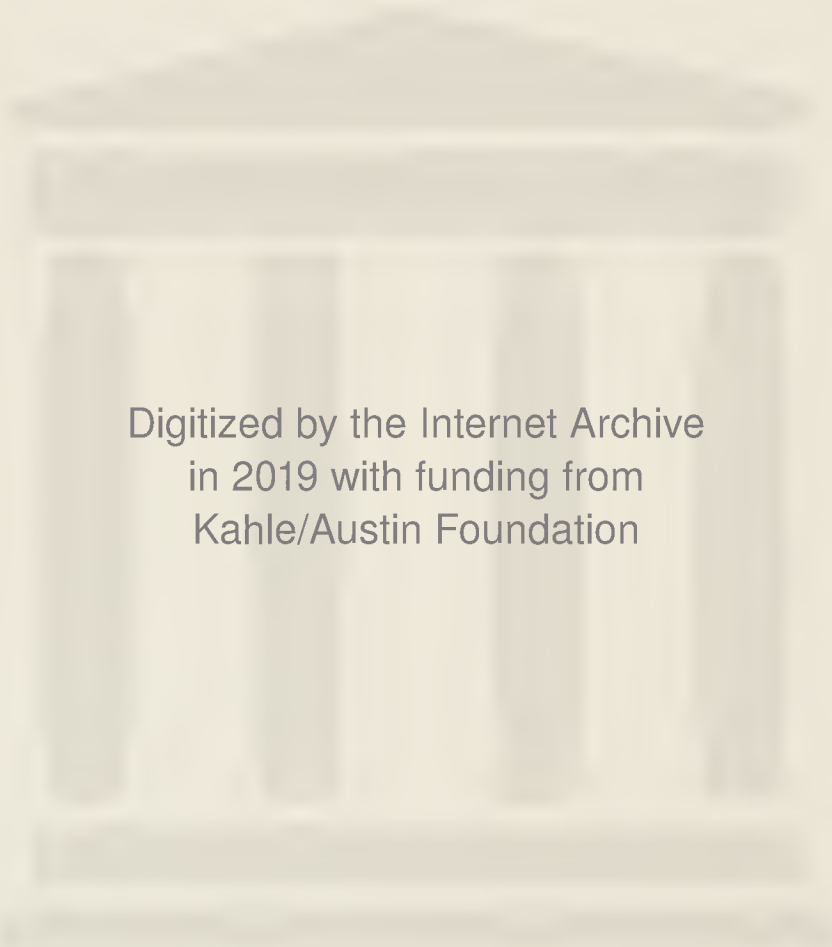

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/fictionsofromant0000dekk

The Fictions of Romantic Tourism

The Fictions of Romantic Tourism

Radcliffe, Scott, and Mary Shelley

George G. Dekker

Thomas J. Bata Library
TRENT UNIVERSITY
PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

2005

Stanford University Press
Stanford, California
www.sup.org

© 2005 by the Board of Trustees of the
Leland Stanford Junior University. All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system without the prior written permission of Stanford University Press.

Printed in the United States of America
on acid-free, archival-quality paper.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Dekker, George.
The fictions of romantic tourism : Radcliffe, Scott, and Mary Shelley / George Dekker.
p. cm.
Includes bibliographical references and index.
ISBN 0-8047-5008-4 (cloth : alk. paper)
1. English fiction—18th century—History and criticism. 2. Travel in literature. 3. Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft, 1797–1851—Criticism and interprettion. 4. Scott, Walter, Sir, 1771–1832—Criticism and interpretation. 5. Radcliffe, Ann Ward, 1764–1823—Criticism and interpretation. 6. English fiction—19th century—History and criticism. 7. Travelers' writings, English—History and criticism. 8. Romanticism—Great Britain. 9. Travelers in literature. 10. Setting (Literature) 11. Tourism—History. I. Title.
PR858.T75D45 2004
823'.70932—DC22

2004013776

Original Printing 2005

Last figure below indicates year of this printing:
14 13 12 11 10 09 08 07 06 05

Designed and typeset at Stanford University Press in 11/13.5 Adobe Garamond.

for linda jo bartholomew

"Dear fellow-Traveller! here we are once more."

Contents

List of Illustrations *viii*
Preface *ix*

Introduction 1
1 The Fictions of Romantic Tourism 25
2 The Fictionality of the Romantic Novel 54
3 Radcliffe the Tourist 71
4 Radcliffe and the Fictions of Spiritual Tourism 92
5 Tourist Transport in *Waverley* and *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* 126
6 Scott the Tourist: *Guy Mannering* and the Turner Illustrations 154
7 Mary Shelley and the Fictions of Companionable Tourism 200
8 Fictions of Pilgrimage: Italy's "Magical and Memorable Abodes" 221

Notes *255*
Index *301*

Illustrations

Figure 1	Voyage de M. de Saussure (original version)	6
Figure 2	Voyage de M. de Saussure (revised version)	7
Figure 3	Lancaster Sands	91
Figure 4	Loch Coriskin	170
Figure 5	Caerlaverock Castle	186
Figure 6	Col. Mannering, Hazelwood, & the Smugglers	187
Figure 7	The Field of Waterloo, from Hougoumont	194
Figure 8	Hougoumont	195
Figure 9	Rhymer's Glen	196

Preface

The present book can be considered a sequel to my earlier studies of British and American Romanticism in *The American Scott: James Fenimore Cooper the Novelist* (1967), *Coleridge and the Literature of Sensibility* (1978), and *The American Historical Romance* (1987). My original plan was to examine the relationships between American as well as British Romantic tourism and fiction. I envisaged trespassing national and, to a degree, disciplinary boundaries by discussing texts that were composed in the common language of English by Sir Walter Scott, Ann Radcliffe, Mary Shelley, Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. In outlook and performance as writers and travelers, each was at once a firmly rooted representative of his or her own national culture and yet, in Hawthorne's words, "a citizen of somewhere else."[1] In the event, I found the British "matter" so rich and engaging that to encompass the American in the same book-length study became impracticable. But my thinking about Romantic fiction and tourism has been deeply affected by American theory and practice, and I refer to American examples where they seem pertinent.

Because this study draws on work I began over forty years ago, it bears the intellectual impress of a great many colleagues, students, and friends. I am grateful to them all but especially to those generous, much-in-demand Stanford colleagues who made time to read and comment on the entire book at various stages of its development: nearly every page of the final version has benefited from the encouragement, diverse scholarly perspectives, and learned critique of Linda Jo Bartholomew, John Bender, Jay Fliegelman, Barbara Charlesworth Gelpi, and Herbert Lindenberger. For advice on particular aspects or parts of the study, I am indebted to the kindness and expertise of Denise Gigante, Sara Hackenberg, Robert Kauf-

man, Joanna Levin, Joan L'Heureux, John L'Heureux, Hilton Obenzinger, Robert Polhemus, James Redfield, and Wilfred Stone.

Although they were not directly involved in the making of this book, I wish to thank several friends who, through conversation and writings over many years, have helped to shape my understanding of literature and the mission of literary scholarship: Gordon Brotherston, Howard Erskine-Hill, Albert Gelpi, and John Hayden. Donald Davie and Ian Watt are no longer alive to receive my homage, but I take this opportunity to acknowledge them as mentors whose thinking about literary form, the morality of literature, and transatlantic cultural exchange continues to influence my own.

It is a pleasure to record my debt to various institutions and in particular to officers of those institutions who made uncommon efforts to support me and my research. Special thanks to my Stanford colleagues Keith Baker, Dean of Humanities; Charles Kruger, Dean of Research and Graduate Policy; Sharon Long, Dean of the School of Humanities and Sciences; Robert Polhemus, Chair of the Department of English; and Norris Pope, Program Director for Scholarly Publishing, Stanford University Press. While researching and writing this book, I was fortunate to hold fellowships at two distinguished research centers. Their stimulating and collegial atmospheres owed much to the leadership of Gillian Beer, then President of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and (once again) Keith Baker, then Director of the Stanford Humanities Center. For guidance and provision of photographic copies of the illustrations that appear in the following pages, I am indebted to the staff of Tate Britain Gallery, the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, and the Cambridge University Library. That library and the libraries of Stanford University and the University of Essex have long been the mainstays of my research and teaching. I thank their librarians for unstinting help and liberal access to their collections.

The verse quoted on the dedication page is the first line of Wordsworth's 1802 sonnet "Composed in the Valley, near Dover, on the Day of landing."[2]

Introduction

> Let the winged Fancy roam,
> Pleasure never is at home.
> (John Keats, "Fancy")[1]

1. The Fictions of Romantic Tourism

When Edward Waverley's guardians ponder how he can best "see something more of the world" than their own neighborhood, a Grand Tour seems the obvious answer.[2] But Continental travel being deemed politically risky, Sir Walter Scott's eponymous hero is instead commissioned a captain of dragoons and dispatched to Scotland. It is 1745, a time of Jacobite unrest and likely armed conflict. Waverley is indeed blessed in his opportunities, but not as he and his friends anticipate. For "gold-laced hat, boots, and broad sword" do not a soldier make (23), and outfitting the imaginative youth with them only temporarily obscures traits that make him the quintessential Romantic tourist.[3] A younger contemporary of such pioneering Early-Romantic tourists as Thomas Gray (1716–71) and William Gilpin (1724–1804), Waverley travels north at the precise moment in the history of the English literary and visual imagination when the wild western and northern mountainscapes of Wales, the Lake District, and the Scottish Highlands are beginning to rival the classical ground of the Grand Tour.[4] All unconsciously, he is on his way to the very land of romance.

The timely meeting that takes place in *Waverley* between the new Romantic sensibility and its ideal touristic object is anticipated and revisited many times in late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century novels that depict widely different locales, centuries, and circumstances. The larger project of the present study is to add to what is known about how representations of these meetings in the novels of Ann Radcliffe (1764–1823), Scott (1771–1832), and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797–1851) relate to the actual experience of Romantic tourists—especially the experience of these three writers but also that of a wide range of their contempo-

raries and predecessors who shared their high-cultural tastes.[5] Exemplary Romantic novelists, they were likewise keen tourists as well as influential contributors to the discourse of Romantic tourism through their novels, tour books, and, in Scott's case, poetry as well. At the same time, it is fair to say that but for the stimulating and shaping power of this discourse—already highly developed in literature and the visual arts by the time they began writing—the novels for which these authors are best known could not have been what they are and probably would have been unimaginable. Neither, of course, would their authors' experiences as tourists have been what they were. Because of these interrelations between the Romantic novel and the Romantic tour, viewing each in the context of the other makes it possible to remap features of both of these major contemporary cultural developments.

That Scott was an influential poet bears repeating. His metrical romances based on Scottish history, especially *Marmion* (1808) and *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), not only stimulated tourism but made Scott a famous literary figure in the English-reading world before the Waverley novels began appearing. That precedence is relevant here because poetry from the 1740s onwards had an enormous shaping influence on the Romantic novel, the discourse of Romantic tourism, and the image of Romantic-era tourism that has come down to us. Decades previous to Scott's popular success as a poet, Gray made country churchyards a favored haunt of tourists, and his poetic reputation gave his travel letters cachet, encouraging others to follow in his footsteps to the Grand Chartreuse, Scotland, and especially the English Lakes. Scott's contemporary Wordsworth was an uncommonly active and gifted tourist, a critic and even a historian of tourism, and a poet the effects of whose responses to the natural world are still felt. Among Scott and Wordsworth's successors, Byron had a comparable influence on nineteenth-century tourists with a taste for historical, mainly humanly constructed, sites. The body of poetry and descriptive prose that they and their contemporaries authored had a central mediating role, profoundly affecting not only patterns of travel but also other forms of artistic expression. The language, the descriptive techniques, the very subjectivities of the principal characters of Romantic novels were all strongly affected by this poetry.

Much the same can be said of poetry's impact on the Romantic landscape and historical paintings that were, in turn, among the other crucial

influences on tourism. But it was with poetry and painting as with other Romantic genres and media: the commerce flowed in both, or rather in many, directions. So important was this reciprocity, this fluid interplay, of media and genres within the larger discourse of Romantic tourism that I give it far more attention than is usual in studies whose principal generic focus is on the novel. What do these many eloquent voices of Romantic tourism tell us is its defining characteristic?

As I read the evidence provided by written and visual sources of the years between Waverley's northern adventure and the accession of Victoria, the true character of Romantic tourism was to engage its participants in the creation of many and varied fictions, among them a form of novel distinguished by its relatively patent fictionality rather than by the early eighteenth-century novel's verisimilar claims to being a true, unvarnished history. I do not suggest that "Romantic" is an accurate or helpful label for all novels whose fictionality is conspicuous, much less for all novelists of the period who enjoyed touring. Any such claim would be refuted by the un-Romantic examples of Jane Austen, for whom touring was a delight, and of Charlotte Lennox, whose *The Female Quixote* (1752) has been shown by Catherine Gallagher to display and depend for its effectiveness on an overt fictionality.[6] I do mean to affirm that the novels we usually agree to call Romantic are characterized by a manifest fictionality, that their authors were generally enthusiastic tourists, and that Romantic tourism and Romantic fiction had close affiliations from the outset. After all, the novelists *were* tourists part of the time, and some of their ideas for settings, incidents, or characters came to them while traveling. Equally important, Romantic tourists and novelists shared an aesthetic that effectively defined both tour and novel as privileged spaces exempt from the boring routines and hampering contingencies of ordinary life and rich with opportunities for imaginative transport.

Enfranchised by this aesthetic, novelists claimed the freedom to extend the boundaries of their chosen form by placing characters in settings and circumstances not just unfamiliar but potentially open to any imaginative reshaping that suited the narrative. (Because Scott was serious about rendering history accurately, he accepted constraints on his imaginative freedom that Gothicists from Horace Walpole onwards rejected—but regained much of it by keeping well-known historical personages and events on the margins of the fictional action.) For model fictional "situations," as

Ian Duncan has reminded us,[7] Romantic novelists looked back to prenovelistic narrative and dramatic genres including Shakespearean tragedy and romantic comedy, medieval and Renaissance romance, and sometimes Christian hagiography. This is why Radcliffe and, a half century later, Nathaniel Hawthorne included "Romance" in the titles or subtitles of all their novels and why fantastic episodes and characters that recall *Twelfth Night* or *As You Like It* are apt to pop up in Romantic novels at almost any moment.[8]

Writers more fully committed to Enlightenment values expressed disbelief and condescension towards the wonders in which these elder genres dealt, viewing them as "mere fictions" and figuring them in developmental terms as the products of civilization's childhood. Undeterred, Romantic novelists sought to recapture the charm and playfulness of Shakespearean romantic comedy or the old romances' "Terrible Graces of magic and enchantment." But they nonetheless paid homage to the values of a modern "age of reason and refinement"—and of science and the novel—by making their characters act as ordinary mortals probably would in extraordinary circumstances, and by employing various tactics for easing readers from the "real" world into the world of romance or suggesting alternative natural explanations for seemingly supernatural events.[9]

As for childhood and civilization, Romantic novelists rarely gave children the prominent role they had in contemporary poetry and were to have in Victorian fiction. But the novelists studied here endorsed a maturation process that did not extinguish the child's imaginative playfulness and freshness of perception, as witness such attractive and significantly named characters as Clerval in *Frankenstein* and lawyer Pleydell in *Guy Mannering*. These qualities are at the heart of the generic project of the Romantic novel, which might be usefully defined as an attempt to recover—temporarily and provisionally—an imaginative pre-Enlightenment "child's world" of romance adventure, interventionist Providence, and play. While the fictionality of the world thus created in a particular Romantic novel would be manifest to readers, it would seem intensely real to the fictional characters experiencing its present perils, improbable reunions, and sublime landscapes. Sympathetically engaged readers would share the characters' terror or delight even while knowing they were participating in a game of make-believe.

At the same time, a new breed of tourists began claiming an analo-

gous freedom not just to explore unfamiliar territory but to find ways of reshaping it imaginatively either while on tour or in retrospect. Although the fictional worlds that could be created in novels offered greater scope for reconstitution of humdrum reality than could be easily or safely achieved on a tour, the ingenuity of Romantic tourists should not be underrated. Becoming adept at "managing pleasure and keeping danger and destabilization at bay"—Chloe Chard's helpful formulation[10]—they developed elaborate tactics and devices for screening and enhancing perception so as to heighten experience and give the imagination of the viewer or auditor freer rein. These ranged from locating the most highly recommended "station" for viewing a scene, to the creation of musical echoes in caves, to the willing suspension of disbelief in the often fabulous stories retailed by guides. Even though some of these practices became standardized, tourists who employed them were assuming an active role in editing or framing their experience. At other times, their fiction-making involved the "storying" or narrativizing of place, either by inventing stories that "suited" a particular site, e.g., a cave hidden behind a waterfall, or by responding imaginatively to already-storied places, especially those, such as the Roman Forum or the grave of Burns, that attracted high-cultural pilgrims.

To mention "high-cultural pilgrims" is to be reminded that the fiction-making of tourists sometimes attained a seriousness and imaginative engagement with a storied locus that raised it above the merely recreational. It was, so to speak, the *penseroso* companion to their *allegro* mood at other times and places. In a generalization meant to apply to late twentieth-century tourism but that is also valid for Romantic-Age tourism, anthropologist Tom Selwyn comments that "within the same individual tourist may beat a heart which is equally pilgrim-like and child-like . . . a seemingly fundamental ambivalence which . . . may well be the principal characteristic of tourism in the modern world."[11] The parallel between tourists and pilgrims has been a commonplace for at least two and a half centuries, but the commonplace has survived because it contains much truth. And the truth gains in interest because of the symbiotic link Selwyn discerns between the pilgrim and the child. The Janus-faced nature of tourists, especially the high-cultural variety with whom I am mainly concerned, makes them as whimsical as solemn, as inclined to play as to piety, as committed to fancy as to fact.

The fiction-making of tourists can be extended to include the allegedly

Figure 1. Voyage de M. de Saussure. Etching by Marquard Wocher [?] issued by Christian von Mechel (Basle, 1790) but suppressed and replaced. Courtesy of the British Museum Department of Prints and Drawings.

veracious stories about themselves and what they saw on tour that were falsified by other witnesses, causing all travelers' tales to be taken with a lump of salt. In most cases, probably, the misrepresentations were not deliberate, and some aestheticians believe that the unintended nature of such inaccuracies, coupled with the reader's or auditor's supposition that the stories were meant to be factually accurate, removes them from the category of fiction. But I contend that the skeptical context in which they were composed and received during the Romantic era makes the question of intentionality largely moot.[12] As the *Critical Review* remarked in 1770, "Because there have been lying travellers . . . the veracity of almost every traveller is suspected."[13]

Suspicion of travelers' tales was nothing new, but there were new reasons for a heightened consciousness of the problem. One was the new importance of travel literature as a source of information about foreign peoples for such pioneering social theorists as Montesquieu and Adam Smith. Could it be trusted or not? Recent developments in science and epistemology had both raised the standards of reporting accuracy and revealed the immense difficulty of knowing with certitude what was factual or com-

Figure 2. Voyage de M. de Saussure. Lithograph, based on a drawing by Henri l'Evêque, issued by J. P. Lamy (Berne, Bâle, Lausanne et Geneve, n.d.). Courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society.

municating that knowledge precisely. As Samuel Johnson repeatedly argues in *A Journey to the Western Islands*, the conditions under which travelers collected and recollected information did not facilitate accurate reporting.[14] Thus readers who had imbibed the principles of Enlightenment science (perhaps by reading Johnson) appreciated as well as any scholar can today how maddeningly and yet fascinatingly uncertain was the truth value of travelers' tales, including their own. This uncertainty must have been intensified when listeners or readers were strongly, if conflictedly, committed to *both* Enlightenment principles and Romantic aesthetics—as was the case with Radcliffe, Scott, Mary Shelley, and many other leading Romantic authors.

Moreover, Romantic tourists' representations were sometimes false by design. H.-B. de Saussure, once-famous author of *Voyages dans les Alpes* (1779–86), provides an eye-catching example. Upon reviewing an illustration of his descent from the summit of Mont Blanc (or, more likely, the Col du Géant), Saussure decided to replace an unflattering image of himself as a corpulent middle-aged man being pulled on a litter over a crevasse

(Figure 1) with one in which he appears as a dignified figure about to walk across without aid (Figure 2).[15] Many of his contemporaries, certainly those who accompanied him on his travels, would have recognized the cosmetic treatment for what it was. No wonder then that tour books, journals, and letters of the period frequently express their authors' suspicions of the accounts that fellow tourists give of themselves.[16] Even for those who eschewed such masquerades, the unanchored circumstances of tourist travel could still serve as invitation and stimulus to guilt-free imaginative play—in conversation with companions, in tour journals, letters home, and in literature written for publication.

No less alert than Johnson to the tallness of many tourists' tales, Jane Austen also perceived connections between these and a word that marks the nexus between Romantic tourism and fiction: "transport."[17] When Austen's Elizabeth Bennet is promised a tour, "perhaps to the Lakes," she responds:

> "My dear, dear aunt," she rapturously cried, "what delight! what felicity! You give me fresh life and vigour. Adieu to disappointment and spleen. What are men to rocks and mountains? Oh! what hours of transport we shall spend! And when we *do* return, it shall not be like other travellers, without being able to give one accurate idea of any thing. We *will* know where we have gone—we *will* recollect what we have seen. Lakes, mountains, and rivers, shall not be jumbled together in our imaginations."[18]

"Transport"—already rich in associations (erotic, penal, religious) that it would retain throughout the Romantic period—became a keyword of Longinian theory during the eighteenth century, thereby acquiring a new high-cultural vogue, associations with tourism and the Romantic novel, and a paranomasia in which Romantic writers delighted.

In their parlance, "transport" refers to such attributes of the sublime as an exalting sense of imaginative expansion and empowerment; moments of radiant spiritual vision; and/or, at the other (Burkean) end of the emotional scale, a strange mingling of awe, terror, and delight. As this short list suggests, transports vary widely in emotional valence, but it is generally the case that characters in Romantic novels who experience a transport are—figuratively—lifted out of their fixed place in time and space as the result of some unleashing event. Although often the cause or result of disorientations that are, as Elizabeth Bennet alleges, productive of tourist fiction-making, transports are not themselves fictions and do not always involve

touring. But they do often appear as climactic events in Romantic novels and tour books and are, so to speak, the very type of the experience that, according to Henry James, is definitive for romance: "experience liberated . . . experience disengaged, disembroiled, disencumbered, exempt from the conditions that we usually know to attach to it and . . . drag upon it, and operating in a medium which relieves it . . . of the inconvenience of a *related*, a measurable state, a state subject to all our vulgar communities."[19] If this exhilarating experience as metaphorically rendered by James is the "romance" at the heart of the Romantic novel, it is also, much more literally, what Romantic tourists hoped to gain from being "at large."

Although a transport's disengagement from "all our vulgar communities" need not involve transgression or risk, it often does. Although the liberating event need not be touristic, it often is—for excellent psychological reasons and scenic ones as well if the excursion be to a destination famed for its sublime landscapes. Thus when Austen describes Elizabeth as "rapturously" anticipating "hours of transport" among the Cumberland lakes, author and character understand perfectly that touring such places is an activity supposed to lead to transports, especially in the case of Romantic heroines.[20] Luckily for Elizabeth, although transports mainly belong to a different kind of novel than the one in which she is the heroine, a tourist visit not to the Lakes but rather to Darcy's great house Pemberley yields the wished-for experience. In the novels of Scott, Radcliffe, and Mary Shelley, transports generally occur in less civilized settings than a Derbyshire stately home. Yet while these authors share this Romantic preference, each employs the term (or the "out-of-the-normal-world" experience it signifies) in his or her own distinctive way.

2. Romantic-Age Tourism and Its Predecessors: A Sketch

Although the focus of this study is on the fiction making of high-cultural tourists during the Romantic Age, something by way of introduction should be said about (1) the antecedents of these travelers and (2) the larger contemporary touristic context in which their imaginative encounters with foreign locales took place. The creative men and women with whom I am chiefly concerned were not a breed apart from but were rather a subset of the general tourist population of their time. Despite their educated tastes and sometimes different itineraries, they too belonged mainly to Britain's

"middling" classes, shared many of the same political and religious prejudices, and were equally subject to the era's often challenging conditions of travel. As for what was old and new in Romantic-Age British tourism, despite economic, social, and aesthetic developments that made it distinctive and in many respects unlike its predecessors or successors, it shared fundamental characteristics with both.[21] A broad definition of tourism as travel for the sake of pleasure, improvement, or revitalization would encapsulate not only Romantic-Age and more recent forms of tourism but also, with relatively minor modifications, preceding forms as well.[22] And the family likenesses are not limited solely to other forms of tourist travel. As noticed earlier, there seems to be a homologous relationship between tourism and one of the few cultural institutions that can claim to be universal—the pilgrimage.[23]

Thinking of themselves as pilgrims, educated tourists of many eras and countries have made often lengthy and arduous journeys to the sacred places of their culture as a way of putting themselves in touch with its informing mythos. Many of those places have no overt connection with the sacred, much less with institutionalized religion. This is why the irreligious Edward Gibbon could at once ironically and sincerely say that "Rome is the great object of our pilgrimage."[24] In *Corinne, ou l'Italie* (1807), the work in which Romantic fiction and tourism are most conspicuously allied, Madame de Staël's heroine makes the parallel between pilgrimages and high-cultural touring explicit: "one need only see the sites of great actions to feel an indefinable emotion. It is this tendency of the soul that gives rise to the religious power of the pilgrimage. Even stripped of their great men and their monuments, countries famous in every domain exert considerable power over the imagination."[25] Corinne's claims are corroborated by the emotional responses recorded by many travelers. The transports experienced during their first few days in Rome by Gibbon, Byron, the Shelleys, and Henry James seem to have been quite as powerful as those of tourists who found the sublime amongst the high places of the Welsh Mountains or the Alps. All were, in Barbara Charlesworth Gelpi's words, "imagination's pilgrims."[26]

If the journeys undertaken by tourists sometimes achieved the high seriousness and sacred meaning associated with pilgrimages at their most pious, pilgrimages themselves were doubtless a successful cultural institution partly because they conferred some of the nonspiritual benefits—

notably a refreshing change of scene and company—promised by tourism.[27] The distinction between pilgrims and tourists became especially blurred after the fifteenth century. Was the Christian humanist George Sandys (1578–1644) a pilgrim when he visited the shrines of the Holy Land but a tourist when, during the same trip, he examined the famous sites of antiquity near Naples?[28] As Hilton Obenzinger demonstrates, Sandys's mythologizing imagination reduces both Italy and the Levant to cautionary exempla of moral and imperial decline—in contrast to England, the vigorous new promised "land that floweth with milke and honey."[29]

Sandys was a transitional figure. In Western Europe, just when pilgrimages ceased to be a widely sanctioned social institution in predominantly Protestant countries like Britain, the Grand Tour became the fashionable way for young male aristocrats to complete an education whose foundation was classical Greek and Roman history, rhetoric, philosophy, and poetry. Sir Philip Sidney was among those who established a pattern of educational travel that lasted down to the French Revolution and inspired variations—Byronic, Ruskinian, Jamesian, etc.—long afterwards. A young man on tour might be away from Britain for several years learning the languages and manners of Continental nations, meeting foreign dignitaries, viewing the best examples of art and architecture, and absorbing virtue from ground—especially Italian ground—made famous in ancient story. During the eighteenth century, when touring became increasingly democratized and culturally as well as geographically diversified, visitors to the traditional sites of the Grand Tour frequently deviated from the pattern in terms of age, social status, financial resources, or the duration of their journey. Important middle-class literary figures of the period who were able to shape versions of the Tour despite a shortage of funds were Gray, whose tour of 1739–41 was subsidized by Horace Walpole, and Wordsworth, whose Long-Vacation pedestrian tour of 1790, memorialized in *Descriptive Sketches* and *The Prelude*, was a model of economical travel. For Gray and Wordsworth, Italian ground must have gained in sacred associations because of John Milton's tour of 1638–39.

Like those of other institutions with elevated pretensions, the widely publicized educational failures of the Tour inspired a notable satirical literature, most memorably Pope's portrait of a corrupted youth newly returned from the Tour in Book IV of *The Dunciad* (1743). Commentators sometimes took the opposite tack and described the sterling qualifications

that tourists needed in order to gain what the Tour could offer or to avoid becoming the object of satire. Perhaps the best prescription is Gibbon's half-serious, half-tongue-in-cheek "sketch of ideal perfection" in a tourist:

> I must stimulate him with a restless curiosity . . . which drives him forth at any hour of the day or night, to brave the flood, to climb the mountain, or to fathom the mine on the most doubtful promise of entertainment or instruction . . . with a copious stock of classical and historical learning, my traveller must blend the practical knowledge of husbandry and manufactures . . . flexible temper . . . happy flow of spirits . . . the advantage of an independent fortune and the ready use of national and provincial idioms.[30]

One legacy of the Grand Tour was therefore a schizophrenic image of tourism and "the tourist": on the one hand, social prestige, educational legitimization, and an aura of cultural sophistication that undoubtedly rubbed off on the more popular forms of touring that followed; on the other, a satirical characterization of the tourist as a foolish, ignorant, and wasteful individual who was a bore to meet at home, an embarrassment to encounter abroad.

But for the high-cultural strand of Romantic-Age tourism, surely the crucial legacy of the Grand Tour was the Tour's successful secularization of the pilgrimage. Romantic tourism and its adjunctive fictionalizing literature and visual art greatly expanded the range of available cultural genealogies and "shrines," but the fundamental cultural objective and psychological satisfaction remained essentially the same whether the traveler visited the Roman Forum or Melrose Abbey. This was true even of visits to places celebrated for awe-inspiring scenery. Although appreciation of landscape *qua* landscape was not a principal objective of the Grand Tour until the early decades of the Romantic Age and is rightly regarded as one of that period's major contributions to the resources of tourism, it would be no exaggeration to say that by the time the Shelleys visited the Vale of Chamounix in 1816 they too traveled as pilgrims to a shrine.

In addition to the new appreciation of picturesque and sublime landscape, Romantic-Age tourism was distinguished by several other amply documented innovations that affected tourists of all descriptions, including those with whom this study is mainly concerned.[31] A new enthusiasm for sites within Britain launched visitors not only to the once-reviled "remoter" mountainous regions but also to the rapidly developing spa towns

and to places in and near London such as the great houses that were increasingly open (in part, at set hours, and for a fee or tip) to the "respectable" public.[32] However, the most important innovation of Romantic-Age tourism was demographic: its participants increasingly included the "middling" classes, both sexes, and often entire families, thereby frequently becoming an extension of rather than an escape from the domestic sphere.[33] The consequences of this greater inclusiveness were profound both for tourism and literature. These trends became more pronounced, more visible, over the course of the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and (to speak only of the novel social features) obviously were aspects of broader changes in family relationships and the distribution of national wealth, political power, and cultural authority during the period.

Another prominent feature of Romantic-Age tourism, and one that has a special relevance for the present study, was its association with a quest for health. Those with life-threatening illnesses, especially consumptives, frequently journeyed to warmer climes, hoping at the same time to enjoy the sights and perhaps gather materials for a tour book or novel. Alas, as we learn from Henry Fielding's *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon* (1755), the strain of travel sometimes did more harm than harsh British weather. Those with less dangerous complaints could turn to the recently developed English spa towns for the combination they offered of hot mineral-water baths, varied entertainments, and new social contacts.[34] And because of the real or alleged restorative value of a change of scene, perhaps involving a stimulating communion with nature, a wider-ranging form of tourist travel was also prescribed to combat depression, grief, or inexplicable debility.

Travel for health presented attractive possibilities for novelists, becoming one of the leading *topoi* of women's fiction. Thus when the heroine of Fanny Burney's *Evelina, or, a Young Lady's Entrance into the World* (1778) suffers disappointment in love and begins to lose her bloom prematurely, her anxious guardian, despite the moral dangers of such places, agrees that she should go to Bath's neighbor resort of Bristol Hotwell where "the prospect is beautiful, the air pure, and the weather very favourable to invalids."[35] The advantages of a more perambulatory quest for wellness were recognized not only by Austen in *Pride and Prejudice* but also by Radcliffe in *The Romance of the Forest* (1791) and *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794) and by Mary Shelley in *Frankenstein* (1818). When these authors experienced illness later in their lives, they followed their own prescriptions

by touring or by residence at a resort. So, it should be added, did Scott who vainly sought to recover his health by visiting Malta and Italy.

Of course many whose health might have benefited from wintering in Malta or Italy, Arles or Lisbon, simply could not afford foreign travel, as was likewise true of many of their robust countrymen whose desire to travel arose from a surplus rather than a deficit of physical and psychic energies. But shortage of time or funds, although important factors, cannot entirely explain a vogue for domestic touring that affected all classes and conditions of health. Neither can the passion for the sublime and picturesque inasmuch as these could be found (and by some travelers continued to be found), in even greater abundance, among the Alps and more traditional sites of the Grand Tour. To explain the growing popularity of domestic touring, we need to take account of several other causal factors, negative as well as positive, often closely coupled, and sometimes assuming a marked attraction-repulsion pattern.

This pattern is well illustrated by London's role in the development of Romantic-Age tourism. As was true of Paris and Rome for those who pursued the Grand Tour, London was the great magnet for foreign tourists and for many of the Londoners' fellow countrymen. Hub of the nation's road system, it was also the capital of empire and unrivaled treasure store of cultural and entertainment resources, fashionable society, and political activity. Yet, at the same time, the growth of urban congestion, poverty, and squalor (not to mention the vast cloud of coal smoke that hung more or less permanently over the city) meant that London was increasingly a place from which many residents wished to escape, at least temporarily. Ann Radcliffe and Mary Shelley were Londoners who, though they enjoyed the city's cultural resources, looked elsewhere for their holidays. London is barely mentioned in any of Radcliffe's surviving writings, and never as a locus of touristic interest in Mary Shelley's fiction. Had these novelists' sensibilities and generic leanings been less "Romantic," their work would surely have given us more of London and something of that quintessential expression of "Georgian" enterprise and culture, Bath.[36]

Whereas travel to London, Bath, and other points in England was greatly facilitated by the roads and highways created by the eighteenth-century Turnpike Acts and Parliamentary Enclosure Acts, travel abroad posed many practical problems, especially for families. To read no further than Tobias Smollett's account of the fatigue, delays, chicanery, danger,

unanticipated expenses, filthy and cramped quarters, and sickness that he and his family endured *before* reaching their Continental starting point of Boulogne is to get some idea of the harrowing difficulties that sometimes confronted travelers to France and beyond.[37] Although Smollett was not what the eighteenth century called a "genial traveler," his account of the ordeal experienced by a British tourist neither young, physically strong, rich, nor temperamentally complaisant has the ring of truth. Indeed, reading Smollett's tour book in tandem with Fielding's *A Voyage to Lisbon* and Gibbon's sketch of the ideal Continental traveler, one might well conclude that exemplary patience and great good humor were among the prerequisites for a successful tour. Road rage, although its specific causes change with changes in transportation systems, is not a new phenomenon.

But the most comprehensive, least negotiable obstacles to foreign travel were the recurrent wars between Britain and France that precluded tourist traffic between the nations for extended periods and served to harden centuries-old prejudices in favor of things British and against those of "the Country of our natural enemy."[38] A connection between patriotic feeling and sacralization of the English, Welsh, and Scottish countrysides is explicit in many Romantic-Age texts, especially those written while a Napoleonic invasion threatened.[39] Of course the "divine island" sentiment can be traced through literature in English at least as far back as John o' Gaunt's "sceptr'd isle" speech in *Richard II* and had already done much to establish a bond between the British and the many locales that composed their island. "Lines Written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey," a Romantic adaptation of the hill or prospect poem, demonstrates how well the convention suited a poet who was also a tourist. The cultural work of the prospect poem, and of topographical poetry more generally, in nurturing the attachment of the British to their *patria* was abetted by a virtual explosion of landscape and topographical art during this period and by another eighteenth-century literary enterprise with patriotic overtones—the recovery of Britain's early literature.[40]

Another protracted military operation, the suppression of Jacobite rebellion on the sceptr'd isle itself, had the unintended consequence of opening up new venues for tourists in search of sublime scenery and a way of life that was picturesque because radically different from theirs—thus confirming that an activity which promised temporary refuge from the harsher practicalities of life was constantly shadowed by them and was also

in many respects their product. From early until relatively late in the eighteenth century, military roads were built across the Scottish Highlands to speed the movement of troops and provisions. After the Jacobite army was defeated but while "pacification" was still in progress, tourists began to take advantage of the improved access. Johnson and Boswell traversed northern Scotland on one of them in 1773. When the Jacobite threat and the social order that sustained it no longer existed, the magnificent scenery remained, and so did the roads.

Unlike so many of his contemporaries, Johnson was not fond of wild scenery. If we inquire what he *was* seeking in northern Scotland and its western islands—we know that Boswell was mainly seeking Johnson—several answers come to mind that may help us to understand the nature of tourists and tourism during the Romantic Age. Johnson tells us that his attraction to the region was kindled imaginatively by his childhood reading, a powerful motivation that finds parallels in the experience of many tourists who travel to places as distant from the Hebrides as Byron's Greece. More specifically, *A Journey*'s account of visits to people and sites associated with Prince Charles Edward Stuart's flight from Scotland in 1746 suggests that Johnson's early Jacobite sympathies were still strongly felt, hence that certain humble island cottages were objects of pilgrimage. However this might be, Johnson and Boswell's emotionally charged visit to the monastic ruins on Iona—to which I will return in connection with Scott's visit four decades later—unquestionably does wear the aspect of pilgrimage. Perhaps, too, his pilgrim's passion for direct personal contact with Iona's heroic missionary past in all its authentic if ghostly presentness also energized Johnson's converse drive to expose the inauthenticity of James Macpherson's Ossian "translations" allegedly based on ancient Celtic texts. For while Johnson's methods of sifting evidence were those of the Enlightenment, his declared wish to see the remnants of a feudal way of life arguably bespeaks that quest for authenticity which Dean MacCannell and others have maintained is the root cause of tourism in modern, i.e., post-Enlightenment, times.

MacCannell's thesis is, in brief, that the tourist seeks to recover a sense of wholeness, authenticity, and structure that are missing from a modern world characterized by "contradiction, conflict, violence, fragmentation, discontinuity, and alienation." With "the modern disruption of real life" occurs "the simultaneous emergence of a fascination for the 'real

life' of ['primitive'] others."[41] Now MacCannell's thesis, to the subtleties and questionable premises of which I cannot do justice here, has come under fire from various sources and for various reasons; but the point I want to make is that his characterization of the tourist as an alienated individual forever seeking and forever being denied access to authenticity and wholeness of being differs little, at bottom, from Friedrich Schiller's portrait of modern man in his enormously influential essay on "Naïve and Sentimental Poetry" (1795–96). Taking Goethe's Werther as an instance of "the sentimental character" at its suicidal extreme, Schiller theorizes that such individuals are alienated from their own nature and, lacking the wholeness and harmony that is humanity's birthright, seek these in primitive peoples, nonhuman nature, or other ("naïve") individuals who seem to enjoy these boons.[42] Not coincidentally, when he first appears in Goethe's novella the troubled Werther is a tourist who sketches and rhapsodizes over Mother Nature in the form of mountain scenery.

The secular myth of alienated man finds expression not only in Werther but in such troubled and restless heroes of the period as Byron's Childe Harold and Mary Shelley's Victor Frankenstein, whose everyday lives do not measure up to the requirements of their passions or imagination and for whom tourist travel is both a symptom and prescribed cure. In *The Theory of the Novel* (1920) Georg Lukács describes such heroes in terms of an "inadequate relation between soul and reality" that stems from "the soul's being wider and larger than the destinies which life has to offer it."[43] Fortunately, few tourists of any era have been cases as extreme as Goethe's protagonist, and it is hard to argue that such healthy-minded tourists as Ann Radcliffe, who shared the touristic tastes of Werther and his fellows, were at all like them in personality. Yet in spite of the many skeptical qualifications that might be adduced, it is obvious that the myth which resurfaces in MacCannell's account of touristic motivation has some general applicability to Romantic tourism if only insofar as it helps to explain the era's emphasis on the therapeutic and (closely related) spiritual value of tourist travel.

As it does today, the quest for authenticity during the Romantic period also took the nonsubjective, often severely practical, form of a demand for "the genuine" or what we might colloquially call "the real article" in domains ranging from coinage and blood lineage to art works and touristic souvenirs. There were pressing reasons for such demands that had

little or nothing to do with Sentimental *angst*. It was, after all, an age of widely publicized and in some instances notorious impostures: of the Stuart "Pretenders" and their continuing claims to the British crown (or, from the Jacobite perspective, of the Hanoverian usurpers who wore the crown); of the alchemist Cagliostro and the electromagnetic "healer" Mesmer; of the Ossian "translations" and Thomas Chatterton's "Rowley" poems; of the Cock Lane ghost; of *chinoiserie*, sham medieval castles, fake ruins, Georgian facades on Tudor houses, and, often on a grand scale, formulary relandscaping of grounds to produce a more "natural" effect.

Sometimes, to be sure, concerns about counterfeits were related to worries about the inauthenticity of modern, especially urban, life, as in Wordsworth's primitivist project to recover "the real language of men" by employing a diction based on the speech of "low and rustic life."[44] (The words "real" and "genuine" appear often and with a sense of urgency in the Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*.) Persuaded by Wordsworth or his many predecessors that a rustic form of life was more real, more authentic, because closer to the primitive condition of humankind, some city- and town-dwellers toured the Lake District and other rural areas in hopes of finding not just grand scenery but also inhabitants characterized by proud independence and bluff, "honest" (neither contrived nor contriving) manners. Such tourists were Radcliffe and Johnson—motivated less by alienation than by curiosity and a wistful, vaguely patriotic hope that the good old English or patriarchal virtues survived somewhere. But whether or not they found what they were looking for, those of their letters and journals that I have read suggest that the authors were rarely unhappy to return to the amenities of urban life.

In early nineteenth-century London and nearby Paris these amenities now included not only a wealth of native tourist attractions such as great cathedrals and palaces but also such trophies of empire as the Elgin Marbles of the British Museum (opened in 1759) and the Napoleonic collections of the Louvre (1793). Like the National Gallery (1824), perched symbolically facing Trafalgar Square, the institutions that kept these treasures were themselves products of the Romantic era, manifestations of its expansive nationalism and passion for collecting. Whatever might be thought of the impulses that made these and similar institutions possible or of the means by which some of their holdings were acquired and re-

tained, it is certain that the perceived value of the objects, hence their desirability as collectibles, hinged then as now on their authenticity.

Take the case of the Elgin Marbles.[45] Their genuineness was questioned by Elgin's political enemies, by those who objected to his price tag, and by those whose taste favored the later Greek and Roman work with which they were already familiar and in which some had invested.[46] If their arguments had prevailed, nobody would have thought Elgin's price remotely reasonable. Nor, if the marbles had only been perfect replicas derived from the plaster casts made on the Acropolis, would crowds of people have been drawn to them then and ever since. Not that authenticity by itself could have conferred value on the sculptures; much more was required. To the trained eyes of the sculptor Canova and the painter Benjamin Robert Haydon, both of whom appreciated their unique power and championed their authenticity, the Parthenon sculptures were a revelation of the way the human form could be represented. For others, with other Hellenistic interests, value inhered in them primarily as a mighty fragment, a marble synecdoche, of the whole culture of Periclean Athens—of what Keats sweepingly called "Grecian grandeur" in his 1817 sonnet "On Seeing the Elgin Marbles":

> Such dim-conceived glories of the brain
> Bring round the heart undescribable feud;
> So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
> That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
> Wasting of old time—with a billowy main—
> A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.[47]

The sculptures' value as synecdoche depended on their authenticity: if Keats had doubted it, would he—could he—have been so awed by them?

Although fact is inert without fancy, fact, or rather what is believed to be fact, matters. For tourists as for pilgrims, sacred sites and relics possess their aura and talismanic power because they are perceived to have an authentic link with the person or event that lends them significance. That is why tourists often go to extreme lengths to visit the exact spot where something important to their culture happened or where somebody important to their culture was born or buried. Inevitably, the visitors' desire for authoritative topographical and historical guidance prompts the creation of a local information industry which in many cases is, of course, a

misinformation industry—bringing us back to the topics of tourist fictions and the tourist as child.

Strangeness of language, custom, and geographical relation returns us all to a more or less childlike condition when we visit a foreign culture. "Childlike" means many things, ranging from immature and ill-behaved to playful and imaginative, from gullible and dangerously unconscious of warning signs to freshly perceptive and inquiring. Tourist behavior covers the entire spectrum of the childlike. An obvious fictional example: Jane Austen's ingenuous consumer of gothic fictions Catherine Morland (the tourist as ingénue) who is readily persuaded that Blaize (or Blaise) Castle is a genuine medieval structure when its antiquity is vouched for by John Thorpe (the tourist as assertive ignoramus). That the castle was a "sham" built in 1766 would have been known to some of Austen's readers but by no means to all of them. As is often the case in this playful novel, the joke is not only on the infatuated heroine. *Northanger Abbey* serves both to document—in caricatured form—the prevalence of Romantic tourist fictions and to illustrate the sophisticated play with "fact" or authenticity that we encounter frequently and in many domains of Romantic-Age cultural life.

Perhaps the choicest example of such play is another sham "castle," to which Blaise serves as a cue, that goes unmentioned in *Northanger Abbey* but that Austen probably had in mind because its owner was also the author of the first gothic novel, *The Castle of Otranto* (1764). Horace Walpole and his friends spent decades amusing themselves by exhibiting their originality on the "Gothick" project of Strawberry Hill, earnestly refashioning a modest half-century-old house into the simulacrum of a medieval castle—with, however, few of the discomforts of the real thing. Essential to Walpole's pleasure in the project and to that of the tourists who flocked to view it was the belief that it reproduced medieval design faithfully and yet, simultaneously, the knowledge that it was actually a product of modern ingenuity and "really" did not purport to be otherwise: in short, that it was a case of adult "let's pretend." The pleasure that Strawberry Hill afforded tourists was obviously different in kind from that experienced by Keats in the presence of the Elgin marbles or by Gibbon when with a profound sense of cultural "homeness" he at last arrived in the holy city of Rome. It was, to repeat an earlier analogy, the *allegro* companion to the pilgrim-tourist's *penseroso* response.

What linked these with each other and with the Romantic tourist's

pleasure in the picturesque and sublime was the imaginative activity that all of them stimulated and demanded. Indeed, an active, shaping imagination such as Coleridge profiles in Chapter XIII of *Biographia Literaria* is the empowering agency that mediates and enables all of the leading features of Romantic tourism and its literature discussed in this book: the fiction-making of the Romantic tourist; the interconnections between novelistic fiction and other genres; touristic pilgrimage and play; the discovery and sacralization of the homeland; and several other important features that I introduce later, including the aesthetic of partial disclosure and the pleasures of companionable tourism.

3. 1745–1830: A Romantic "Age" of Tourism?

Labeling this long span of years in the history of tourism an "age" might seem to imply a constancy in tourist practices, populations, and destinations that is historically inconceivable. The constant, rather, was change. Eyes that had been educated to view landscape through those of James Thomson or Thomas Gainsborough did not see it as would those, later, who read Percy Shelley or saw the powerful abstractions of late Turner. But constant change occurs during any period and the purpose of periodization in any field of history is to draw attention to certain predominant features of the political, social, or cultural landscape that did remain essentially the same over a particular span of years and in some cases were so novel and influential that people then living became conscious of them as conferring a special identity on themselves and their times. Middle-class tourism, especially in its eye-catching high-cultural form, was itself such a feature during the Romantic era.

Gibbon recalled that when he toured Switzerland in 1755, "The fashion of climbing the mountains, and viewing the *Glaciers* had not yet been introduced by foreign travellers who seek the sublime beauties of Nature."[48] George B. Parks, citing the publication date of Saussure's *Voyages dans les Alpes* as a significant marker, reckons 1779 as the year "when the new mode of including emotional passages [meaning a Romantic registering of the aesthetic impact of natural scenery] in accounts of journeys in Europe was fully accepted."[49] Early nineteenth-century commentators, including Wordsworth, often remarked that tourist travel and appreciation

of the natural beauty of Britain were comparatively recent developments. Scott's geologist friend John Macculloch noted "the great increase of domestic [tourist] travel" and wrote to Scott in 1824 that "we have ourselves almost witnessed the rise of the very slender degree of taste" for natural beauty on the part of "the public at large . . . You and I can yet remember when all the knowledge of Scottish scenery was confined to Loch Lomond and the most accessible of the Perthshire lakes."[50]

Although the tourism known to these commentators and their contemporaries grew and branched in many directions during the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the myriad changes that occurred appear relatively minor and parts of a single process when measured against those introduced by the railways and steamships shortly before and after the accession of Victoria. By the middle of the nineteenth century the rapidly expanding rail networks were making possible an enormous parallel expansion and large-scale commercialization and regimentation of tourism. Besides profoundly affecting the speed, ease, safety, volume, and demographics of tourist travel, rail and steamship transportation so transformed commerce, industry, warfare, and the very face of the island that a Victorian tourist was in many respects a different person from his or her forebears and often much more urgently in need of the revitalization promised by tourist travel.

4. A Prospect: Chapter by Chapter

"Romantic novel" is a term that covers a large and diverse constellation of fiction written by authors who had both much and little in common. The same can be said of British Romantic tourism and tourists. In the opening chapters of this study, I try to identify crucial generic constants that can be traced in both of these great cultural innovations. Chapter One expands and documents the arguments I have advanced regarding the fiction-making of Romantic tourists and introduces a topic that will recur throughout the book: the importance of genial companions as stimulators of tourist fiction-making. Chapter Two fills out my sketch of the complex generic project of the Romantic novel, emphasizing its overt fictionality, its affiliations with poetry, and its strategies for affective engagement and empowerment of the reader.

The second and larger part of this book is devoted to chapters on the tourist travels and writings of Radcliffe, Scott, and Mary Shelley. Interested though I am in the traits these novelists shared with each other and their contemporaries and in the continuities between their work and that of previous travelers and writers, I am equally concerned with what makes each so distinctive in temperament and talent, in social background and opportunities to write and to travel. Although their adult lives overlapped for a short period and Radcliffe was chronologically a near contemporary of Scott, in terms of literary culture and intellectual-political milieu they belonged to distinct generations. Greatly to simplify the significance of this generational difference: Radcliffe's novels were among Scott's more important models as Scott's were among Mary Shelley's. Yet, partly also as a result of this sequencing, other models were available to Scott that had not been to Radcliffe, and to Mary Shelley that had not been to the other two.

Chapter Three discusses Radcliffe's ardent tourism, reformist politics, Longinian aesthetics, Romantic poetics of fiction, and devout Protestantism, with special attention to her travel journals and her tour book, *A Journey Made in the Summer of 1794* (1795). Included in this chapter is a brief description of tour books as a Romantic literary genre. The interests and values expressed in Radcliffe's travel journals and tour book also inform the novels that are the main subject of Chapter Four: *The Romance of the Forest* (1791), *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), and *The Italian* (1797). In Chapter Five, I shift attention to the sharply contrasting fictional worlds of *Waverley* (1814), *Rob Roy* (1817) and *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* (1818), showing among other things how Scott's representations of "transport," touristic and other, differ profoundly from those of Radcliffe. Chapter Six links Scott's second novel, *Guy Mannering* (1815), to several associated developments in his career: his Scottish and Continental tours of 1814 and 1815; the fictionalizing of his tourist experiences in *The Lord of the Isles* (1815) and *The Pirate* (1821); and J. M. W. Turner's illustrations of sites that figure in Scott's writings from this period. Chapters Seven and Eight are principally concerned with the transmutation of Mary Shelley's tourist experiences into the fictions of her early novels—*Frankenstein* (1818), *Valperga* (1823), and *The Last Man* (1826). Since those experiences are connected not only with Percy Shelley's but also with Byron's during the years when he was writing Cantos III and IV of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, I make this most important tourist poem of the era an exemplary text for

commenting on the fictionalization of Italy and the ambivalent relationship between Romantic tourism and imperialism. Save for a glance ahead at changing ("Victorian") touristic tastes and opportunities, I conclude this book with *The Last Man*, a novel that for biographical, generic, and broadly cultural reasons marks the end of an era in the history of tourism and its fictions.

Such are the main themes, mediating concepts, and organizational scheme of the book as a whole. Since my emphasis will continue to be on features that I consider especially characteristic of Romantic-era tourism and novelistic fiction, perhaps I should underscore here that many of them have of course persisted, although variously updated and relabeled, down to the present time. They have persisted because modernization, although it has eliminated much, has not eliminated—it has, rather, proliferated—the psychological needs that make tourist travel and the imaginative yet sophisticated "child's world" of fiction in the Romantic tradition desirable and, at its best, deeply satisfying. The greatest work of William Faulkner and Gabriel García Márquez—to name but two major continuators of the tradition—answers those needs more by means of its "magic" than its "realism." And while such flavors of the day as "heritage tourism" and "ecological tourism" might smack of the commercially staged and faddish, both can be recognized as descendants of Romantic tourism and honorable responses to the erasures of human and natural history wrought in the name of "development." This is finally, or rather introductorily, to say that Romantic tourism and fiction are themselves among the early responses, at once enthusiastically appropriative and apprehensively watchful, to the modernizing processes set in motion by the scientific revolution and its Enlightenment ramifications.

CHAPTER 1

The Fictions of Romantic Tourism

> In short, our Souls are at present delightfully lost and bewildered in a pleasing Delusion, and we walk about like the Enchanted Hero of a Romance, who sees beautiful Castles, woods and Meadows . . . but upon the finishing of some secret Spell, the fantastick Scene breaks up, and the disconsolate Knight finds himself upon a barren Heath, or in a solitary Desart.
> (Joseph Addison, *Spectator* 413)[1]

1. A Model for the Fictions of Romantic Tourism

Following Newton and Locke, Addison argues in the *Spectator* papers on "Chearfulness" and the "Pleasures of the Imagination" that although the universe itself is in reality devoid of sound, color, taste, etc., the human imagination in collaboration with the senses enables us to enjoy the illusion of their existence. The universe as experienced by humans, he contends, is like "a kind of Theatre filled with Objects that . . . raise in us Pleasure, Amusement or Admiration" (*Spectator* 387).[2] On this showing, we are all Quixotes and the Don's romance-nourished fantasies differ but little from the fictions with which during all our waking moments we unconsciously gild an else bleak and joyless universe. Giving priority to the role of a creative imagination, Addison, with wit and playful good humor, encourages skepticism about the reports not just of travelers but of one's own senses.[3] For him and the many who subscribed to his affirmative outlook, this arrangement was evidence of God's goodness and a source of human empowerment. Without arguing for a direct causal relationship,[4] I suggest that key features of Romantic tourism—its devices for enhancing nature,

its playfulness, its proneness to create and suspect fictions, and above all its privileging of the imagination—can be viewed as extensions of the fiction-making ("theatrical") processes employed by Nature's God.[5]

Although the present chapter is concerned mainly with the resulting "Pleasure, Amusement or Admiration," Addison's scheme also allows for the mystical intuitions of Romantic tourists like Radcliffe and Wordsworth. Moreover, the "enchantment" allegory sketched in *Spectator* 413 provides for those of less sanguine temperament who, like Johnson, are made anxious by "the dangerous prevalence of the imagination" and the unreliability of observation or reports based thereon. The parable likewise foretells the disappointments of Romantic tourism, when the "spell" fails and its adherents are left emotionally stranded "upon a barren Heath, or in a solitary Desart."

That Addison's knight is left stranded in a "solitary" desert suggests another characteristic of Romantic tourism—its pleasure in companionship. To be sure, some Romantic tourists liked to go it alone at least part of the time. Among the reasons that William Hazlitt gives for preferring to travel by himself is that "The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others."[6] His adventurous independence might seem to mark Hazlitt as a "traveler" rather than—to invoke a well-worn and crudely simplifying distinction—a mere "tourist."[7] Independent he certainly was but not a misanthropic loner like Victor Frankenstein: on the contrary, "going a journey" alone enabled the sociable Hazlitt to enjoy a series of novel interactions with and self-presentations to strangers. Analogously, although William Beckford and Byron (in the guise of Childe Harold) represent themselves as loners, they actually traveled with a retinue. The Romantic tourists with whom I am principally concerned frankly sought out companions and found that the stimulus provided by one or more sympathetic friends doubled their own pleasure and creativity.

2. Companionable Tourism

As scholars have long recognized, a major shift in sensibility began to evidence itself shortly before the middle of the eighteenth century. This

shift—inward and anti-Enlightenment in tenor—appeared during the 1740s in the highly subjective lyric and ruminative-descriptive poetry of William Collins, Thomas Gray, and the Warton brothers Joseph and Thomas, work haunted by the Milton of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. At roughly the same time, it was manifested in a taste for new styles of tourism, architecture, and novelistic fiction—a taste especially associated with Gray, Horace Walpole, and their circle. These Early-Romantic figures enthused eloquently about Fancy, Originality, Genius, the Sublime, the Picturesque; promoted the revival of pre-Renaissance ("Gothic," romance) forms of architecture and narrative; made Salvator Rosa's name a byword for the "savage" sublime; celebrated the suggestive sketch, ruin, and partially obscured scene that left something for the imagination to fill out; helped to initiate scholarly study of the ancient Germanic and Celtic cultures and their northern-European *patriae*; revolted against Continental models while cultivating the English taste for natural "wildness" and irregularity in landscape gardening; and venerated Shakespeare and Milton as the greatest literary geniuses of modern times or perhaps of any time. Most important for the present study, they toured extensively in Britain as well as on the Continent. The Protestant-nationalist bias of their enthusiasms is unmistakable and doubtless enhanced their appeal not only to later writers but also to hosts of patriotic readers.

Many of the values and practices they championed were inherited from, among others, predecessors such as Alexander Pope and the second Earl of Shaftesbury.[8] But Gray and Walpole were innovators as well as synthesizers. I will discuss Walpole later. Here I want to focus on Gray, a pioneering Romantic tourist whose letters and travel journals describing his responses to the Alps, Scotland, and the Lake District provided an early and influential model for how a tourist in search of the picturesque and sublime should feel and record when on tour.[9] The best of Gray's predecessors—Addison, Defoe, Mary Wortley Montagu—had a distinctive style and viewpoint that gave their respective writings freshness even when the sites, topics, and judgments were not far off the beaten track. But the letters Gray wrote to his friends while on tour introduced a personal voice, a note of intimacy and imaginative play, that would be further developed in later tourist writings, notably the journals of Dorothy Wordsworth, the letter-journals of Keats and Byron, and the tour books of Mary Wollstonecraft and the Shelleys.

Of special interest in Gray's tourist letters is the relationship between fancy and companionship. This relationship mattered little in earlier tourist writings but would be central in those of the Romantic poets and novelists. For many of the fictions of Romantic tourism were generated collaboratively or were created for the entertainment or invoked presence of absent friends. In general, the literary tourists with whom I will be concerned in following chapters were luckier than Gray in securing dear friends as fellow travelers, but none provided a more poignant and engaging model of companionable tourism.[10]

The notorious rupture that occurred towards the end of Gray and Walpole's Grand Tour makes the worst possible advertisement for companionable tourism. Traveling together cruelly exposed the friends' differences of rank, fortune, learning, and temperament. Yet this pair, in so many ways mismatched, managed to rub along together and mainly enjoy themselves during two years of travel.[11] And although it would never be as close as it had been, the friendship was eventually revived. That it survived at all can only be explained by the strength of the original homosocial bond formed at Eton between Gray, Walpole, and the gifted but frail classicist Richard West.[12]

A letter Gray wrote to West shortly after visiting the Grande Chartreuse is of special interest for what it says both about the impression made on him by the spectacular scenery en route to the monastery and about the pleasures of touring—in imagination—with a much-missed intimate and correspondingly imaginative friend:

> I own I have not, as yet, any where met with those grand and simple works of Art, that are to amaze one, and whose sight one is to be the better for: But those of Nature have astonished me beyond expression. In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining: Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noon-day: You have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frighting it . . . You may believe Abelard and Heloïse were not forgot upon this occasion: If I do not mistake, I saw you too every now and then at a distance among the trees . . . You seemed to call to me from the other side of the precipice, but the noise of the river below was so great, that I really could not distinguish what you said . . . In your next you will be so good to let me know what it was.[13]

This strange and moving passage can be read as an unconscious expression of Gray's anxiety that his unwell friend might already be among the "spirits there at noon-day," seeking to communicate across the impassable gulf between the living and dead.[14] More certainly, the passage registers Gray's longing for the company of a friend capable of sharing and even enhancing an experience of the natural sublime that went beyond anything he had previously known. So intense is Gray's longing, the passage asserts, that the (living) "spirit" of Richard West momentarily materializes only to be unable to bridge the gulf with words. We may choose to read Gray's description of West's mysterious appearance where, in the flesh, he could not have been, as no more than a "fanciful" way of saying, "I felt you there in spirit—the sublime wonder of the moment making all things seem possible, even your actual presence." Supposing we do regard it as no more than an affectionate fiction intended to be received as such, there yet remains a residue of the uncanny, and in this it anticipates equally mysterious and unexplained apparitions of longed-for friends in *The Mysteries of Udolpho.*

Months after writing this letter to West, Gray sought to amuse another close friend, Thomas Wharton, by composing a mock proposal for a volume entitled "The Travels of T:G:Gent," the flavor of which is suggested by "Chapter" 9: "Makes a journey into Savoy, & in his way visits the Grande Chartreuse; he is set astride upon a Mule's back, & begins to climb up the Mountain. Rocks & Torrents beneath; Pine-trees, & Snows above; horrours, & terrours on all sides. the Author dies of the Fright."[15] Gray's humorous account of his expedition to the Grand Chartreuse shows him making fun of himself (something he did only with the most trusted friends) and of an experience that, as his letter to West shows, had a tremendous impact on him. In Gray's heart, as in that of many another Romantic tourist, the child coexists with the pilgrim.

Despite his difficulties with Walpole, Gray continued seeking and sometimes finding companions to share the pleasures, inconveniences, and occasional dangers of the road. On his much-enjoyed tour of Scotland in 1765 Gray was accompanied by his friend Lord Strathmore. During the late summer of 1770, he took a six-week tour of Wales and southwestern England with another friend, Norton Nicholls, traveling down the River Wye amid "a succession of nameless wonders" that would later be made famous by Gilpin and Wordsworth.[16] On this journey Nicholls kept a journal that, as Gray told Wharton, would serve "to recall & fix the fading im-

ages of these things." The journal, we may be sure, would have been available to Wharton as well as Gray. For the previous year, after Wharton's illness obliged him to drop out of a joint excursion to the Lakes, Gray had gone on alone but brought his friend with him in spirit by keeping a letter-journal in which he recorded the experiences that Wharton would have shared. One of the most moving moments in his narrative occurs when, gazing upon a sunlight-flooded Vale of Keswick, he exclaims: "oh Doctor! I never wish'd more for you."[17] To Wharton's absence and the bond between the two men we owe Gray's long account of this tour. Decades later, the same motives would inspire Byron's letter-journal describing the Bernese Alps to Augusta Leigh, and the letter-journal recounting his tour of the English Lakes and Scotland that Keats sent his brother Tom.[18] It is hard to believe that Gray's letter-journal describing the same region was not a suggestive example for Keats.

To judge from the later literature of Romantic tourism, companionship when traveling was understood to have the potential of at once stimulating perception and deepening friendship. The reciprocal nature of the relationship is described by Madame de Staël's heroine Corinne to her lover: "people become dearer to each other when they share admiration for monuments whose true greatness speaks to the soul! The buildings of Rome are neither cold nor mute, genius created them, remarkable events consecrate them. Perhaps, Oswald, one must love character like yours—love it beyond everything else—to enjoy a shared sensitivity to all that is noble and beautiful in the universe."[19] Analogous sentiments can be found in (for instance) *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and "Tintern Abbey" and appear to have been much more widely felt than Victor Frankenstein's craving for solitary touring, which Mary Shelley made a symptom of Victor's sickness of soul.[20] Touring with companions was so important to Mary Shelley herself that she sometimes wished to include the very landscape among them: "One longs to make a familiar friend of such sublime scenery, and refer, in after years, to one's intimate acquaintance with it, as one of the most valued among the treasures of recollection which time may have bestowed."[21]

Companionable tourism had another and in some cases less attractive face than I have portrayed thus far. Then, as today, traveling in a foreign country with a close friend sometimes had the effect of minimizing intercourse with locals whose language was imperfectly understood and whose manners appeared uncouth. In sixteen-year-old Mary Shelley's eyes,

for instance, the Germans with whom she, Percy, and Claire Clairmont voyaged on the Rhine were "disgusting," untranslatable, and an impediment to appreciation of the glorious scenery. Had her companions been more experienced travelers, they might have helped her engage more sympathetically with the locals, but they were then no wiser in foreign ways and spoken words than she. Thus insulated from the human communities through which they passed, they formed a lively little community of scenic tourists that was intensely responsive to landscape and each other, but to local manners only at their most direct and impinging. No doubt the gaze of many Romantic-Age parties in search of the picturesque or sublime was thus doubly blinkered; no doubt, too, many of the constituents of those parties never advanced beyond the pupa-stage of tourism. But the Shelleys and Claire did, and it is apparent from travel journals and tour books of the period that other educable travelers gained in their understanding of foreign cultures by sharing observation and information with companions—or seeking to communicate these to absent friends.

3. Gray's Lakeland Letter-Journal

When Gray referred to the "nameless wonders" of the Wye Valley, he probably meant that landscape aesthetics lacked a language adequate to describe the scenes through which he had passed. But the phrase also suggests the excitement of a tourist who feels himself a pathfinder and, as a stranger, knows the names of few of the places he is passing: "*Tinterne-Abbey*, and *Persfield* . . . both of them famous scenes; & both on the Wye. Monmouth, a town I never heard mention'd, lies on the same river in a vale, that is the delight of my eyes, & the very seat of pleasure."[22] That summer William Gilpin made the same journey and drafted the book that would fix names on those wondrous places for future tourists: *Observations on the River Wye* (1782). Thanks to their mutual friend William Mason, Gilpin was able to show Gray an early draft of *Observations.* In a preface to the published book, Gilpin simultaneously boosted his own book by claiming Gray's approbation and Gray's posthumous reputation as a master of travel writing by asserting that "no man was a greater admirer of nature than Mr Gray, nor admired it with better taste."[23] These links between Gray, Mason, and Gilpin indicate how small and tightly networked was the Early-Romantic

intelligentsia and how collectively involved it was in the exhilarating "discovery" of Britain that was then going forward. Although parts of the island, such as the Lake District, had already begun to be exploited touristically by the 1760s, other parts, such as the Wye Valley and Scottish Highlands, were still little visited by those who had the requisite tastes and means to do so. That would soon change.

Gray's comment about the "nameless wonders" of the Wye should be juxtaposed with a witty remark apropos Italy that Gray recorded in a letter to Richard West nearly thirty years earlier: "Mr. Walpole says, our memory sees more than our eyes in this country. Which is extremely true; since, for realities, Windsor, or Richmond Hill, is infinitely preferable to Albano or Frescati."[24] Walpole's epigram is more than a display of cleverness and Anglocentrism. For a well-educated traveler like himself, it was only a little hyperbolic to claim that every patch of ground in Italy had been endowed with rich associations by its poets and historians. While some undistinguished verse and rather more able prose celebrating the wonders of the Lakes had been published before Gray's 1769 tour, even that region awaited the poets whose words would turn a visually breathtaking locale into a "sung" one as well. Gray's contribution to the process turned out to be greater than he can have anticipated because the letter-journal he wrote for Wharton was published after his death in an appendix to the book that became the most popular guidebook to the region over the next four decades, Thomas West's *Guide to the Lakes* (1778).[25]

Wordsworth wrote appreciatively of the "distinctness and unaffected simplicity" of Gray's descriptions,[26] and it is true that the letter-journal narrative is mainly direct, informal to the point of homeliness, and written so that Wharton could picture the various scenes through his friend's eyes:

> Met a civil young Farmer overseeing his reapers (for it is oat-harvest here) who conducted us to a neat white house in the village of Grange, wch is built on a rising ground in the midst of a valley. round it the mountains form an aweful ampitheatre, & thro' it obliquely runs the Darwent clear as glass, & shewing under it's bridge every trout, that passes. (III, 1087–88)

Important though Gray's mastery of familiar detail was, his was also the eye of a poet. As guest of the farmer he is able to enjoy a repast of "butter, that Siserah would have jump'd at, tho' not in a lordly dish, bowls of milk, thin oaten-cakes, & ale" (III, 1088). To this imaginative traveler the simple but delightful meal recalls the days of the patriarchs.[27]

Gray's reputation as a travel writer was based on his ability to communicate the full range of his emotional responses to the scenes and what seemed the changing moods of the landscape itself:

In the evening walk'd alone down to the Lake by the side of *Crow-Park* after sunset & saw the solemn colouring of night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, & the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touch'd the hithermost shore. at distance heard the murmur of many waterfalls not audible in the day-time. wish'd for the Moon, but she was *dark to me & silent, hid in her vacant interlunar cave.* (III, 1089)

Many a visitor to the Lakes, armed with Thomas West's *Guide*, must have reflected that this was the very mood and time of day evoked in the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," an impression reinforced by the alliteration and (probably deliberate) misquotation from *Samson Agonistes*.[28]

Gray also rises at times to a kind of visionary ecstasy, as when he glimpses the Vale of Keswick:

beneath you, & stretching far away to the right, the shining purity of the *Lake*, just ruffled by the breeze enough to shew it is alive, reflecting rocks, woods, fields, & inverted tops of mountains. (III, 1079–80)

Or again:

saw from an eminence at two miles distance the Vale of Elysium in all its verdure, the sun then playing on the bosom of the lake, & lighting up all the mountains with its lustre. (III, 1079)

In a later letter, Gray describes how he spent six days in Keswick "lap'd in Elysium," a phrase derived from *Comus* that in its original context describes the blissful drugged state of the travelers imprisoned by Circe.[29] Of course Gray did not think of himself as experiencing a narcotic stupor in Keswick. On the contrary, his usage cleanses the phrase of the negative connotations it has when spoken by Comus. In referring to it as "the Vale of Elysium," this scholarly traveler sought a term and parallel from classical mythology capable of expressing the splendor of the scene and the fullness of bliss that he experienced wandering in holiday freedom in the Vale of Keswick. Magnificent though the lakes and mountains of the region were, Gray still found their names "barbarous" (III, 1080).

Gray's letter-journal also contains a few well-wrought but essentially

conventional sublime descriptive set-pieces such as his account of visiting Gordale Scar:

> as I advanced the crags seem'd to close in . . . I followed my guide a few paces, & lo, the hills open'd again into no large space, and then all farther way is bar'd by a stream, that at the height of about 50 feet gushes from a hole in the rock, & spreading in large sheets over its broken front dashes from steep to steep, & then rattles away in a torrent down the valley. the rock on the left rises perpendicular with stubbed yew-trees & shrubs, staring from its side to the height of at least 300 feet. but these are not the thing! it is that to the right, under wch you stand to see the fall, that forms the principal horror of the place. from its very base it begins to slope forwards over you in one black & solid mass without any crevice in its surface, & overshadows half the area below with its dreadful canopy. when I stood at (I believe) full 4 yards distance from its foot, the drops wch perpetually distill from its brow, fell on my head, & in one part of the top more exposed to the weather there are loose stones that hang in air, & threaten visibly some idle Spectator with instant destruction. it is safer to shelter yourself close to its bottom, & trust the mercy of that enormous mass, wch nothing but an earthquake can stir. the gloomy uncomfortable day well suited the savage aspect of the place, & made it still more formidable. I stay'd there (not without shuddering) a quarter of an hour, & thought my trouble richly paid, for the impression will last for life. (III, 1107)

Gray then mentions the landscape painters who had recently visited the place (including the well-known Smith of Derby). Although he might have conceded the advantages enjoyed by visual artists, he makes good use of the resources available to him. As a temporal medium language can often be more effective than a painter's image in suggesting the motion of descending water, in this instance by syntactically miming the progress of the water through a series of lively verbal phrases ("gushes . . . dashes . . . rattles away"). Also, while from a strategic distant viewpoint a painter could create a powerful contrast of scale by showing a diminutive human visitor standing, as Gray describes himself, at the base of a threatening mass jutting out overhead, the narrator can achieve immediacy through the reader-involving "you" and "yourself" coupled with description of drops of water falling on his head from a place that could as easily rain down loose stones. Finally, just as the painter could employ *chiaroscuro* and other means to convey the mood of the scene and viewer, so the writer can project emotion not only by plainly stating that he stood "shuddering" with cold and fear but also by personifying the inanimate "features" of the scene: the

shrubs are "staring" back at him, the loose stones overhead "threaten" him with instant destruction, the "aspect of the place" is "savage," and so on. It is a distinctly gothic moment and closely anticipatory of a famous scene in Chapter XXII of *Waverley*. Gray cannot refrain from a fiction-making response to a scene that seems, as fictionalized, to be intently though mutely aware of his presence. His Cumberland and Westmoreland are themselves a companionable, if sometimes intimidating, universe.

4. Strategies and Devices of Romantic Tourism

Early in the letter-journal, Gray recounts an adventure:

> Dined by two o'clock at the Queen's Head, & then straggled out alone to the *Parsonage*, fell down on my back across a dirty lane with my glass open in one hand, but broke only my knuckles: stay'd nevertheless, & saw the sun set in all its glory. (III, 1079)

The glass was a "Claude-glass," i.e., a tinted mirror by means of which a viewer, turning his (or her) back to a scene, could transform it into a Claude-like image. Quite possibly Gray tripped because his eye was on the mirror rather than the ground, but evidently the risk was worth taking. Concluding his ecstatic description of "the Vale of Elysium," Gray exclaims, "pray think, how the glass played its part in such a spot" (III, 1080). Apparently, in a way that perfectly exemplifies what Chloe Chard has identified as the tourist's "system for managing pleasure," he and Wharton were accustomed to use the Claude-glass so as to be able to enjoy a scene in both its natural hues and tones and those of "a Claude."[30] As Robert L. Mack aptly comments, Gray "clearly derived great enjoyment from this sense of participating in the construction and interpretation of the scenery around him, of himself 'half-creating' both the immensity and the providential design of the natural world."[31] So great was the enjoyment, indeed, that even though Gray had a fine-tuned sense both of humor and personal dignity he seems not to have been sensitive to the symbolic implications of the action, or the grotesque spectacle that he must sometimes have presented in his pursuit of aesthetic pleasure, as he literally turned his back on nature.

Gray's generous responsiveness, learning, and imaginative employment of that learning set him apart from the "picturesque travelers" who incurred Wordsworth's disapproval for transferring "rules of mimic art . . .

/To things above all art" (*The Prelude*, XII, 111–12).[32] But Gray was akin to them insofar as he had few scruples about the devices he employed for augmenting the pleasure that nature could give him or that, in turn, he could give his reader. The same can be said of Gray's heirs, the Romantic tourists whose fiction-making strategy of mediation and enhancement added special effects, so to speak, to the "fantastick Scene" that, according to Addison, the senses and imagination all unconsciously and naturally create. We should hesitate to condemn such intelligent practitioners of these arts as Mary Wollstonecraft and Ann Radcliffe, but some unimaginative tourists who mechanically applied the "rules of mimic art" probably deserved Wordsworth's scorn. Their best-known instructor and Wordsworth's main target was Gray's admirer William Gilpin.

In a well-known passage, Gilpin explains to the novice artist that "he who works *from imagination*—that is, he who culls from nature the most beautiful parts . . . and removing every thing offensive, admits only such parts, as are *congruous*, and *beautiful*; will in all probability, make a much better landscape, than he who takes all as it comes."[33] The counsel to work selectively rather than take "all as it comes" can hardly be quarreled with. The problem lies in Gilpin's notion of what is "beautiful" and "congruous," what not. For him, the "offensive" parts of a landscape include not only natural features (a jagged rock thrusting itself "incongruously" into a scene otherwise harmonious and tranquil) but also ugly modern buildings and upsetting reminders of economic and political reality (farm laborers at work or resting in their cramped domestic spaces—except at a misery-erasing distance). Although Gilpin is speaking specifically of landscape painting here, his conception of the tourist as someone concerned above all to obtain "picturesque" views of nature means that his basic strategy of selection and suppression applies to both activities. The difference, of course, is that the tourist works with a far less plastic medium than the landscape painter and must frequently resort to quite elaborate mental and physical screening devices. John Barrell notes a passage in which Gilpin's description of the back-and-forth maneuvers he was obliged to take in order to obtain a "particularly picturesque" view are so complicated and time-consuming as to be self-parodic. As Barrell says, Gilpin "appears amused at the performance he went through, in case we are, but we are not encouraged to believe that he did *not* usually go through this sort of procedure."[34]

Gilpin's principles of omission did not prevail everywhere nor did the taste for Claudean pastoral landscape go unchallenged by rival conceptions of what might be included in a landscape painting.[35] Barrell argues that a growing taste for more realistic treatments of the English rural scene encouraged many artists, notably Thomas Gainsborough and John Constable, to include scenes of agricultural laborers at work. But, as Barrell points out, an implicit imperative of such portrayals is that these workers be reassuringly "presented as honest and industrious" albeit not without opportunities for relaxation and festivity.[36] This carefully edited picture of the rural poor, it might be added, provided a politically necessary contrast to pictures of the drunken and brutalized lives of the urban poor that William Hogarth had drawn earlier in the eighteenth century and that in its closing decades seemed to be validated by the frequent riots of London mobs and more terrifyingly by those of the *sans culottes* of Paris.

Among mere tourists, Gilpin perhaps had few followers whose Claudian and Salvatoran templates were as rigid or whose viewing maneuvers were as antic as his own apparently were at times. Yet we can be sure that the majority of Romantic-Age tourists managed pleasure by means of screening tactics of one kind or another. For them as for us, the screening process begins with the selection of a destination that promises to balance the familiar and strange in just the right, interesting yet not too challenging, proportions. After all, for the majority of tourists in any age, pleasure and revitalization take precedence over education, especially if education means encounters of a kind that would defeat the main purpose of the expedition. Hence the British tourists who, as Chard notes, preferred the Coliseum which was comparatively isolated from the urban squalor of Rome to the Pantheon which was smack in the middle of it. By sticking to the outskirts they avoided contact with lower-class Italians and successfully framed the ruins or other objects they had traveled to see.[37] Further north, Scott noticed the same tourist behavior, and, although he began and in some respects remained a disciple of Gilpin, he was canny and blunt about such maneuvers on the part of his characters. In the same category might be included the system of "stations" in the Lakes region. It had the double selective purpose of directing tourists to the most picturesque views and saving them from disappointment and waste of time. In this it was not always successful, but, like other mediatory strategies for touristic enhancement, it was not intrinsically foolish and it often did yield satisfying

results. Despite his reservations about the premises and formulas of picturesque tourism, Wordsworth himself retained the vestiges of a system of stations in his *Guide.*

Nearly all of the strategies for enhancement or editing thus far mentioned involve the visual; but as the poetry of the period shows, the Romantics also delighted in "Nature's Music" whether performed by a mountain stream, the branches of a pine, or an Aeolian harp. For some tourists that music was perhaps oversubtle or insufficiently available on demand. Hence visitors to the English lakes were occasionally treated to the booming mountain echoes produced when a canon was fired over water. Mary Wollstonecraft recounts an auditory experience of a subtler character that occurred during her visit to Norway. With a few companions, she climbed a rocky mountainside one evening, "listening to the finest echoes I ever heard. We had a french-horn with us; and there was an enchanting wildness in the dying away of the reverberation, that quickly transported me to Shakespeare's magic island. Spirits unseen seemed to walk abroad, and flit from cliff to cliff, to sooth my soul to peace."[38] To the imaginative and well-read Wollstonecraft, the fading echoes of the horn recall (indeed echo) Ariel's music, blessing her with a magically romantic moment. Like Gray on the road to the Grande Chartreuse, she is disconnected from everyday reality and able to witness "spirits unseen that seemed to walk abroad."

5. Storied Places and Storying Place

So notoriously unreliable and often wildly improbable were the accounts of travelers commonly reckoned that Washington Irving could entitle a collection of uncanny and supernatural stories *Tales of a Traveller* (1824) in the knowledge that his public would anticipate something farfetched. And no wonder that the tourist friends of Austen's Elizabeth Bennet give only confused and forgetful accounts of what they had seen; for, in the days before "Murrays" and "Baedekers," tourists were obliged to rely on oral and written sources of information that were sometimes wildly inaccurate. Indeed, the authors of tour books themselves regularly criticized their predecessors (and competitors) for superficiality, bias, imprecision, etc. A classic instance is Laurence Sterne's allegation that "Smelfungus"—that is, Smollett—on his tour of France and Italy "set out with the spleen

and jaundice, and every object he pass'd by was discoloured or distorted."[39] It might be retorted that in *A Sentimental Journey* Sterne goes to the opposite and no less distorting extreme of viewing "every object he passed by" through rose-tinted glasses. Nonetheless, the popular success of this infinitely stalling and playful narrative of "Yorick's" tour in France demonstrates that he was spot-on in his assessment of what the reading and touring public would tolerate and even relish in travel literature. No matter how second-hand or fabulous a description itself might be, the mental scenery (or "interior" voyage) of a celebrated literary traveler would always be acceptable as a substitute for the real thing—provided that one was an armchair tourist rather than one in need of practical help.[40]

Of course *A Sentimental Journey* is not a "real" tour book; nor is it so much a parody of the genre as a Shandian appropriation of the multiple maddening sources of delay on tour to fashion a narrative that proves as stubborn as Sancho's donkey to get under way. Sterne did devise a parody of tour books and their authors in Volume VII of *Tristram Shandy* that easily surpasses Gray's youthful effort in this vein:

> if we may judge from what has been wrote . . . by all who have *wrote and galloped* . . . there is not a galloper of us all who might not have gone on ambling quietly in his own ground (in case he had any) and have wrote all he had to write, dry shod, as well as not.[41]

Sterne then proceeds to concoct a fussily detailed description of Calais on the basis of an overnight visit that began when "it was dusky in the evening" and ended early the next morning when it was still "dark as pitch." So much for the value of firsthandedness. Radcliffe and Coleridge, who never visited the sites they described in, respectively, *The Italian* and "Hymn before Sun-rise in the Vale of Chamouni," stayed "dry shod" while gratifying many a reader with the illusion of on-the-spot responses.

Even the most skeptical and veracious tour-book writers could be guilty of perpetuating error—especially plausible and attractive error—as witness James Fenimore Cooper. After visiting Percy Shelley's grave in the Protestant cemetery in Rome, he reported in *Gleanings in Europe: Italy* (1837) that the unimprovable inscription on the gravestone, "Cor Cordium" (heart of hearts), was written by the poet's "wife, the daughter of Godwin."[42] It was actually written by the somewhat disreputable Leigh Hunt and is arguably Hunt's finest literary achievement. But that the

heartbroken widow devised it is a much better story; it is the way it should have been. And so Cooper was taken in even though he was generally alert to the fictions retailed about Italy.[43] "Most travellers," he writes, "give themselves up to the guidance of common *lacquais de place* . . . and even they who are sceptical, and smile at much of what they hear, are more or less imposed on by the ignorance and knavery of these men" (194).

It is often impossible to discover the origin of a mistake such as Cooper's regarding the authorship of "Cor Cordium." In many instances the legends that grow up around particular tourist sites must have been repeated with creative variations and multiple embellishments by local guides or historians long before they appeared in the pages of tour books. They are repeated because they are entertaining and/or in some way "telling" about the historical (or legendary) personages or events associated with the sites, and are further embroidered to make them even better. They are repeated, too, because tourists enjoy them and tend good-humoredly not to be so severely skeptical as Johnson was. Irving's Geoffrey Crayon, for instance, describing his visit to Shakespeare's birthplace, suspends disbelief in the guide's tales and moralizes thus:

> I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am ever willing to be deceived, where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends, and local anecdotes of goblins and great men; and would advise all travellers who travel for their gratification to be the same. What is it to us, whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them, and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute good-humored credulity in these matters. [44]

Crayon is himself a fictional character whose ability to credit the most transparent fictions is exaggerated in order to make a point. But the point is surely well-taken and accurately represents the simultaneous skepticism and "resolute good-humored credulity" of sophisticated Romantic tourists. In Irving's case, as in that of other professional fictionalists, the guides' "legends" and "local anecdotes" were of course the more acceptable because they provided matter that could be developed for publication.

Even where the stories retailed to tourists by guides or local historians were not a significant source of inspiration for a tale in verse or prose, a fictitious local historian could be represented in a preface or prologue as authority for the improbable events that followed. Since this species of "au-

thority" was notoriously unreliable, to invoke it was a self-undermining act that drew attention to the fictionality of the story to follow (as well as to that of the preface itself) while professing to validate its historicity. Ann Radcliffe makes good use of this convention in both *A Sicilian Romance* and *The Italian.*

Perhaps the most compelling and "retelling" of all Romantic tourist fictions is linked to a painting in the Colonna Gallery in Rome of an unknown young woman by an unknown hand that during the nineteenth century was believed to be of Beatrice Cenci by Guido Reni. According to Percy Shelley, the Roman populace was generally familiar with the tragic story and supposed visual representation of this victim of paternal rape who was later executed as a parricide. Copies of the picture (one of which Shelley possessed and was possessed by) abounded and were widely available when Nathaniel Hawthorne visited Rome in 1858. Probably neither the story nor the painted representation was so powerful on its own as it was in combination, each "explaining" and seemingly validating the other. But even allowing for this mutual intensification, it is surprising that they retained their power and mystery for Hawthorne when one considers the plethora of crude reproductions of the portrait then being hawked to tourists—the tourist industry ever fouling its own nest. Miriam in *The Marble Faun* comments that "Everywhere we see oil-paintings, crayon-sketches, cameos, engravings, lithographs, pretending to be Beatrice, and representing the poor girl with blubbered eyes, a leer of coquetry, a merry look, as if she were dancing, a piteous look, as if she were beaten."[45]

Nonetheless, Hawthorne still found it "the very saddest picture ever painted or conceived" (64) and made it both an emblem of the mystery of the knowledge of evil and, as it were, a telltale mirror in which his heroines Miriam and Hilda each catch oblique glimpses of her own or her friend's betraying expressions. In Hawthorne's novel, as in the historical actuality unknown to him, the image in the painting attracts and absorbs as it reflects identity and character.

The painted canvas that attracted and long retained the story of Beatrice Cenci as its tenant can stand as an epitome of countless physical sites that have inspired imaginative viewers to conjure up narratives answering to their character. This kind of fictionalizing activity can be observed in Gray's description of the route to the Grande Chartreuse where he imag-

ines seeing "spirits there at noon-day." A similar scene in the Lake District that obviously called Salvator Rosa's mountainscapes to mind prompted Gilpin to exclaim that "nothing could suit it better than a group of banditti. Of all the scenes I ever saw, this was the most adapted to the perpetration of some dreadful deed. The imagination can hardly avoid conceiving a band of robbers lurking under the shelter of some projecting rock; and expecting the traveller, as he approaches along the valley below."[46]

Just as Gilpin's melodramatic imagination populates one gloomy mountain scene with sinister figures out of Salvator's canvases, so other imaginations draw on the manifold resources of romance literature. Samuel Johnson acknowledges that in some circumstances it was but a step from tourist travel to a "Gothick" novel. After a journey "performed in the gloom of the evening" across rugged and sparsely inhabited terrain on the Isle of Skye, he comments: "In travelling even thus almost without light thro' naked solitude, when there is a guide whose conduct may be trusted, a mind not naturally too much disposed to fear, may preserve some degree of cheerfulness; but what must be the solicitude of him who should be wandering, among the craggs and hollows, benighted, ignorant, and alone?"[47] He goes on to conjecture that

> The fictions of the Gothick romances were not so remote from credibility as they are now thought . . . Whatever is imaged in the wildest tale, if giants, dragons, and enchantment be excepted, would be felt by him, who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the sea without a pilot, should be carried amidst his terror and uncertainty, to the hospitality and elegance of *Raasay* or *Dunvegan.*

Johnson himself had recently enjoyed such hospitality at Dunvegan Castle on Skye and at the residence of the Laird of the Isle of Raasay, and while he had the services of both pilot and guide, the conditions of travel enabled him readily to imagine what it would have been like for those who did not. No doubt few Romantic-Age tourists experienced the gothic terror, abrupt transitions, or extremes of emotion and circumstance that Johnson ascribes to medieval romance. But even the brief sampling provided here demonstrates that he was not the only eighteenth-century literary tourist whose experiences suggested such parallels. There is no way of knowing whether Radcliffe was one of these before she embarked on the series of novels that incorporate so many prominent features of the "Gothick romances," but it is extremely likely that she, an admirer of Johnson

and avid consumer of tour books, would have known this passage.

However it may have been with Radcliffe, it is certain that other Romantic fictionalists owed the *données* for some of their most important scenes and actions to tourist excursions. Well-known examples are the visit to Glens Falls that prompted Cooper to imagine the cave episode in *The Last of the Mohicans*, and the Shelleys' trek up to the Montanvert glacier that inspired the high-altitude confrontation scene between Victor and the Creature in *Frankenstein*.[48] But to my knowledge the most extraordinary example of a tourist experience generating a key episode in a Romantic narrative is the visit Scott paid to lonely, sublimely bleak Loch Coriskin on the Isle of Skye that led him to alter the historical itinerary of Robert the Bruce in *The Lord of the Isles* so that the hero could pay a visit parallel to Scott's own. The Coriskin episode is so energized by Scott's imaginative response to this strange site that it compares well with any scene in Romantic narrative, temporarily investing an otherwise merely competent work with grandeur. I discuss this remarkable example of Romantic tourist fiction-making in Chapter Six.

As tourist sites go—at least in Britain—none could be more sharply contrastive than Loch Coriskin and that epitome of elegant urban design, medicinal waters, varied cultural resources, fashionable visitors, and carnivalesque opportunities for "promiscuous" mixing: the spa town of Bath. Coriskin, manifesting nature at its least humanly shapeable and habitable, awes the viewer and, as it were, disarms the imagination. Bath shows how much the imagination—not a literary imagination in this case—working with ample material resources could make of a more congenial site, and bears an intriguing analogy to the transformative practices employed by Romantic tourists. It likewise offers an instructive example of the power relationship between tourism and the local environment. In developing the site, the projectors capitalized not only on its hot springs and attractive hilly surroundings but also on the soft honey-colored building stone that could be quarried nearby. By thus transforming an agricultural village into a Palladian pleasure resort over the course of a few decades, the quarry's owner-entrepreneur, Ralph Allen, and the principal architects of the new town, John Wood, father and son, made Bath a practical demonstration of the ability of wealth, knowledge, and entérprise to reshape a physical and social environment almost at will. The very terraces and crescents of the new town conveyed a message of power and freedom. That message would

not have been lost on Jane Austen and may have suggested the town's aptness as a locus for some of her most amusing exposures of touristic folly and arrogance.[49]

In *Northanger Abbey*, Bath provides the setting for what is probably the best-known literary representation of Gilpinian landscape editing. With Austen's ingenuous heroine Catherine Morland tagging along, Henry Tilney and his sister Eleanor climb Bath's Beechen Cliff and, "with all the eagerness of real taste," discuss the "capability" of the town and surrounding country to be "formed into pictures." Their technical discussion excludes and humiliates Catherine, forcing her to confess her ignorance and declare "that she would give anything in the world to be able to draw."[50] Delighted, Henry initiates her into the theory and vocabulary of the picturesque, "in which his instructions were so clear that she soon began to see beauty in every thing admired by him, and her attention was so earnest, that he became perfectly satisfied of her having a great deal of natural taste." So empowered is Catherine with a sense of new authority that, at the climactic moment when they attain the top of Beechen Cliff and can look down (both literally and figuratively) on the scene, she too is able to take possession of it and reject "the whole city of Bath, as unworthy to make part of a landscape" (87).[51] What Jane Austen thought of the Tilneys' instruction and Catherine's education in picturesque viewing can be inferred from the narrator's previous appreciative description of Beechen Cliff as "that noble hill, whose beautiful verdure and hanging coppice render it so striking an object from almost every opening in Bath" (82).

Catherine's discoveries may remind us of a passage in *Saint Ronan's Well* (1823) where a traveler chances upon a hidden nook whose "simple and sylvan beauty . . . pleases him the more, that it seems to be peculiarly his own property as the first discoverer."[52] Scott's language of imperialist "discovery" and appropriation is patent—and also patently mock-heroic. Both passages exhibit the scenic tourist's sense of proprietorship, of having moral title to a landscape, by virtue of a superior technical understanding or aesthetic appreciation of its merits. But there the resemblance ends. Scott's individualist, wandering in the then-unfashionable Scottish Borders, is pleased with the scene and himself as discoverer, and evidences no desire to make his adventure an occasion for exhibiting "taste." In contrast, the little excursion above Bath proves to be an extension of the social rituals and power games of a fashionable spa. Neither portrait of tourist psy-

chology is very flattering. And yet neither is very damning, and we do well to avoid the moralizing terms that each might seem to invite. Whereas the discovery and development of Bath, like that of all touristic Xanadus, cannot have been achieved without a major impact for both good and ill on the local population and environment, the fictions of proprietorship that Austen's and Scott's characters entertain have few or no such consequences. The Tilneys are glad to welcome Catherine into the club and do infinitely less harm to the town and natural surroundings than any motorized traveler who passes through them today. Scott's "discoverer" is no more predatory than the reader who chances upon a fine book by an obscure author and takes special pleasure in "his" or "her" find.

Among the most amusing fictions of Romantic tourism are those that involve the donning of new personal identities and relationships together with fictive life-narratives to match. Recalling her elopement journey, Mary Shelley comments on the way life assumed the character of an unfolding novel in which she and her companions were delighted actor-observers: "But in those early days of migration, in the summer of 1814, every inconvenience was hailed as a new chapter in the romance of our travels; the worst annoyance of all, the Custom-house, was amusing as a novelty; we saw with extasy the strange costume of the French women, read with delight our own descriptions in the passport . . . it was acting a novel, being an incarnate romance."[53] Of course the Shelleys' elopement was itself (at least in their own eyes) an incarnate romance, and we may suppose that the high excitement of unsanctioned escape from familial responsibilities and constraints intensified the sense of "acting a novel" that touring gave them. But the sanctioned escapes of ordinary holidays offered analogous opportunities.

Later in life, like many another tourist, an older and wiser Mary Shelley coming across a delightful cottage or splendid estate would indulge in a brief fantasy of ownership. In 1840, seeing Isola Bella in Lago Maggiore, she comments that "An island all to one's self is ever flattering to the imagination . . . I should like to live here; here to enjoy the aspect of grand scenery, the pleasures of elegant seclusion, and the advantages of civilisation, joined to the independent delights of a solitude which we would hope to people, were it ours, with a few chosen spirits."[54] Safely enisled and empowered as "Queen of Isola Bella" and recalling her own sufferings

over the past two decades, she imagines herself providing Italians a refuge from "persecution and oppression," "a school for civilization . . . a support for merit in adversity." Never so lucky as Austen's Elizabeth Bennet, whose on-the-spot fantasy of being the mistress of Pemberley is happily fulfilled, Mary is soon awakened from the "gorgeous dream" and "transformed . . . into a poor traveler, humbly pursuing her route in an unpretending *vettura.*"

And then, as now, changes of scene and company promised the possibility of a corresponding transformation of self, temporarily making the tourist "feel like a new person"—if only because in the eyes of strangers he or she *was* a new and perhaps more interesting and glamorous person than it was possible to be at home. "We are not the same," says Hazlitt, "but another, and perhaps more enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country."[55] Hazlitt claims to prefer traveling alone because the presence of a friend "comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do . . . your 'unhoused free condition is put into circumscription and confine'" (185). Sometimes no pretense is necessary to produce the new (or revived) person; a simple change of scene and climate will do the trick. So Mary Shelley believed when she set off for Germany and Italy in 1840: "Travelling will cure all: my busy, brooding thoughts will be scattered abroad; and . . . my mind will, amidst novel and various scenes, renew the outworn and tattered garments in which it has long been clothed, and array itself in a vesture all gay in fresh and glossy hues, when we are beyond the Alps."[56] Her insistent repetition of "will" perhaps suggests a degree of uncertainty that the prescription will actually work, but the powerful closing image of natural renewal restores inevitability to the process. Nor is it a coincidence that, in *Persuasion*, Frederick Wentworth's eyes are reopened to Anne Elliot's beauty and character during an excursion to the seaside resort of Lyme, where the healthful air and exercise restore her complexion. Louisa Musgrave's fall from the Cobb calls forth Anne's coolness and good sense in a strange and difficult situation, and the admiring eye of a male stranger allows Wentworth to "see something like Anne Elliott again."[57]

Similarly, a visit to Fort George in the extreme north of Scotland prompted James Boswell—in imagination—briefly to assume a more heroic figure than the one he cut in ordinary life:

At three the drum beat for dinner. I could for a little fancy myself a military man, and it pleased me . . . I could not help being struck with the idea of finding upon that barren sandy point such buildings, such a dinner, such company. It was like enchantment . . . *My* imagination jumped from the barren sand to the good dinner and fine company. Like the hero in *Love in a Hollow Tree*,

> Without ands or ifs,
> I leapt from off the sand upon the cliffs.

I had a strong impression of the power and excellence of human art.[58]

Untethering the man from his usual setting also frees his imagination, enabling him briefly (and of course secretly) to impersonate a soldier. Boswell characteristically mocks the freaks and enchantments of "*My* imagination"; but the entire passage is a celebration of the power of the human imagination, as manifested, in particular, in the creation of an oasis of civilization upon a "barren sandy point" in the wilds.[59] Boswell's comment that "It was like enchantment" reminds us, however, of the bleak conclusion of Addison's parable. Boswell himself managed the transition back to humdrum reality with amused self-knowledge, but other tourists were not so fortunate or wise.

6. "A barren Heath . . . a solitary Desart"

Sometimes the transporting aesthetic experiences and transformative personal encounters promised by the literature and visual art of Romantic tourism were realized to the full, as when Keats declared of the lake and mountains of Winander that "they surpass my expectation" or when Byron, arriving in Venice, delightedly reported: "the romance of the situation . . . together with all the associations we are accustomed to connect with Venice—have always had a charm for me—even before I arrived here—and I have not been disappointed in what I have seen."[60] But the stakes were high and frequent letdowns inevitable despite the most careful management. As early as 1759, Johnson moralized that

> almost every one has some journey of pleasure in his mind, with which he flatters his expectation. He that travels in theory has no inconveniences; he has shade and sunshine at his disposal, and wherever he alights finds tables of plenty and looks of gaiety. These ideas are indulged till the day of departure arrives, the chaise is called, and the progress of happiness begins.

A few miles teach him the fallacies of imagination.[61]

Johnson's mention of "tables of plenty and looks of gaiety" reminds us that one of the most frequent disappointments awaiting tourists is, and always has been, in the anticipated quality of their fare and accommodations—a source of misery carefully documented in recent times by sociologist Chris Ryan, among others,[62] and represented vividly, comically, and one might almost say sadistically by Scott in his descriptions of wayside inns in *Guy Mannering* and *Rob Roy*.

Many were the less humbly corporeal reasons for the disappointments to which fantasy journeys of pleasure often led. In particular, creating pictorial or verbal landscape representations that observed Gilpin's principle of beautification or that added glamour by means of a fashionable aesthetic vocabulary, was a sure-fire way of storing up disappointment for those who were later able to visit the sites depicted. As the late Ian Ousby suggests, it is possible that the gothic novel found a ready market at least partly because actual gothic buildings too often fell short of expectations based on tour-book illustrations of wild irregularity, vertiginous arches, and horrific crypts.[63] It was so much easier to regulate the behavior of weather, light, gravity, and dogs in the pages of a novel. In turn, as *Northanger Abbey* mischievously alleges, Radcliffean word pictures of Castle Udolpho and of the deserted abbey in *The Romance of the Forest* made authentic gothic buildings still less satisfactory.

Failure to experience the anticipated *frissons* became a theme of some importance for Romantic poets and fictionalists. A well-known instance is the letdown that Wordsworth records in Book VI of *The Prelude*:

> That very day,
> From a bare ridge we also first beheld
> Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and grieved
> To have a soulless image on the eye
> That had usurped upon a living thought
> That never more could be. (VI, 523–28)[64]

Keith Hanley notes that Wordsworth suffered analogous disappointments when he first visited the Rhine falls at Schaffhausen in 1790 and Rome nearly half a century later. Writing to his sister in September, 1790, about the earlier experience, he says: "Magnificent as this fall certainly is I must confess I was disappointed in it. I had raised my ideas too high." Hanley

also observes that in the cases both of the high Alps and Rome Wordsworth soon transcended the initial disappointment imaginatively and was "not unrecompensed."[65] We might suspect that both the letdown and the subsequent fulfillment of his "ideas" can be explained by what Keats called Wordsworth's "egotistical sublime"—the almost inevitable failure of mere natural things to match what his imagination, working mainly from literary materials, had made of them coupled with the power of that imagination to effect a "reconciliation" by incorporating them within his self-mythology.

Less famous but in the present context equally pertinent was the disappointment Ann Radcliffe suffered when, reaching Keswick, she first saw Derwent Water. "We were impatient to view this celebrated lake, and immediately walked down to Crow-park, a green eminence at its northern end, whence it is generally allowed to appear to great advantage. Expectation had been raised too high: Shall we own our disappointment? Prepared for something more than we had already seen, by what has been so eloquently said of it, by the view of its vast neighbourhood and the grandeur of its approach, the lake itself looked insignificant."[66] We note that Radcliffe is well informed about the best position from which to view the lake—she would have found Gray's recommendation of this vantage point in West's popular *Guide*—and that she does her best not to risk disappointment by coming upon the scene at a spot where it might be spoiled by the sight of "offensive" details such as out-of-character buildings or inconveniently placed islands that would diminish the impact by blocking the distant view.

All the same, she is disappointed, and her letdown is one that countless other tourists have experienced. The problem is compounded because tourists also tend to bear a heavy burden of self-expectation. Sometimes, failing to respond as expected to, they experience what Dean MacCannell calls "tourist shame," blaming the failure on their own performance and occasionally turning defensively derisive. We can observe this pattern in *The Marble Faun*, where Hawthorne satirizes the "Byronic" elations of British and American tourists in the Coliseum, or, nearly a century earlier, in Smollett's ridicule of the Pantheon, which is "gloomy and sepulchral" inside and, "after all that has been said of it, looks like a huge cockpit, open at top."[67]

Yet it is also true that "expectation" is as large a factor in bringing off

the greatest uplifts available to tourists as it is in causing their greatest letdowns. The role of anticipation in stirring imaginative engagement with scenes was also well understood by Romantic theorists and by none better than Radcliffe. In trying to account for the failure of Derwent Water to live up to expectation, she emphasizes the importance not only of sheer size but also of the presence of the expected-but-not-as-yet-seen: "It is not large enough to occupy the eye, and it is not so hidden as to have the assistance of the imagination in making it appear large" (451). Ullswater, however, offered just the right viewing conditions: "The approach to this sublime lake along the heights of Emont is exquisitely interesting; for the road, being shrouded by woods, allows the eye only partial glimpses of the gigantic shapes, that are assembled in the distance, and, awakening high expectation, leaves the imagination, thus elevated, to paint the 'forms of things unseen'" (408). Obscurity, in just the right measure, was one of the major attributes and preconditions of the sublime because, "awakening high expectation," it stirred the fictionalizing imagination to rise to and transcend the material occasion.[68] Had Wordsworth first sighted Mont Blanc not when it was nakedly "unveiled" but on a day when it and adjacent peaks were partially shrouded in clouds, that initial image might have corresponded more adequately to the "living thought/ That never more could be."

Disappointment awaited Mary Wollstonecraft when she visited the famous cascade at Trollhate near Gothenberg. In this instance the distracting factor was the noisy construction of a canal that, "though a grand proof of human industry, was not calculated to warm the fancy." Soon, however, "the awful roaring of the impetuous torrents" drowned the man-made racket; an island, "dividing the torrent, rendered it more picturesque; one half appearing to issue from a dark cavern, that fancy might easily imagine a vast fountain, throwing up its waters from the very centre of the earth"; and then a "fall of water . . . precipitated itself with immense velocity down a perpendicular, at least fifty or sixty yards, into a gulph, so concealed by the foam as to give full play to the fancy."[69] The Trollhate excursion proves a success after all. As in *The Prelude* and *A Journey*, initial disappointment is the product of expectation raised so high that it could be realized only under ideal conditions, but Wollstonecraft is more fortunate than Radcliffe in that the tremendous roar (itself a source of the sublime, according to Burke) acts as an auditory screen which, coupled with partial

visual concealments, liberates the touristic imagination.

The more familiar we become with Romantic tourism the more apparent it is that the moments of transport and enchantment reported in tour books and other literary genres could be experienced only through the uncertain cooperation or adept management of a whole range of external and internal influences. Certainly the external factors were many: weather, degree of obscurity, better and worse "stations," offensive intrusions (including fellow tourists), signs of despotism or suffering, difficulty of the terrain. But all the externals might cooperate to no avail if the internal, subjective ones were temporarily in no mood to respond. Gilpin speaks for many dejected tourists (including Coleridge) when he reflects on a Lakeland scene that would become more impressive in a storm: "The imagination would have risen with the tempest, and given a double grandeur to every awful form.—The trees . . . would have made a noble instrument for the hollow blast to sound . . . The mind is not always indeed in unison with such scenes, and circumstances, as these. When it does not happen to be so, no effect can be produced. Sometimes indeed the scene may draw the mind into unison; if it be not under the impression of any strong passion of an opposite kind."[70]

And of course there could be no response if the imagination were congenitally deficient, undeveloped, or somehow impaired. This, too, is an important theme in Romantic fiction, where an inability to be moved by scenic beauty or grandeur in nature or art is attributed to causes ranging from lack of genteel refinement to a wicked or broken heart. In a chapter of *The Marble Faun* entitled "The Emptiness of Picture Galleries," Hawthorne's Hilda, profoundly depressed after glimpsing human guilt for the first time, discovers that she has lost her gift for imaginative inwardness with the Old Masters and thus, as well, her uncanny ability as a copyist. Her experience parallels that of many tourists and likewise of characters in the novels of Radcliffe and Mary Shelley who find themselves, like Addison's "disconsolate Knight . . . upon a barren Heath, or in a solitary Desart" where they once beheld "beautiful Castles, woods and Meadows."

How seriously should we take the disappointments or, for that matter, the glowing fictions and transports of Romantic tourists? Not very, might seem the obvious answer. Armed with devices for screening, enhancing, stationing, or, in a word, aestheticizing; dressing up contemporary English sites and people in allusive biblical and classical finery; com-

municating mainly with select friends from or at home; window-shopping other people's sylvan nooks and stately homes; and improvising or uncritically welcoming stories that have no grounding in local history—Romantic tourists often seem to value the foreign not for its own sake but because it offers far less resistance to imaginative reshaping than the known and familiar would. On this showing, they are little closer to the ostensible objects of their visit than the modern tourists discussed by Dean MacCannell and Jonathan Culler—tourists who, valuing the signifier more than the signified, depart San Francisco with a trophy miniature of the Golden Gate Bridge that they have been too busy souvenir shopping to visit or even to view except from the departing airplane.[71] No doubt the practices of Romantic tourists as I have described them do often (and sometimes quite deliberately) have a blinkering effect, and there are still other reasons why the odds are always against tourists of any era achieving informed inwardness with a foreign culture.[72] It is tempting, but I think would be wrong, to say that such inwardness never was the "real" objective of Romantic tourists. The case is more complicated. As later chapters will demonstrate, the Romantic tour-book genre itself encouraged social critique; and the intellectually inquiring writers from whose work I have selected illustrations of Romantic tourism's fiction-making propensities were also, by and large, thoughtful observers of manners endowed not only with a Coleridgean creative imagination but also with the sympathizing imagination celebrated by Wordsworth in his 1802 revision of the Preface to *Lyrical Ballads.*

Consider Wollstonecraft's *Letters from Norway.* What surprises is not that its author is an incisive social critic—who would expect anything else?—but rather that she modulates with such ease from a tough-minded analysis of capitalism in Norway to an imaginative transport to "Shakespeare's magic island." For the reader who recognizes the human need for beauty and play, no apology can be required on behalf of the experience of "enchanting wildness" that Wollstonecraft describes so exquisitely. And something more than "relief" (important though that might be) is at issue when she moves from appreciation of a willowy river scene to saddened observations on the ill effects of commerce when pursued without concern for other human interests. Too much an Enlightener not to understand the value of trade and of improvements to the transportation network, she nonetheless laments how these often degrade both morals and the natural

landscape. As a pioneering tourist in many of the places she visited in Scandinavia, she was in a privileged position to gauge the gains and losses that "development" would entail. Unluckily for her physical comfort, the commercial infrastructure for tourism there was still fairly rudimentary; luckily for her mental comfort, the tourist industry—to return to an earlier point—had not yet had the opportunity to foul its own nest, as in time it everywhere and, so it appears, almost inevitably does.

CHAPTER 2

The Fictionality of the Romantic Novel

> Let me, therefore, prepare for disappointment those who, in the perusal of these sheets, entertain the gentle expectation of being transported to the fantastic regions of Romance, where Fiction is coloured by all the gay tints of luxurious Imagination, where Reason is an outcast, and where the sublimity of the *Marvellous* rejects all aid from sober Probability.
> (Fanny Burney, preface to *Evelina*, 1778)[1]

1. Liberating the Great Resources of Fancy

Although the qualitative descent from J.-J. Rousseau's *Julie ou la Nouvelle Héloïse* (1761) down through Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* (1764) to Clara Reeve's *The Old English Baron* (1777) is vertiginous, these novels of the immediately post-Richardson and Fielding era are alike in several important respects. All three were self-consciously experimental products of an age much given to experiments in literature, politics, and science. Although *Julie* follows the Richardsonian epistolary model, its principal characters are unlike any that had previously appeared in novelistic fiction—but very like those who were subsequently to appear in the work of Goethe, Chateaubriand, Byron, and Stendhal. Walpole's "gothic story" is not just the first of its kind but also a veritable arsenal of devices for later gothicists or for novelists like Scott who had occasional strategic use for a gothic *frisson*. Both it and the prefatory material that accompanied its first two editions proved highly suggestive to later writers. And while *The Old English Baron* is just as historically *ersatz* as *Otranto*, it takes the gothic a step in the direction of a

truly historical novel by foregoing the instant atmospheric advantages of an Italian setting and shifting the scene of terror to England.

Precisely because Rousseau, Walpole, and Reeve were conscious of doing something new, they attempted to theorize the relationship between the older forms of romance and the novel of contemporary manners and morals as developed in diverse ways earlier in the century. In the following passages Walpole and Rousseau write as apologists for their own innovations while Reeve, seeking here to be the historian of narrative fiction, takes a broader view:

> So then you would have common men, and uncommon events? Now, I should rather desire the contrary. You took it for a romance: it is not a romance; but . . . a collection of letters. (Rousseau, preface to *Julie*, 1761)[2]

> It was an attempt to blend the two kinds of romance, the ancient and the modern. In the former all was imagination and improbability: in the latter, nature is always intended to be, and sometimes has been, copied with success . . . but the great resources of fancy have been dammed up, by a strict adherence to common life . . . Desirous of leaving the powers of fancy at liberty to expatiate through the boundless realms of invention . . . he [the author] wished to conduct the mortal agents in his drama according to the rules of probability; in short, to make them think, speak and act, as it might be supposed mere men and women would do in extraordinary positions. (Walpole, Preface to the second edition of *The Castle of Otranto*, 1765)[3]

> The Romance is an heroic fable, which treats of fabulous persons and things.—The Novel is a picture of real life and manners, and of the times in which it is written. The Romance in lofty and elevated language, describes what never happened nor is likely to happen.—The Novel gives a familiar relation of such things, as pass every day before our eyes, such as may happen to our friend, or to ourselves; and the perfection of it, is to represent every scene, in so easy and natural a manner, and to make them appear so probable, as to deceive us into a persuasion (at least while we are reading) that all is real. (Reeve, *The Progress of Romance, Through Times, Countries, and Manners*, 1785)[4]

Written at a time when novelistic practice was far in advance of theory and terminology,[5] these simple formulations raise fundamental issues with unusual clarity and directness. They are in basic agreement about the leading attributes of the old-fashioned romances on the one hand and, on the other, of what Reeve calls "the Novel" and Walpole the "modern" romance. The older form is characterized by "uncommon events" ("extraordinary sit-

uations"; "what never happened nor is likely to happen"), the new by "strict adherence to common life" ("a picture of real life and manners"). Like Richardson and Fielding before them, Walpole and Reeve invoke "nature" and "probability" as standards that commanded immediate assent but that could be applied selectively according to the needs of the occasion. Despite this large measure of agreement amongst themselves and with their predecessors, these early theorists also differ sharply with each other, in ways that are indicative of future developments in the novel form.

Walpole anticipates later apologists for the Romantic novel, especially Scott and Hawthorne, in describing *Otranto* as a mixed form of fiction that combines the psychological realism of the "modern romance" with the "extraordinary situations" of the "ancient romance." (Scott aptly invokes a variant of this formula in his review of *Frankenstein.*[6]) In effect, Walpole proposes to deliver precisely what, in the dialogue prefixed to *Julie*, Rousseau's interlocutor desires but Rousseau declines to provide: "common men, and uncommon events." Of course the situations or events in *Otranto* are not merely "extraordinary" or "uncommon"; they are *fantastic* in the root sense of being products of the "fancy" or creative imagination. "Desirous of leaving the powers of fancy at liberty to expatiate through the boundless realms of invention," Walpole confronts his characters and readers with providential interventions—for starters, a gigantic helmet that abruptly falls from the sky, crushing the tyrant Manfred's son and heir—that immediately declare themselves inexplicable in other than supernatural terms. Probability-defying interventions by Providence or fate are a signature feature of Romantic novels, but they are rarely given such an eye-popping material expression as the one just cited. Crude though they might appear, the materializations of divine justice in *Otranto* originally had the slyly ironic, if somewhat perverse, function of authenticating the story as the product of a bygone age of gothic superstition in which all sorts of prodigies were credited that Walpole's own readers could be expected to receive only as fictions.[7]

Citing the passage I quote from the preface to the second edition of *Otranto*, John Bender comments that the stated premises of Walpole's novel are "unmistakably fictional" and that the preface itself "says much about the midcentury emergence of the novel as the simultaneous site of manifest fictionality and ostensible probability."[8] On Bender's showing, the later eighteenth-century novel's manifest fictionality is indicative of its

break in this key respect from the Enlightenment model of communication to which early eighteenth-century novels conformed. Those early novels, argues Bender, "share a way of representing the world and kind of verisimilitude that Steven Shapin and Simon Schaffer in *Leviathan and the Air-Pump* [1985] call 'virtual witnessing,' by which they mean the rhetorical and visual apparatus for communicating scientific experiments to a public and convincing that public of their authenticity."[9]

Illuminating and persuasive though I find Bender's account of a homologous relationship between the rhetorical strategies of Enlightenment science and the early eighteenth-century English novel, it is also the case that the Enlighteners did not have it all their own way even during the heyday of the novel of "virtual witnessing." The satiric premises and precepts of *Gulliver's Travels* (1726) in particular are anti-Enlightenment and, despite patent differences of tone and intent, have much in common with those of *Otranto* or, yet more obviously, with those of a later work of "science fiction," *Frankenstein.* Indeed, in his review of *Frankenstein,* Scott cites "the romance of the Dean of St Patrick's" as a brilliant earlier example of the "philosophical and refined use of the supernatural in works of fiction" (301–2). The instance of *Gulliver's Travels* suggests that the historical shift identified by Bender, Catherine Gallagher, and Michael McKeon was an event waiting to happen as soon as Defoe and Richardson had completed their exploration of the possibilities of "formal realism."[10] Once identified, the shift is apparent across a wide range of novelistic subgenres and authors—not just the gothic of Walpole, but the Cervantesque of Charlotte Lennox and the Shandian of Laurence Sterne. Bender proposes that even Fielding in *Tom Jones* (1749), despite his commitment to narratorial objectivity, in practice "was already of the avant-garde in his wholesale abandonment, in the actual telling of the story by an intrusive narrator, of the apparatus of apparent factuality that surrounds Defoe's and Richardson's novels."[11]

The historical point can be made somewhat differently by way of commentators whose main focus is on the nineteenth- rather than the eighteenth-century novel and on political rather than scientific discourse. Citing the argument made by Perry Anderson and more recently by Franco Moretti that Britain (unlike France) did not experience a thoroughgoing Enlightenment, Ian Duncan contends that its literature therefore continued to be informed by a "strong persistence of 'primitive', oral

and popular, forms . . . not just the tales and ballads of the folk, urban and rural, but the English Bible, and Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, Milton and Bunyan"—or, in a word, *romance*, which Duncan defines as "the essential principle of fiction: its *difference* from a record of 'reality', of 'everyday life.'"[12] Duncan's point is well taken: recovering, preserving, and reincorporating this body of pre-Enlightenment literature was central to the project of Early-Romantic writers in Britain and soon afterwards in Germany.

That Walpole so understood his experiment in *Otranto* is indicated by the defensive comment he wrote to a friend in Paris shortly after the second edition was published: "I have not written the book for the present age, which will endure nothing but *cold common sense* . . . I am even persuaded, that some time hereafter, when taste shall resume the place which philosophy now occupies, my poor Castle will find admirers."[13] His "poor Castle" soon found admirers and imitators aplenty.[14] The most intelligent of them, Radcliffe, likewise understood the overt fictionality of her narratives as a departure from the standards, methods, and terms of Enlightenment "philosophy." This understanding is clearly shown when, early in *The Romance of the Forest*, a principal character who attempts to employ them is wholly baffled: "he ruminated on the late scene, and it appeared like a vision, or one of those improbable fictions that sometimes are exhibited in a romance: he could reduce it to no principles of probability, or render it comprehensible by any endeavour to analize it."[15] Fair warning, this, to the reader who would bring inappropriate expectations to a "romance." An Enlightenment world-view does finally triumph in this as in other Radcliffe novels—but not so completely as is usually maintained.[16]

Julie was a novel yet more widely and enduringly admired than any by Radcliffe or Walpole. Byron and Percy Shelley were among a host of nineteenth-century tourists who read or reread it in a kind of ecstatic trance in the intervals of their visits to its Lake Geneva settings—actual places that had "witnessed" the fictional transports and despairs of Rousseau's characters. Although Rousseau's epistolary form mimes the documentary rhetoric of Enlightenment science and the early eighteenth-century novel, his "uncommon" characters push the novel in the direction of manifest fictionality. In St. Preux and in Rousseau's prefatory dialogue to *Julie* are anticipated two defining tendencies of the Romantic novel. (1) Although the Romantic novel is obliged to maintain psychological realism

or cease to be a novel, its leading characters are often exceptionally bookish, sensitive, imaginative, and consequently disposed to invest commonplace circumstances with strangeness and adventure.[17] In works such as Radcliffe's, where Walpole's prescription for "extraordinary situations" is also adhered to, the combination of heightened circumstances and an excitable sensibility produces rapidly alternating moments of ecstasy and hysteria. (2) Romantic novels often include one or more larger-than-life figures who are driven—frequently to irrational lengths and superhuman achievements—by commanding passions or obsessions that thereby effectively drive the narrative. Walpole's Manfred, compelled by interrelated dynastic and sexual obsessions, is the prototype of such later and more complex gothic villain-heroes as Heathcliff or William Faulkner's Thomas Sutpen.

In thinking about the relationships between the "ancient romance," the "Novel" as described by Reeve, and the Romantic novel, we must of course bear in mind that narrative forms are never "pure" and that within them the complex history of their production is always more or less visibly inscribed: thus the romance in the Romantic novel can never get quite clear of the long ironic shadow cast by the grotesque figure of Don Quixote. Cervantes and the Cervantesque are influences on the early Romantic novels (especially those of Radcliffe and Scott) every bit as important as those of the medieval and renaissance romancers or the other "romance" influences that Duncan cites. By the same token, novelists committed to a more rigorously realistic agenda than I am describing here, must, as George Levine says in *The Realistic Imagination*, be continuously alert "to the secret lust of the spirit to impose itself on the world—if not as hero, then as martyr—and in resisting the romance forms that embody those lusts."[18]

2. Sympathetic Readers and Inspired Authors

In the theorizings I have been discussing, Rousseau, Walpole, and Reeve are concerned mainly with the mimetic relationship, as gauged by the standard of probability, between novelistic representation and what Reeve calls "real life and manners." Although this emphasis on mimetic fidelity might be expected of eighteenth-century discussions of the novel form, Walpole's reference to "the great resources of fancy" reminds us how much the age was also increasingly preoccupied with the roles of author

and audience. Proud of "having created a new species of romance" himself and piously citing Shakespeare as his example (14), he argues in the second half of his preface for the precedence of the author's fancy over mere neoclassical rules.

Since the shift towards overt fictionality is closely connected to a new concern with the affective powers of the novel and readerly identification with its characters,[19] we should expect Walpole to be mindful not only of the author's imaginative performance but also of the reader's imaginative response to the harrowing and reason-defying events in *Otranto*. So he is: he remarks that while reading "inspired writings" he had observed that "personages under the dispensation of miracles, and witnesses to the most stupendous phenomena, never lose sight of their human character" (10). To be sure, Walpole here is discussing how characters in, rather than readers of, a narrative respond to "most stupendous phenomena." But in the complex response scenario suggested, if never made explicit, in the prefatory material to *Otranto*, readers' identification with characters effectively blurs the distinction between the two. For in the "sonnet" to his friend Lady Mary Coke that Walpole positions immediately after the preface in the second edition of his novel, he envisages Lady Mary identifying sympathetically with the tragic heroine Matilda and responding in the appropriate spirit—i.e., imaginatively—to the supernatural interventions that bring Manfred down:

> The gentle maid, whose hapless tale
> These melancholy pages speak;
> Say, gracious lady, shall she fail
> To draw the tear adown thy cheek?
>
> No; never was thy pitying breast
> Insensible to human woes;
> Tender, though firm, it melts distrest
> For weaknesses it never knows.
>
> Oh! guard the marvels I relate
> Of fell ambition scourg'd by fate,
> From reason's peevish blame:
> Blest with thy smile, my dauntless sail
> I dare expand to fancy's gale,
> For sure thy smiles are fame. (15)

Convention-ridden as a poet, Walpole is nonetheless a skilled apologist and rhetorician. His image of Lady Mary identifying sympathetically with Matilda, while yet remaining uncontaminated by that character's excesses, exemplifies the right response to the heroine's plight and provides an attractive model for other readers.

Walpole's plea that Lady Mary "guard the marvels I relate" recalls conventional dedicatory addresses to aristocratic—and usually male—patrons seeking their "protection," but in this instance the protector invoked is a woman who has just been shown identifying feelingly with the female victims of male oppression. Lady Mary's power to protect derives not from physical strength, male prerogative, or even her social status and wealth but rather from her role as reader and representative of other readers of novels, gendered female, who bring imagination and feeling to fictions that "reason"—gendered male, of course—peevishly blames. Although Walpole is not the proto-feminist that such a reading might suggest nor a novelist who wrote only or primarily for a female readership, the sonnet to Lady Mary is unmistakably an appeal to women readers that envisages a cordial creative engagement between them and the author. Unlike so many of their male contemporaries, they had the good fortune to escape a too-thorough Enlightening at the hands of the cold instructor "philosophy."

Assured of their readers' "smiles," then, writers who shared Walpole's values and general aims dared to expand their sail "to fancy's gale" and invent "marvels" or "extraordinary positions." These reason-challenging events that blazoned the fictionality of their novels signaled both the literary genealogy they wished to invoke (especially Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton) and the ideal relationship they sought with their readers. Among Walpole's heirs, none formulated that ideal relationship better than Nathaniel Hawthorne in the preface to *The Marble Faun*: his ideal reader was "that friend of friends, that unseen brother of the soul, whose apprehensive sympathy has so often encouraged me to be egotistical in my Prefaces, careless though unkindly eyes should skim over what was never meant for them" (2). Such a (feminized) fraternal reader, Hawthorne states in his postscript to the novel, would sympathize with the "idea of a modern Faun" and respond to "the poetry and beauty which the Author fancied in it"; whereas these would be lost on the reader who felt impelled "to ask how Cuvier would have classified poor Donatello [the modern Faun], or to insist upon being told, in so many words, whether he had furry ears or no"

(463–64).[20] This is to say that Hawthorne's ideal reader is an adult in whom the child's capacity for imaginative engagement with fact-defying fiction has not been lost. His reference to the great natural scientist Georges Cuvier shows his awareness that a desire for the novel of virtual witnessing was by no means dead and that romancers such as himself could hope for scant sympathy or royalties from readers schooled in utilitarian values. No doubt this awareness partially explains why he—in common with William Godwin, Mary Shelley, Scott, and many other Romantic novelists and poets—also turned his hand to educational books for children that sought to develop a taste early in life for history, mythology, and the great poems and philosophical works of the pre-Enlightenment past.

Other writers who came to share Walpole's vision of a creative, participatory role for their readers found various tropes to express the author-reader relationship that were flattering to both parties. The sketch was a special favorite. In his 1817 review of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto III, Scott explains that it is an author's "business rather to excite than to satiate the imagination of his readers; rather to place before him such a distinct and intelligible sketch as his own imagination can fill up . . . a single spark, struck from his fancy, lightens with a long train of illumination that of the reader."[21] Although Scott is writing about poetry here, his dictum is meant to have much broader application and certainly describes what he aimed to achieve in the Waverley novels. At their best, Scott and other closely observant Romantic novelists create memorable subordinate characters, usually vivid representatives of a localized class of persons, whose outlines are indeed distinct (and sometimes angularly grotesque) such as *Rob Roy*'s Andrew Fairservice. Effective as such subordinate characters sometimes are, they usually lack the psychological depth and complexity that belong to a credibly human subjectivity. The principal characters in Romantic novels tend to suffer from the same deficiency but lack the redeeming virtue of a sharply etched typicality: as reviewers frequently complained, these protagonists are too often representative only of the amiable, temporarily obstructed, young lovers in other novels. Thus lightly sketched, however, these characters left plenty of room for imaginative completion by a reader familiar with how they usually behaved (in fiction) or, more naively, for sentimental identification with the hero or heroine.

The sketch belongs to a class of properties that appear frequently in Romantic fiction and paintings: fragments, ruins, shrouded figures, or

dimly glimpsed landscape features that have a kind of negative capacity to disclose just enough to prompt imaginative completion by the reader or viewer. Analogously, Romantic poets often left suggestive gaps for sympathetically attentive, imaginatively active readers to bridge or fill in. These properties and tactics were underwritten by an aesthetic of incomplete disclosure deriving from Longinian theory, which, in contending for the role of obscurity in enabling an experience of the sublime, drew widespread attention to the stimulating effect on the reader's or listener's imagination of what was *not* fully present or visible. As we have seen, this was precisely the effect of the "partial glimpses" of distant mountains that Radcliffe enjoyed while traveling along the tree-fringed shores of Ullswater. But it was not only in connection with the sublime that incomplete disclosure came to be regarded as key to understanding how the artist or author (or the Creator through his works) entered into a creative engagement with the viewer or reader (or traveler in search of natural beauty). Coleridge even proposed that the effect of the picturesque (which was usually contrasted with that of the sublime) occurred "where the parts only are seen and distinguished, but the whole is felt."[22]

Thus a ruin of no great size might achieve picturesqueness by stimulating a viewer's imagination to visualize the whole structure as once it would have been. Such a ruin could well invite representation by means of "a distinct and intelligible sketch" which, if sufficiently artful, might be more imaginatively stimulating than the ruin itself. Add a name with interesting historical associations to the ruin and the informed viewer's imagination would be doubly stimulated. Literary analogues, such as an unexplained but obviously "telling" mannerism—say, Arthur Dimmesdale's habit of placing his hand over his heart—come readily to mind. Moreover, as readers of Aristotle's *Poetics* have always known, incomplete disclosure is also fundamental to the generation of narrative interest and, as the title of Radcliffe's most famous novel attests, is of conspicuous importance in works that aim, as hers do, for maximum suspense and extended demonstration of the human capacity for imaginative misreading. Of course this strategy is not without risks. For, to revert to my earlier discussion of tourist disappointment, the letdown awaiting Wordsworth in the Alps and Radcliffe at Keswick is related to the frustration that readers of Radcliffe's novels tend to experience when the "mysteries" are at last cleared up. By exploiting to the hilt the suspense-building possibilities of incomplete dis-

closure, Radcliffe creates so much tension and such high expectation that a complete *éclaircissement* is likely to seem imaginatively inadequate. And the longer its deferral the more a reader is apt to feel it is a cheat. Evidently the only satisfactory resolution for the Romantic tourist or novel reader is one that leaves something still in shadow, undisclosed, at journey's end.[23]

The poetics and creative theory favored by Early-Romantic writers and their successors not only provided a rhetoric for the mimetic arts that encouraged identification and imaginative response on the part of readers or viewers; it also supplied a rationalization for the writing practices of many Romantic novelists, especially those who were also poets. Since the all-essential spark struck from the fancy of the author and transmitted to the receptive reader was not (according to Scott and other theorists) principally the product of observation, study, or revision, intuitive genius counted for vastly more than skill and experience; thus the theory tended to favor rapid composition and exculpated any careless mistakes that resulted. In his review of *Childe Harold*, Scott argues that "Sketches from Lord Byron are more valuable than finished pictures from others; nor are we at all sure that any labour which he might bestow in revisal would not rather efface than refine those outlines of striking and powerful originality which they exhibit, when flung rough from the hand of the master" (87).[24]

Whatever its intrinsic merits as creative theory might be, Scott's apologia for Byron was self-serving, for Byron's practices as a writer were his own. It also served other Romantic novelists and poets—including Radcliffe and Cooper along with writers far less gifted—who wrote at breakneck speed as if in mimicry of the rapid-paced physical and emotional action of their narratives. The haste with which they were often composed helps to account not only for the unevenness and unoriginality of most Romantic novels but also for features that are not necessarily defects: the sometimes dreamlike progression of events, the free-associative surfacing of archetypal figures and conflicts, the frequent doubling of characters and events. An uncensored free-flow of words may also help to account for the seemingly compulsive repetitions that occur in the work of nearly every Romantic novelist. Radcliffe, for instance, keeps returning in novel after novel to the scenario of a father or father figure attempting to rape or murder the heroine. However, since she might well have intuited that her readers responded powerfully to such scenes, we perhaps have an instance here of an author making a commercial virtue out of psychological necessity.

Of course there were also Romantic novelists who composed with considerable labor and deliberation, Mary Shelley being the most pertinent example here. But then no other author of the period, or perhaps of any period, had such famous authors as older near relations, peering over her shoulder, figuratively and sometimes literally, as she wrote.

3. Poetry, Providence, Play

I end these preliminary remarks on the fictionality of the Romantic novel by commenting on three characteristic features that make that fictionality inescapable and can be plausibly traced back to the Early-Romantic turn against the values and rhetoric of the early Enlightenment. These features are the Romantic novel's close affinities with poetry and poetic drama, its playfulness, and its probability-defying, often providentially managed reversals, reunions, and recognitions.

One defining characteristic of Romantic literature is a vigorous and fruitful revival, mingling, and reconstitution of genres. A celebrated example is the marvelous fusion of poetic genres that M. H. Abrams has called the "Greater Romantic Lyric."[25] The Romantic novel can be considered a parallel reformation of literary genres that extends the emotional and intellectual register of the novel form, speaking polyphonically with the voice now of the Greater Romantic Lyric, then of Shakespearean drama, and at other moments of the medieval *roman d'aventure*. In Bakhtinian terms, the texture of the Romantic novel is heteroglossic.[26] One reason why this characteristic is important in the present context is that it enabled the Romantic novel to be wonderfully accommodating to the discourse of Romantic tourism, giving it the dialogic capacity to draw on the resources of a wide range of literary and nonliterary genres that lent themselves to a vivid if fragmentary representation of different aspects of the tourist experience, including its fantasy life.[27]

Sometimes, as a kind of ironic reality check, Romantic novelists describing their characters' travel experiences temporarily defect from the discourse of Romantic tourism by registering the touristic mishaps, boredom, and deflations more often found in informal travel journals or satirical novels of manners and morals such as Tobias Smollett's *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*. Yet the shift is only temporary: Scott's

revelations of the silly or tedious sides of tourism are always eventually combined, *concordia discors*, with solemn moments when the irony and humor give way to awe in the contemplation of a sublime Scottish landscape or a site associated with heroic or tragic action. In the novels of Radcliffe and Mary Shelley, similarly heightened moments of touristic transport appear in varied narrative contexts—often ones that might seem highly unconducive to such elations.

Walpole is the pioneering apologist for the heteroglossic tendencies of the Romantic novel. In justifying his departure from early eighteenth-century novelistic models, he invokes the argument-stopping example of Shakespeare; and there are indeed many Shakespearean footprints on the pages of *Otranto*. As Robert Kiely has observed, virtually all of Walpole's Romantic novelist successors had pronounced "poetic" or "literary" sensibilities.[28] They moved in circles where poetry counted for more than prose fiction, and in many cases wrote poetry themselves. Scott, Melville, and Emily Brontë were considerable poets as, later in the century, was Thomas Hardy. Mary Shelley, author of a handful of moving lyrics, larded her novels with quotations from contemporary poetry. Radcliffe frequently interrupts the action of her novels with verse written by herself (although usually attributed to her heroines) and by others (especially Shakespeare and Early-Romantic poets), and she prefixes chapters with verse epigraphs that comment obliquely and tantalizingly on the action to follow. Scott and his imitators also use verse epigraphs, occasionally to powerful effect. Sometimes, too, the traffic moves in the opposite direction with poets drawing inspiration from novelists. Keats and Byron refer positively to Radcliffe, and she may be regarded as an important bridge figure between the "High-Romantic" poets and such Early-Romantic poets as James Thomson, William Collins, James Beattie, and Gray who were *her* models when she wrote verse.

We should not be surprised that novelists whose commerce with poets was so active violated many of the canons of novelistic realism laid down by Clara Reeve.[29] When we read *Frankenstein* or *Moby-Dick*, we encounter characters whose elevated speech occasionally falls into a loose form of blank verse and whose words and sentiments echo those of Satan and Lear. Sometimes, as in Cooper's *The Red Rover*, Byron is the poet who provides a novelist with templates for what now strike us as "operatic" language, emotions, and plot. In many instances it is not only the author but

also a principal character (e.g., Frankenstein's Creature or Waverley) who is remarkably bookish and calls attention to parallels between his own predicament and that of characters in earlier literature. More generally, Romantic novels exhibit poetry's delight in conspicuous pattern and design, e.g., repetitions, symmetries, and especially bold antitheses. Instances include the Romantic novel's light and dark heroines (most famously, perhaps, *Ivanhoe*'s Rowena and Rebecca); demonic doubles (Gil-Martin and Robert Wringhim Colwan in James Hogg's *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*); the topos of the hero's return (innovative variants in *Wuthering Heights* and *The House of the Seven Gables*); and a "mirror" structure in which the events of the first half of the novel are replicated with variations in the second half (*The Mysteries of Udolpho*, *The Last of the Mohicans*). To be sure, a skilled reader can discover one or more of these "poetic" features in novels that appear committed to a very prosaic rendering of manners and morals. The difference is that Romantic novels revel in a sense of life assuming patterned forms that occur only sporadically, incompletely, and usually unobtrusively in "real life." Hence, to adapt George Levine's point concerning the need for "realists" to resist "the secret lust of the spirit" embodied in romance forms, one of the necessary rhetorical tactics of fictional realists is carefully to avoid drawing attention to the kinds of patterning I have been discussing. Of course the degree to which Romantic novels do in fact draw attention to them varies widely and is less pronounced in works like *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* that also have the project of faithfully representing historical events, manners, and personages, than in works like *The Bride of Lammermoor* that, as Harry Shaw defines them, use history primarily to stage a great story.[30]

The Bride of Lammermoor perfectly exemplifies nearly everything I have just said about the poetic bent of Romantic novels; it even incorporates one of Scott's finest lyrics, Lucy's song "Look not thou on beauty's charming." It likewise exemplifies the way the action in Romantic novels so often turns on events that are blatantly improbable or extraordinary, sometimes verging on the preternatural or demonic. The stunning coincidences or chance encounters that abound in such novels would instantly falsify the illusion of familiar reality that a novel dedicated to a close and faithful rendering of manners and morals seeks to create, as they would likewise challenge the validity of the Enlightenment secular world-view it generally presumes. But in the fictional worlds of Romantic novels, such

events tend to be less matters of chance than little miracles that imply a superintending Providence.

By and large, and leaving aside the more crudely sensational gothic descendants of *Otranto*, Romantic novels employ less noisome providential machinery than Walpole thought necessary. But their narrators often explicitly assert that their stories reveal a supernatural ordering of events in which hero and heroine are subjected to trials—of courage, of true love, of chastity—and, in spite of all human efforts to the contrary, justice is finally executed, foreordained doom accomplished. Thus in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, Edgar Ravenswood's tragic fate fulfills the prophecy in the ancient ballad:

> When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
> And wooe a dead maiden to be his bride,
> He shall stable his steed on the Kelpie's flow,
> And his name shall be lost for evermoe![31]

So, too, in *Jane Eyre*, after fleeing destinationless and being taken in as an unknown, homeless wanderer by people who turn out later to be her cousins, Jane piously reflects: "God directed me to correct choice: I thank His providence for the guidance!"[32] To take a still later example: in *Daniel Deronda*, a novel whose chance meetings have seemed artistically ruinous to readers hoping for a novel more like *Middlemarch*, the prophet Mordecai darkly explains: "we know not all the pathways . . . For all things are bound together in that Omni-presence which is the place and habitation of the world, and events are as a glass where-through our eyes see some of the pathways. And if it seems that the erring and unloving wills of men have helped to prepare you, as Moses was prepared, to serve your people the better, that depends on another order than the law which must guide our footsteps."[33] Occasionally the villain or sinister alter ego in a Romantic novel, seemingly gifted with superhuman power and intelligence (in all senses of the word), appears omnipresent and inescapable, like the angry God of Calvinism or a child's monitory father. The classic instance is the vengeful Mr. Falkland in Godwin's *The Adventures of Caleb Williams*, which was a major influence on Romantic fiction generally and not least on his daughter's first and most powerful novel.

What ends are served by these and other departures from the procedures of formal realism? As a proposition that covers most cases and allows for variations ranging from the most earnest and pious to the most playful

and mocking, it seems safe to say that Romantic novelists consciously or unconsciously sought to create privileged spaces within which a pre-Enlightenment world-view could be recovered—for the time being, for limited ends, and never wholly forgetting or entirely discounting the benefits of the more secularized, materialistic, scientifically—oriented, and democratic society in which they lived. At one extreme is *Jane Eyre*, in whose world of Christian melodrama the heroine's devout trust in God and God's laws is rewarded against all the odds and in spite of all the adverse circumstances that, as Brontë's readers well knew, would in the ordinary course of events and in a different kind of novel have led inexorably to Jane's moral or physical destruction. Brontë ups the ante of risk in order to make Jane's salvation the more wonderful and telling, the more emotionally reinforcing of the reader's faith or desire to believe. Belief, indeed, is what is at stake in such novels, but not the belief that is supposed to be induced by a verisimilar representation of secular experience.

At the other extreme are novels in which an elaborate and playful artifice appears at least initially to be an end in itself, sometimes appearing in a detachable comic subplot and sometimes as a vein of romantic fantasy that is interwoven with the "serious" action, the Cervantesque tending to give way to Shakespearean romantic comedy as the chosen realism-defying model. Ann Radcliffe's novels answer to this description. Although her strongest work lacks neither political conviction nor psychological depth and although her visionary Protestantism and providential plotting anticipate Charlotte Brontë's, her novels also blend in a component of exuberant improvisation that seems to exist not only for the reader's but also for the author's amusement: flight-and-pursuit adventures that pause from time to time only to be renewed with fresh energy and ingenuity, mysterious lights and music, heroes with signifying names such as Theodore and Valancourt, and lavish descriptions of landscape that are far in excess of their narrative occasion. We recognize all but the last of these as the stock ingredients of children's make-believe fantasy play-narratives. But so far from being at war with the deeper moral and spiritual purposes of her novels, this entertainment ration is complementary and enhancing inasmuch as it too calls for a provisional childlike faith.

Play is one of the most important mediating features that the Romantic novel shares with Romantic tourism. In a helpful dictum already cited, Tom Selwyn observes that "within the same individual tourist may beat a heart which is equally pilgrim-like and child-like . . . a seemingly

fundamental ambivalence which . . . may well be the principal characteristic of tourism in the post-modern world."[34] Similarly, Samuel Rogers (1763–1855), friend of William Gilpin and nearly all the early nineteenth-century literary figures mentioned in this book, contended in a prose interlude in his popular tourist poem *Italy* (1822–28) that tourist travel "restores to us in a great degree what we have lost"—"the golden time of . . . childhood." On tour "we surrender ourselves and feel once again as children. Like them, we enjoy eagerly; like them, when we fret, we fret only for the moment."[35] To recover the golden time of childhood is to regain the wonder-working aptitude for suspension of adult skepticism and care that Hawthorne ascribed to his ideal reader; it is, against the pressures of the world of getting and spending, to frame a sacred precinct such as Johannes Huizinga describes in *Homo Ludens.*[36] The tourist holiday is such a precinct and so is the Romantic novel. Thomas Gray wandering delightedly in the "Vale of Elysium" with his Claude-glass in hand perfectly exemplifies the adult-child at play; likewise Ann Radcliffe imagining the ideal patriarchal community of Leloncourt in *The Romance of the Forest.* Within the sacred precinct there is also room for the high seriousness of pilgrimage—the ambivalence of which Selwyn speaks. By the same token, there can be an element of imaginative play in the responses of the high-cultural pilgrim to storied landscapes or manmade structures. Analogously, there are interludes of play (often in the form of tourist excursions) even in such predominantly grim novels as Radcliffe's *The Italian* and Mary Shelley's *The Last Man.* Indeed, the symmetries and other "poetic" formal elements that abound even in Romantic novels as tragic as *The Bride of Lammermoor* are handiwork of the novelist as player.

"Fancy," as opposed to Enlightenment "*cold common-sense*," is the power Walpole invokes as first cause both of the creation and reception of a new kind of novel. The new Romantic novel demanded sympathetic readers whose imaginations were responsive to heightened "poetic" language and associations with older forms of romance, to sketches and other vehicles of incomplete disclosure, to probability-defying providential interventions, and to playful improvisations reminiscent of those of childhood. Entering the charmed precinct of the Romantic novel, especially one written by Ann Radcliffe, such readers could look forward to an experience that the novel's characters likewise frequently enjoy: the out-of-the-(ordinary)-world experience of "transport."

CHAPTER 3

Radcliffe the Tourist

> The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.
> (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 5. 1. 12–17)[1]

1

Radcliffe was the first to put tourism at the service and center of the Romantic novel. In her work the gothic novel incorporates and is in turn transformed by the narrative conventions of the "old" romances and the vocabulary, socio-aesthetic assumptions, and descriptive techniques of Early-Romantic poetry and late eighteenth-century tour books. Like many pioneers, she exploited some of the possibilities of her innovation fully and brilliantly but left many others invitingly open for future development by writers who shared her literary tastes and pleasure in touring. Her tour book and travel journals show that the Romantic tourist aesthetic she brought to her novels was shaped not just by theorists of the picturesque and sublime but equally or rather more by her religious, literary, and political concerns. They also exemplify the attitudes and experiences of the middle-class Romantic tourist through the words of one who, although exceptional in many respects, was also sturdily representative.

There are so many mysteries about the life of the author of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, and the stories told in her fiction are so distanced from the little we know about her quiet domestic world, that it is impossible to construct a wholly satisfactory biography. Paucity of information has allowed—indeed encouraged—interpreters to develop some questionable conclusions about her and her fiction. During her own lifetime it was alleged that she stopped publishing after *The Italian* (1797) because reading her own horror scenes deranged her mind—a bizarre fiction without a shadow of substance. In our time, she has been misrepresented both as a political reactionary and committed proto-feminist. Fortunately, recent work by Robert Miles, Rictor Norton, and others has begun to unveil a more humanly and historically credible Radcliffe.[2] Norton's *Mistress of Udolpho: The Life of Ann Radcliffe* (1999) documents crucial yet heretofore largely unexamined biographical contexts, such as the professional and ideological identities of family members who helped to shape her religious, political, and literary values. Norton is also informative about many circumstantial details of Radcliffe's life, such as where she lived in London, and is instructive about the romance models and theories with which she would have been familiar.

Yet in the near-total absence of personal correspondence to and from Radcliffe, of diaries and journals unedited by other hands, and of reports by friends and relatives, an intimate portrait of the woman has still to be drawn. In all likelihood, we will never know Ann Radcliffe's inner life as we know that of, say, Dorothy Wordsworth or Mary Shelley. And so the temptation remains for scholars to draw unsubstantiated inferences about Radcliffe's personality and purposes from events in her fiction, from the contextual evidence uncovered by Norton, and from theoretical paradigms now current. To be sure, all of these "sources" have some evidentiary value, and in this case they are often all we have to go on. But when used without tact, they can sometimes lead to speculative excesses as wild as the fictions that circulated during Radcliffe's lifetime.

In the present chapter I will be concerned with biographical fact and fiction mainly as they bear on Radcliffe's practices as a tourist and author of nonfictional travel writings—*A Journey Made in the Summer of 1794* and a sampling of passages from the journals she kept after she ceased publishing her work.[3] Although these long-neglected works have received increasing attention of late, their biographical and aesthetic interest is by no

means exhausted.[4] To help contextualize *A Journey* and the tour books by Scott and Mary Shelley discussed later, I also include a brief sketch of that Romantic genre. As my point of departure, however, I examine two scenes from her novels in which her characters respond to their surroundings as Romantic tourists.

2

In the first scene, Emily St. Aubert seeks distraction from the terrors of her immurement in Castle Udolpho by taking up "her instruments for drawing" and placing "herself at a window, to select into a landscape some features of the scenery without."[5] Her eye is soon caught by some arrivals at the castle: "Their figures seemed so well suited to the wildness of the surrounding objects, that, as they stood surveying the castle, she sketched them for banditti, amid the mountain-view of her picture, when she had finished which, she was surprised to observe the spirit of her group. But she had copied from nature." By following the golden rule of eighteenth-century neoclassicism, Emily has endowed her picture with a life that would be absent if she had *merely* imitated the most celebrated paintings of such figures and landscapes.[6] For instructed contemporaries, Radcliffe's description would have triggered recollections not only of Salvator Rosa's "savage" outlaws but of William Gilpin's rules of selection. And they might have guessed, rightly, that "But she had copied from nature" is not merely formulaic explanation and approval; although Emily herself has still to make the discovery, the visitors are indeed *banditti.*

It is instructive to connect Gilpin with Rosa in a reading of this scene because Gilpin was an authority whose work Radcliffe knew and because he championed Rosa's works as "the model" for artists like Emily St. Aubert who seek to create the figures "most suited" to scenes of "magnificence, wildness, or horror."[7] In fact, Radcliffe's descriptive vocabulary in the window scene at Udolpho seems to be transcribed directly from Gilpin. For Gilpin and his pupils, such scenes conjured up not only Salvatoran images of human figures but also narratives for them and the artist himself to act in. We may recall here Gilpin's response to a particularly "horrid" Lake District landscape: "nothing could suit it better than a group of banditti. Of all the scenes I ever saw, this was the most adapted to the perpetration of some dreadful deed."[8] Further to erase the boundaries be-

tween the observed and imagined, between life and art, Gilpin also unskeptically repeats the legend that Rosa "spent the early part of his life in a troop of banditti: and that the rocky and desolate scenes, in which he was accustomed to take refuge, furnished him with those romantic ideas of landscape . . . His *Robbers*, as his detached figures are commonly called, are supposed to have been taken from the life."[9] So they were indeed called and such was the fiction that passed for Rosa's biography during Radcliffe's lifetime. More research would have shown that the models for Rosa's *figurine* were soldiers, not robbers, and that there was no basis for the story about his years of outlawry. But the story was too good, too "suited" to a host of preconceptions about Rosa and subjective Romantic genius, to be scrutinized closely.

Radcliffe may or may not have recalled Gilpin's supposition that Rosa's portraits of *banditti* are convincing because they were "taken from the life," but her window scene reveals a degree of ironic artistic self-awareness on Radcliffe's part that might not be anticipated by readers who approach *Udolpho* principally as "background" to *Northanger Abbey*. For it is obvious that Radcliffe herself quite consciously violates the prescription to copy from nature. The action of this late eighteenth-century novel is set in the late sixteenth century. And, as gradually became known to her public, her familiarity with the scenes so glowingly described in her novels was derived entirely from paintings, from the reports of friends, and from other writers' tour books, poems, plays, and novels. Of *banditti*, abductions, and torture chambers, this shy young Englishwoman must have had still less personal experience.

That Radcliffe had reflected critically on the value of firsthand experience, direct observation, for the kind of literary art she sought to create is demonstrated by the opening pages of the frame narrative of *Gaston de Blondeville*, the posthumously published romance novel that she wrote in 1802 or soon thereafter.[10] Returning to the touristic topos of disappointed expectations, Radcliffe describes how an English traveler passing between Coventry and Warwick, "over ground, which his dear Shakspeare had made classic," quotes Rosalind's "'Well! now we are in Arden.'" But when he beholds "the very scene, into which the imagination of the poet had so often transported him with a faint degree of its own rapture," he can nowhere "espy a forest scene of dignity sufficient to call up before his fancy" characters and scenes from *As You Like It*:

"Alas!" said he, "that enchanting vision is no more found, except in the very heart of a populous city . . . by the paltry light of stage-lamps. Yet there, surrounded by a noisy multitude . . . I have found myself transported into the wildest region of poetry and solitude; while here, on the very spot which Shakspeare drew, I am suddenly let down from the full glow of my holiday-feelings into the plain reality of this work-a-day world."[11]

No doubt the tourist is very naive who supposes that any actual forest could have provided the "original" for, or its remnants retained any faint survivals of, the magical ambiance of the forest in *As You Like It.* But literary tourists are ever hopeful in their pilgrimages to ground made sacred (or "classic") by a beloved author; hence the pattern of raised expectation and letdown in Romantic tourist literature.

As this episode makes clear, the correspondence that counts is not between "the very spot which Shakspeare drew" and the image in his play but rather between the rapturous, transported and transporting "imagination of the poet" and the tourist-playgoer's responsive imagination. Radcliffe's aesthetic is essentially the same as Walpole's. It is not antimimetic, but it does give a priority, freedom, and power to the authorial imagination that it could not have if the fictional work were a novel of manners and morals. On a scale measuring the shifting balance between the rival claims of author and object represented, Radcliffe's novels would fall somewhere between Shakespeare's romantic comedy and a novel by, say, Radcliffe's somewhat younger contemporary Maria Edgeworth.

It follows that Radcliffe's novels open only a relatively narrow window on her personal interests and beliefs—and a still narrower one on the social context in which she lived and wrote. Although her narrative voice directs and interprets the action, each of the novels she published during her lifetime is intently focused on the perceptions and emotions of an inexperienced heroine (and intermittently on those of her young lover) who, though sensitive, well educated, and observant, is preoccupied with the first elations of romantic love and, simultaneously, the terrors of captivity, escape, and pursuit. Add to these limiting factors that the heroine's trials occur in remote times and places, and that she and her suitor have aristocratic lineages and educations, and it is perhaps sufficiently clear why Radcliffe's novels disclose so little directly about her own revolutionary times, her own upbringing, and the life that she, in common with other married, middle-class women, led in *fin de siècle* England.

3

Who were the people, what were the early circumstances, that shaped Radcliffe's tastes and ideals, her distinctive touristic personality? Since biographical efforts prior to Rictor Norton's *Mistress of Udolpho* gave only the most skeletal information, they allowed for several plausible readings of Radcliffe's early life and influences. Yet it is still worth recalling T. N. Talfourd's 1826 "Memoir of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Radcliffe" because this first, approximately 6,000-word, "Life" provided nearly all the information about the author that was readily accessible to nineteenth- and twentieth-century readers, and because Talfourd's version has continued to shape our understanding (or misunderstanding) of her formative years.[12]

Ann was, in Talfourd's words, "the only child of William and Ann Ward, persons of great respectability, who, though engaged in trade, were allied to families of independent fortune and high character."[13] Talfourd gives some rapid-fire genealogical information about the latter, at whose houses "she passed much of her time. Her maternal uncle-in-law, the late Mr. Bentley, of the firm of Wedgewood and Bentley, was exceedingly partial to his niece, and invited her often to visit him at Chelsea" where "she enjoyed the benefit of seeing some persons of literary eminence [including Mrs. Piozzi], and many of accomplished manners."[14] So Ann had rich opportunities to imbibe some of the gentility, including a polite interest in literature, of her upper-middle-class connections.

But Talfourd's sparse account tells us nothing concerning the religious, political, and intellectual traditions and current interests of Ann's relatives: Thomas Bentley is identified as Josiah Wedgewood's partner rather than as the friend of Joseph Priestley, with whom he shared an "Enlightened" rationalist Unitarianism, sympathy with the American and French Revolutions, forthright opposition to the slave trade, and highly informed interests in the sciences and arts. Indeed, as Norton has demonstrated, these were the traditions that Ann inherited not just from Bentley but from other prominent relatives.[15] This ideological inheritance helps to explain why William Radcliffe was a spouse acceptable to Ann and her family. Again, Talfourd tells us nothing about young William Radcliffe's beliefs, but they were much like Bentley's and similarly outspoken. The newspaper he edited, *The English Chronicle, and Universal Evening Post*, was passionately Whiggish in its attacks on the slave trade, the land-

monopolizing French (and by implication British) aristocracy, the Test Act that denied Protestant dissenters and Catholics the right to hold political appointments, and the repressive and bellicose measures of the Pitt government. Alluding to Britain's own "Glorious Revolution" of 1688, his editorials in 1789–90 welcome the new "great and glorious REVOLUTION" and refer to 1789 as the "Annus Mirabilis."[16]

Both internal textual evidence and Norton's findings establish that Ann Radcliffe shared her husband's Whig convictions and many of Thomas Bentley's interests and beliefs. But "what she believed" is more complicated than either Talfourd or Norton allows. Norton's focus on the rationalism of her Unitarian relatives and the absence of explicitly Christian references in her novels leaves no room for what I will show is equally important—a large element of Protestant mysticism in her travel writings and novels that emerges with passionate reverence in her own and her traveling heroines' responses to God's created universe.[17] Indeed, a blend of rationalism (principally, as Norton maintains, Unitarian in origin) and deeply pious mysticism is a distinctive feature of her writings; it is quintessentially Radcliffean.

Norton follows Talfourd in emphasizing the amount of time that Ann spent with her distinguished relatives, especially Bentley, in London. The snobbish Talfourd seems to take for granted that the social and cultural advantages of residing with them rather than her tradespeople parents in Bath sufficiently explain why the latter allowed her to pass "much of her time" away from home. Those advantages Norton usefully documents. As a further explanation for her frequent separations from her home in Bath, Norton conjectures that relations between her parents and between Ann and her father were cold—or worse. Somewhat contradictorily, Norton speculates that two villainous but radically unlike father figures in *The Romance of the Forest*—the weak and improvident but not essentially unkind La Motte (44) and the dictatorial and affectionless St. Pierre, whom the heroine Adeline supposes to be her father—might be portraits of William Ward (25). The incest themes that surface in *Forest* and *The Italian* suggest to Norton that possibly Ann "was sexually abused by her father, and that she was sent by her mother to live with her uncle Bentley for her own protection" (37). At such points Norton seems to be constructing his own gothic novel on the basis of what he admits is very meager biographical evidence and in the face of very strong gothic conventions of threatened incest.

No doubt Radcliffe's novels do occasionally draw lightly veiled portraits of actual persons, including her close relatives, that disclose her conscious and unconscious feelings about them, and I too will note a few instances where a personal note seems to be struck. My objection to Norton's vilification of William Ward and of both his and Talfourd's minimizing of the roles of Ann Ward's parents in her life is not so much that the evidence is inconclusive or points in a different direction (although there *is* evidence that she loved her father and felt a strong family connection with both parents).[18] It is, rather, that the focus on her London residences leaves out of the reckoning what Bath might have contributed to her education and particularly her touristic interests. Although we know that her wedding took place in Bath, not enough evidence survives to calculate how much of her girlhood was spent there, how much in London with her relatives. What if, contrary to what we have been led to believe, Ann's parents preferred that their only child also spend "much" of her time where they did themselves?

The Romantic gothicism of her novels might seem to argue otherwise. For, on the face of it, Bath—with its elegant urban geometries, brilliant and diverse social life, and focus on contemporary fashion—would appear to have offered an observant girl far richer opportunities for developing into a comic novelist of manners. Indeed, its leading novelistic associations are with Smollett and later with Austen and Burney. But the cultural resources of eighteenth-century Bath were more varied than these names might suggest. In her later years, Radcliffe delighted to recall how as a young girl in Bath she had seen one of her favorite tragic actresses, Sarah Siddons, years before she became famous in London as an interpreter of Shakespeare and Otway.[19] Siddons was there because, as a resort that catered for the leisured classes, the town offered a thriving theater and other cultural amenities. Robert Miles speculates that Ann Ward might have attended the school established in Bath by Harriet Lee and her sister Sophia, one of Radcliffe's gothicist precursors.[20] However this might be, we need not seek any specially literary-minded school in Bath or elsewhere to account for the comprehensive familiarity with Shakespeare, Milton, and the eighteenth-century Early-Romantic poets demonstrated by allusions and quotations in Radcliffe's novels. These authors were venerated wherever cultivated, patriotic, and Protestant Englishmen and women congregated. In Bath itself, as *Northanger Abbey* goes to confirm, she would have been able to hear a good deal about matters that engaged the fashionable

Romantic tourist: gothic ruins, picturesque scenery, landscape painting and gardening. And not merely hear about them: within easy reach were several destinations justly famed for their romantic grandeur and associations—Wells Cathedral, Cheddar Gorge, the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. Ann was probably too young to have met or visited the studio of Thomas Gainsborough during his lengthy Bath period (1759–74); but whether or not she saw any of his Romantic landscapes, it is certain she could have learned something directly about the "dramatic aspects of landscape" by opening her eyes to what was around her.[21]

But it must be reiterated that almost nothing is known for certain about her life before she began publishing fiction. None of the travel-journal extracts accompanying Talfourd's memoir is dated earlier than 1797. So we can only speculate that she had direct personal experience of touring before she began writing novels, and that this experience influenced their shape and content. What we do know is that Bath was a major tourist center and that her second home with the Bentleys was much engaged with the high-cultural fashions associated with Romantic tourism.

4

Talfourd does provide one piece of information about Radcliffe's later tours that suggests how her experience of touring might have affected her fiction writing—or, reciprocally, how her fiction writing might have influenced the shape of her tours: "Always once, and generally twice in the year, they took a journey through some beautiful or interesting country, limiting themselves to no particular course, but enjoying the perfect freedom, which was most agreeable to their tastes."[22] There is an obvious consonance between the "perfect freedom" these unstructured and seemingly aimless "rovings" allow the tourist and the imaginative freedom that Romantic novelists claimed, and likewise between touristic release from the constraints of urban existence and the several forms of freedom—from political and religious tyranny, from chattel slavery, from the captivity of undesired marriage—that figure so prominently in Radcliffe's novels and in *A Journey.*

The forms of freedom and constraint represented in the travel-journal extracts-which were almost certainly selected by the companion of her

tours—are those of the road.[23] Whatever William Radcliffe might have left out, what he left in reveals a distinctive tourist personality—even, it might be claimed, a recognizable resemblance to Gibbon's "sketch of ideal perfection" in a "traveller." They demonstrate Radcliffe to have been interested not more in natural scenery than in historic houses and cathedrals, of which Knole and Canterbury were favorites; informed as a viewer not only of her beloved Claude but of European painting from Holbein onwards; vigorously responsive to the opinions expressed in tour books (such as Gilpin's contention that Salisbury Cathedral would have been better with a tower than a spire);[24] partial, like Jane Austen, to naval men and ships and perhaps for this reason to the great naval ports of Southampton and Portsmouth; indefatigable and plucky on the road; appreciative of cheerful company and the bustle of good inns.

Even though the Radcliffes' tours after 1794 were apparently limited to southern England, the journals show that the free-form mode of travel they enjoyed sometimes placed unanticipated demands on their patience, good humor, and physical endurance. Because of poor roads or unfavorable shifts in the weather, they might be obliged to walk where they had hoped to ride, and to find late-evening lodging and a meal in poorly furnished inns and occasionally roadside hovels. Even at the best hostelries they were sometimes subjected to inconveniences, as when they stayed in Portsmouth during a spell of foul weather that kept the naval ships in harbor and consequently overcrowded the excellent George Inn:

> Handsome furniture and excellent accommodation, except that you could get nothing when you wanted it . . . It was very diverting to hear the different tones and measure of the ringings . . . when every body happened to be dining at one and the same time, to hear them all ringing together, or in quick succession, in different keys and measure, according to the worn out, or better, patience of the ringer. These different keys enabled me to distinguish how often each bell was rung before it was answered; also the increasing impatience of the ringer, till, at the third, or fourth summons, the bell was in a downright passion.[25]

It is amusing to observe Radcliffe in an almost farcical social situation engaged in the action, characteristic of her fictional heroines in far other circumstances, of inferring the existence and nature of the unseen from a few visible or audible clues.

Also inferring the existence and nature of the unseen, but in an en-

tirely different spirit, literary style, and state of weather, is a radiant moment of spiritual exaltation recorded in 1811. Returning from the Isle of Wight to Southampton on the packet boat,

> What particularly struck me in the passage was, not only the sun actually appearing to set in the sea, but the splendid amber light, left upon that long level perspective of waters, and the vessels upon it at various distances, seeming dark on this side, and marking out its extent to the eye. The grace and majesty of an anchored ship, too, lying with her stern to the eye, though at less distance, is indescribable; showing all her shrouds and yards lessening, like a pyramid, as they rise upon the light. How tranquil and grand the scene lay, beneath the gradually deepening shade! Still the dark shores and stately vessels kept their dignity upon the fading waters. How impressive the silence, and then how according the solemn strain, that died upon the waves from unseen and distant bugles, like a song of peace to the departing day . . . The scene itself, great, benevolent, sublime—powerful, yet silent in its power—progressive and certain in its end, steadfast and full of a sublime repose: the scene itself spoke of its CREATOR.[26]

Although the main point of the description is that it registers a temporal movement "progressive and certain," it also arrests that movement just long enough to compose a picture reminiscent of a Claude harbor scene at sunset. At first the writing seems casual and merely anecdotal, but it soon rises to a sonorous eloquence that accords with the grandeur of the scene. (Note the alliteration of *struck, sun, sea, splendid*, and of *light, left, long, level*, etc.) Adjectival phrases accumulate as the scene opens out and objects are placed, the eye moving first horizontally and then vertically. But then follows a conspicuous series of parallel clauses ("How . . . How . . . and then how") and at last a sentence rhetorically structured to build up to a climactic utterance: "the scene itself spoke of its CREATOR." While it is a human observer who sees the ship's "shrouds and yards lessening, like a pyramid" and who perceives the ships as "stately" and keeping their "dignity," that observer is one who animates the scene through metaphor so that the elements composing the scene seem to do the acting and that, finally, the scene itself "spoke." The passage as a whole recalls the Psalms ("The Heavens declare the glory of God") and the "World Music" tradition (supremely exemplified in English by the morning hymn in *Paradise Lost*).[27]

These contrasting passages from the travel journals, both written more than a decade after Radcliffe ceased publishing, demonstrate not just that she could meet the shifting circumstances of early nineteenth-century

tourist travel with responses to match but likewise that her writing skills did not grow rusty with disuse. Indeed, given the quantity of words she produced, apparently with ease, during the 1790s, it is difficult to believe that the journal extracts amount to more than a tiny fraction of what she wrote over the next quarter of a century. It is also difficult to believe that an author who held strong social and political views as a matter of personal conviction and, as it were, family inheritance did not express these or mention her husband's similar or even more radical positions in the privacy of her journals. Did she—or they—grow disillusioned with the causes that had once meant so much? The near-total silence on these topics in Talfourd's memoir and the journal extracts made by William Radcliffe suggests that their joint production was partly a true record and partly an act of historical erasure managed by a bereaved widower who, like so many of his generation, had outlived the liberal faith of his youth.

In *A Journey*, however, which editorial scissors could not reach after her death, Ann Radcliffe's public concerns surface frequently. To be sure, since it was published in 1795 after the Revolution had gone out of control in France and at the height of the Anti-Jacobin persecutions in England, her tour book is relatively circumspect about the Revolutionary cause but directly and vigorously addresses several of the evils attacked in her husband's newspaper over the immediately preceding years.

5

Why, it might be asked, did Radcliffe and many other important poets and novelists of the Romantic period bother to spend time and effort on tour books, a genre that, as Christopher Mulvey says, has always suffered from a "chronic insecurity"?[28] Nonfictional travel literature was not among the "higher" genres (tragedy, epic, Pindaric ode) favored by either ancient Greek and Roman authorities or their neoclassical followers.[29] Although Romantic aesthetics encouraged high-cultural tourism and "interior" voyages, insofar as tour books also gave factual accounts of "exterior" voyages they were "prose" and lacked the prestige of the premier "imaginative" forms.[30] Yet this lack of critical cachet seems never to have diminished the popular appeal of travel literature and of tour books in particular. Like novels, equally low in the literary hierarchy, they were enjoyed by readers

of all descriptions and had a more assured chance of commercial success than their generic betters.[31] Radcliffe herself delighted in them as well as in the kind of experience they represented. And there is every reason to believe that a tour book written by "the author of *The Romance of the Forest* and *The Mysteries of Udolpho*" would find plenty of paying readers.[32]

Like other Romantic tour books, *A Journey* follows a basic pattern established by accounts of the Grand Tour such as Joseph Addison's. Although they made key additions to their model, Romantic tour-book authors generally adhered to "the grand Maxim" that guided their predecessors: "That the Face of every Country" registers the consequences of the locally prevailing religion and form of government.[33] Acting on this maxim, they included varying amounts of political and economic commentary as well as observations on the condition of roads and housing, and remarks on local lore and manners—especially with respect to superstitions, uncleanliness, rudeness, and dishonesty. Also following well-established patterns, they featured moral reflections on sites important in history or legend. Yet such was the digestive system of Romantic tour books that these traditional elements mingled not discordantly with new developments. Most notably, whereas earlier tour-book writers were constrained to speak with the voice of impersonal authority, Romantic writers felt free to amuse their readers and themselves with "interior voyages" that were informal and personal in tone, becoming unabashedly imaginative and emotive in descriptive set pieces extolling the picturesque or sublime.[34] Radcliffe's tour book deftly combines these old and new ingredients.

In narrative form, a Romantic tour book was typically constructed as a personalized narrative of a journey undertaken by one or several travelers. Since the genre put a premium on firsthand impressions of the sites described, a tour book was the more effective for clearly reflecting its on-the-spot origin in a travel journal or letters home.[35] For instance, while Mary Wollstonecraft's *Letters from Norway* (1796) is composed of letters doubtless written with publication in mind but providing confessional glimpses of the author's mood swings, insecurity, and unhappiness with her chief correspondent, Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* (1785) professes to be the journal itself and is in fact an edited version of the notes he kept while traveling with Johnson, who was himself keeping a journal for future development as a tour book.[36] Neither so intimate as Wollstonecraft's nor so preoccupied with a traveling companion as Boswell's, Radcliffe's tour

book follows the journal model, reporting her firsthand observations and reflections but not pretending to be a series of unrevised notes.

As is also generically characteristic, the Radcliffes' most ambitious tour is summarized in the full title of the tour book that was its literary result: *A Journey Made in the Summer of 1794, through Holland and the Western Frontier of Germany, with a Return down the Rhine: To Which Are Added Observations during a Tour to the Lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland.* The most rewarding section of the book deals with the Lakes region, but one of her observations on feudal agricultural practices along the Rhine neatly exemplifies how her Whiggish political values colored her perceptions as a tourist. Although as pleased as Byron and Mary Shelley would be by the picturesque castles and rich vegetation of the Rhine Valley, she exclaims: "How much is the delight of looking upon plenteousness lessened by the belief, that it supplies the means of excess to a few, but denies those of competence to many!" (153). Compare this statement with a parallel comment made several years earlier in a novel:

> In this blooming region Adeline observed that the countenances of the peasants, meagre and discontented, formed a melancholy contrast to the face of the country, and she lamented again the effects of an arbitrary government, where the bounties of nature, which were designed for all, are monopolized by a few, and the many are suffered to starve tantalized by surrounding plenty.
>
> The city lost much of its enchantment on a nearer approach: its narrow streets and shabby houses but ill answered the expectation which a distant view of its ramparts and its harbour, gay with vessels, seemed to authorize.[37]

Although this description of the travelers' approach to Nice in *The Romance of the Forest* is based on Radcliffe's reading of tour books, there is little difference between its political assessment and that in her eyewitness response to the Rhine Valley. However, the comment in the novel differs in two respects from that in *A Journey*. In keeping with the "philosophical" character of the concluding volume of *Forest*, Radcliffe's heroine not only laments the evil effects of a monopoly of property by the few but also states why such a monopoly is contrary to God's design. With a couple of striking exceptions, Radcliffe tends in her tour book not to philosophize thus broadly but rather to introduce political comment only in order to explain her responses as a tourist. Her suspicion that the Rhineland peasantry suffer poverty in the midst of plenty has the subjective effect of diminishing

any pleasure she might receive from the scene. But she clearly objects to the impoverishing feudal system because it is inhumane, not because its inhumanity spoils her pleasure as a tourist. In contrast, Radcliffe's fictional observer in *Forest*, her touristic expectations raised by the charming distant prospect, appears to suffer disappointment for narrowly aesthetic reasons when she actually arrives in the city. Possibly the compartmentalization of politics and aesthetics in the two *Forest* paragraphs results from Radcliffe's having to construct her fictional travelogue out of tour-book accounts.

When Radcliffe travels north to the Lake District, the vicinity of Liverpool prompts her to refer to "the wealth of a neighbouring place, immersed in the dreadful guilt of the Slave Trade, with the continuance of which to believe national prosperity compatible, is to hope, that the actions of nations pass unseen before the Almighty, or to suppose extenuation of crimes by increase of criminality, and that the eternal laws of right and truth . . . are too weak to struggle with the accumulated and comprehensive guilt of a national participation in robbery, cruelty and murder" (377). Although this fiery passage appears to be a digression that Radcliffe cannot repress (which makes it all the more effective), it actually serves to announce a recurrent theme of the remainder of her narrative.[38] When they reach Kendal, the Radcliffes view an obelisk "dedicated to liberty and to the memory of the Revolution in 1688" to which she responds: "At a time, when the memory of that revolution is reviled, and the praises of liberty itself endeavoured to be suppressed by the artifice of imputing to it the crimes of anarchy, it was impossible to omit any act of veneration to the blessings of this event . . . we had a view of the country, over which it [the obelisk] presides; a scene simple, great and free as the spirit revered amidst it" (389). Quoting part of the same passage, Robert Miles remarks that sentiments such as these, though unexceptionable only a few years previously, might have been considered subversive in 1795 and "may be taken as an index of deep political belief" (64). I agree; I would add that the depth of that political belief is also registered by the way Radcliffe finds the message on the obelisk also inscribed on the landscape.

As she becomes acquainted with the folk of the Lakes region, she discovers that their spirit too is "simple, great and free." She was not the first to discern and celebrate these virtues in the Lakelanders or in mountain dwellers as a class. Montesquieu's *The Spirit of the Laws* (1748) had popu-

larized the idea that mountainous topography encouraged republicanism and love of independence in its denizens. Although the Alps and the Swiss were the most frequently mentioned example of this relationship, the Lakes region and its inhabitants could be cited in illustration both of this universalizing Enlightenment theory and also of a cheering thesis that in this remote region survived the spirit of the Glorious Revolution, once that of the English nation as a whole.

These ideas about the shaping (or at least preservationist) influence of mountainous environments on political values and institutions invite us to consider an apparent paradox. Whereas Lakeland mountains are associated with a spirit simple, great, and free, the mountain scenery that figures so largely in the Romantic novel—the Apennines, Pyrenees, and Savoy—is often linked with tyranny, feudal pomp, captivity, and a brutally masculine form of the sublime. A resolution of the paradox is suggested by Radcliffe's explanation that the purity of the Lakelander's moral character was preserved by being "secluded from the great towns and from examples of selfish splendour." This benefit would not have been enjoyed by mountainous regions less remote from the contaminating influence of cities and—in Radcliffe's English Protestant scheme of things—Roman Catholic institutions and Southern-European sensuality and luxuriousness. On the showing of *Udolpho*, such regions' partial isolation would only have permitted wickedness to flower unchecked. Yet since extremes of verticality were among the main and dependable sources of the sublime, the mountains of Italy and Spain could be no less sublime than those of the virtuous Lake District. But the sublimity would be (at least some of the time) terrifying, and the experiencing agent overwhelmed and menaced with ravishment. The Lakes region sublime described in *A Journey* has an opposite, liberating, effect.

During Radcliffe's tour of Ullswater, "the sky accorded well with the scene, being frequently darkened by autumnal clouds" (418) while the surrounding fells were "overspread with a blue mysterious tint, that seemed almost supernatural, though according in gloom and sublimity with the severe features it involved"(408). As she describes it, the transmutative power of atmosphere and light resembles and draws attention to the poetic power itself, and when she later sums up the "effect of Ullswater" she values the lake and its environs above all for the way they stimulate the imagination to create a yet greater value: "awful [i.e., awe-full] as its scenery appears, it awakens the mind to expectations still more awful, and, touching all the

powers of imagination, inspires that 'fine frenzy' descriptive of the poet's eye, which not only bodies forth unreal forms, but imparts to substantial objects a character higher than their own" (477). Radcliffe's view that the sublime sets the imagination in motion is ultimately based on Longinus but is mediated and reinforced by various eighteenth-century aestheticians. Especially relevant is Gilpin's Addisonian comment that in the evening and "amid the obscurity, which now overspread the landscape, the imagination was left at large; and painted many images, which perhaps did not really exist, upon the dead colouring of nature."[39] Although the fiction-making transports described by Gilpin and by Radcliffe in *A Journey* contrast sharply with the transports of terror experienced in or near Castle Udolpho, both versions of the sublime are "awful" and both are experienced by the heroines of her novels, a productive opposition that serves to structure the action.

When Radcliffe celebrates the power of the imagination, as in her account of "the effect of Ullswater," she is likely to invoke or already be discussing Shakespeare. Patriotically English, Protestant, entrepreneurially middle-class, and routinely associated in eighteenth-century literary discussion with "Nature" and "Freedom," Shakespeare is the perfect and, for Radcliffe, inevitable exemplar of a form of the sublime whose liberating effects bear analogy with those of the Revolution of 1688 and—however bloodily astray it may have gone—of 1789 as well. At the same time, the Ullswater passage reminds us that, pervasively influential though Shakespeare and liberal political causes were on her thinking, viewing, and writing, they were subordinate in her scheme of things to the apprehension of the Creator through his creation. Of her, as of the poet in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, it could be truly said that she "doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven." In her description of the land and skyscape that environ Ullswater, light and atmosphere conspire not only to "involve" (i.e., shroud) the fells, obscuring minor irregularities that do not comport with sublimity, but also to create a somber "accord" between sky and land, heaven and earth, dissolving the distinction between the two in a blue haze that seems both "mysterious" and "supernatural." The most sublime moments occur when the beholder becomes aware of the presence or attributes of God in the land and sky. This is such a moment although more muted and indirect than the 1811 travel-journal description quoted earlier or corresponding passages in *Udolpho*.

So Radcliffe's most prized experiences as a tourist come when the

sublimity of a scene leads beyond the merely visible to something still more "awful"—to an ecstatic apprehension of the godhead or to fiction-making activity that "imparts to substantial objects a character higher than their own." So it is, too, that the imagined scene in *As You Like It* is more transporting than the "very spot which Shakspeare drew" is or ever could be, and that the scenes in Radcliffe's novels that she imagined on the basis of other travelers' reports had the power to enchant and to convince her early readers that, like her heroine Emily, "she had copied from nature." However, while second to none in her faith in the power of poetic language to move and delight imaginative readers, writing her tour book seems to have made her skeptical about the ability of words to discriminate finely between one and another similar scene in nature. Towards the end of *A Journey* she writes: "A repetition of the same images of rock, wood and water, and the same epithets of grand, vast and sublime, which necessarily occur, must appear tautologous, on paper, though their archetypes in nature, ever varying in outline, or arrangement, exhibit new visions to the eye, and produce new shades of effect on the mind . . . a wish to present the picture, and a consciousness of the impossibility of doing so, except by the pencil, meet and oppose each other" (419).[40] So keen was her sense of rifts or slippage between object and eye, eye and mind, mind and imagination, and between all of these and descriptive words, that we are bound to wonder that she completed even the one tour book.[41]

In spite of the representational dilemma acknowledged in *A Journey*, she did not abandon her efforts to describe the Lake District. Like Thomas Gray a quarter of a century earlier, she found rich compensatory resources in language. Her description of crossing Morecambe Sands from Ulverston to Lancaster illustrates how the writer can represent events or perceptory experiences unavailable to the painter because gradually unfolding or dependent on senses other than sight:

> We took the early part of the tide, and entered these vast and desolate plains before the sea had entirely left them, or the morning mists were sufficiently dissipated to allow a view of distant objects; but the grand sweep of the coast could be faintly traced, on the left, and a vast waste of sand stretching far below it, with mingled streaks of gray water, that heightened its dreary aspect. The tide was ebbing fast from our wheels, and its low murmur was interrupted, first, only by the shrill small cry of sea-gulls, unseen, whose hovering flight could be traced by the sound, near an island that began to dawn through the mist; and then, by the

hoarser croaking of sea-geese, which took a wider range, for their shifting voices were heard from various quarters of the surrounding coast. The body of the sea, on the right, was still involved, and the distant mountains on our left, that crown the bay, were also viewless; but it was sublimely interesting to watch the heavy vapours beginning to move, then rolling in lengthening volumes over the scene, and, as they gradually dissipated, discovering through their veil the various objects they had concealed—fishermen with carts and nets stealing along the margin of the tide, little boats putting off from the shore, and, the view still enlarging, as the vapours expanded, the main sea itself softening into the horizon, with here and there a dim sail moving in the hazy distance. The wide desolation of the sands, on the left, was animated only by some horsemen riding remotely in groups towards Lancaster, along the winding edge of the water, and by a muscle-fisher in his cart trying to ford the channel we were approaching. (497–98)

Like her description of Southampton harbor at evening, this passage records a temporal movement "progressive and certain." The generalized epithets she uses at first include ones she cites earlier as losing their descriptive force through repetition; but they are effective at this point where nothing can be seen clearly and the travelers can discriminate the identities and locations of the birds only by the sounds they make. Although Radcliffe does not remark that these sands are notoriously dangerous to any who wander off the routes known to local guides, an awareness that this is so and that, albeit guided, she and her party are proceeding almost blindly perhaps helps to explain the *desert* feeling, the sense of loneliness, sterility, and human insignificance conveyed by their situation and the epithets "vast," "desolate," "waste," and "dreary." In other contexts such a scene might be labeled sublime, but here the "sublimely interesting" experience is of a dramatic expansion of the field of vision and unveiling of human activities, especially those associated with harvesting the produce of sea and shore.

Wordsworth recounts in *The Prelude* that it was while crossing the nearby Leven Sands, also in 1794, that he first heard of the death of Robespierre and experienced a moment of exultation and psychological release ("Great was my transport . . . "). The descriptive passage leading up to this transport invites comparison with Radcliffe's:

> all the plain
> Lay spotted with a variegated crowd
> Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,
> Wading beneath the conduct of their guide

> In loose procession through the shallow stream
> Of inland waters; the great sea meanwhile
> Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I paused,
> Longing for skill to paint a scene so bright
> And cheerful, but the foremost of the band
> As he approached, no salutation given,
> In the familiar language of the day,
> Cried, "Robespierre is dead!" (X, 562–73)[42]

The complex power of the moment when the leader of the group volunteers the great good news can be felt only by those who have read the thousands of lines leading up to it, but it will be apparent even out of context that Wordsworth's passage has historical depth absent from (and unattempted in) Radcliffe's. His represents the process of crossing the sands less memorably than does hers, but, especially if we do take account of the larger political context of the *Prelude* passage, the generality of Wordsworth's description invites the reader to see more than a "bright and cheerful" scene in his picture of a trusted guide leading the human caravan across the hazardous sands. As Howard Erskine-Hill comments, "The 'variegated crowd' display a natural communal occasion, a movement under guides but not commanders."[43] Although social and economic meaning can be discovered in Radcliffe's sketch of the fishermen working in or close to the sea while the horsemen in groups ride "distantly" and perhaps more safely farther inland, political allegory is beside the point of her rendering of the gradual discovery that the desolate waste she perceived at first is in fact a peopled and fruitful field. What the two passages share with each other and with Turner's watercolor "Lancaster Sands" of 1826 (Figure 3) is a focus on the cheering presence of human beings at their work or on their immemorial journeys in a setting now flooded with light but known to be perilous in other circumstances.[44] It is a bracing and instructive irony that in a passage (culminating in the transporting words "Robespierre is dead!") that magnificently demonstrates the power of language to concentrate so much force and meaning, Wordsworth joins Radcliffe in longing for the descriptive "skill" of the landscape painter.

Crossing the Morecambe Sands, the Radcliffes were on their way home after spending many weeks of carriage and boat travel across the North Sea to the Low Countries, through western Germany, then back to England via the Rhine and the North Sea crossing, followed by the north-

Figure 3. Lancaster Sands. J.M.W. Turner, illustration for *Picturesque Views in England and Wales* (1826–35), courtesy of Tate Britain Gallery.

ern tour to which I have paid most attention. Had border guards not created difficulties, the Radcliffes would have visited Switzerland and probably Savoy (principal setting for the concluding chapters of *The Romance of the Forest*), and it is possible that the tour of the Lakes was mainly an improvised compensation for not being able to view Mont Blanc and the Montanvert Glacier. Considered as a whole, this was no leisurely tour and there are a few moments in the resulting narrative when a reader might wish that Radcliffe had exercised a novelist's privilege to skip places that didn't interest her and that she passed through nearly as hurriedly as one of Sterne's "gallopers." However, her accounts of the Rhine journey and especially the tour of northern England compare well with the best writing of a great age of tour-book writing. So far from being only or mainly a minor precursor of Walter Pater savoring fine aesthetic sensations (let alone a mad woman in flight from the attic), Radcliffe the tourist exhibits, in turn, an informed and politically committed interest in the social and economic arrangements of the regions she visits, a warm responsiveness to the ordinary people she encounters, and mystical intuitions of a divine presence in nature that we are accustomed to think of as Wordsworthian. Her range is much wider, there is much more to her, than is usually supposed.

CHAPTER 4

Radcliffe and the Fictions of Spiritual Tourism

> Such tricks hath strong imagination,
> That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
> It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
> Or in the night, imagining some fear,
> How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!
> (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 5. 1. 18–22)[1]

1

Although a few years older and earlier in the field, Ann Radcliffe belonged to the generation of Scott, Lamb, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. Her literary models were, on the whole, the same as theirs: medieval and Renaissance romance, Shakespeare, Milton, the Early-Romantics. The Early-Romantics may have especially appealed to Radcliffe because the subjective turn of their work suggested that a young woman of genius but with limited experience and opportunities for observation could also produce literature of value—especially if she chose a form that (as the critics of "romance" had long alleged) tended to feed cannibalistically off other literature. And Radcliffe assuredly is one of the most "literary," one might even say secondhand, of important novelists. Her flight-and-pursuit abduction plots and genealogical "mysteries" are drawn with but little realistic displacement from the common treasure-trove of romance fiction. Her chapters are headed by verse epigraphs that both comment on the action

to follow and remind the reader of "resembling" works of literature by her favorite authors. Most notoriously, her descriptions of foreign places are manufactured out of descriptions written by others. Does it matter that she had no firsthand knowledge of the scenes she described? The frame narrative of *Gaston de Blondeville* clearly implies that it did not, that romance literature (*As You Like It* as well as *The Romance of the Forest*) answers to a different and higher law of mimetic fidelity than a tour book or a novel like *Tom Jones*. Such, as we have seen, was the implication of the word "romance" that Radcliffe included in the titles or subtitles of her novels as a generic signpost that declared: "FICTION!" Indeed, she may well have been the author most responsible for fixing the name "romance" on the kind of novel that combines psychological realism with extraordinary events in settings that are "far and strange."

Not only a declaration of fictionality, "romance" served to remind her readers of the "ancient" romances mentioned by Walpole. Despite the ridicule heaped on them by Renaissance Humanists and early eighteenth-century novelists, these enchanting narratives had never lost their readership. They must have been the more attractive models for Radcliffe and her younger contemporaries because the perilous journeys and foreign locales depicted in them could be revived for imaginative re-presentation of the tourist experience currently in vogue. Novelists who wished to add concrete detail could draw on their own experience as tourists or, as Radcliffe did, on tour books. Those like Mary Shelley who wished to take their characters beyond the normal limits of tourist travel could turn to exploration narratives, their own mythicizing imaginations, or some combination of the two. Perhaps the happiest procedure was Radcliffe's and Scott's—to convey their protagonists through regions that although safely accessible to tourists during the Romantic period would not have been at the time of the fictional actions.

Often, as in many Arthurian forerunners, the main business of the novels written by Radcliffe and her followers seems to be to astonish the reader with the formidable distances and terrain that characters are able to traverse and the inexhaustible reservoirs of energy they can draw upon at need. Yet these challenging journeys serve serious ends in works written by serious authors. Most obviously, they provide a test of the hero's courage and skill and of the heroine's pluck and resourcefulness. On that account, they have been central to folk ritual and to romance and epic literature

through the ages. Traditionally, too, the function of the journey in literature as in life is to enable the protagonist to gain a fortune, a new identity, kinder friends, spiritual enlightenment, a broader, shrewder understanding of the world. In Radcliffe's novels these accessions and proofs of "character" complement the aesthetic payoffs of picturesque touring.

Usually the movement outwards and away in a Romantic novel begins with a destabilizing event, such as the death of a parent or the arrival of a stranger, and reaches its natural closure when hero and heroine at last regain the stability and constancy of the domestic hearth. *The Mysteries of Udolpho* has all of these components, but many other equally conspicuous examples ranging from *Guy Mannering* to *Wuthering Heights* might be cited. In novels that follow an unabashed flight-and-pursuit pattern, the action tends to alternate between frenetic movement and comparative stasis. The more gothic the novel, the longer the periods of stasis and the closer the attention to the physical site of captivity, the psychology of imprisonment, and the stratagems for escape. Especially in Radcliffean gothic the great distances traveled and the seemingly impenetrable walls of the imprisoning castle or abbey create a poignant sense of separation from, and an intense longing for, a faraway home and the beloved. Of course the experience of captivity in the gothic castle can also be read as an ironic nightmarish preview, a shadow image, of domestic life with the (male) beloved.

Another and related legacy was the way that the romance narrative's focus on physical action typically called for attention to physical setting, providing Romantic novelists with opportunities for descriptive set pieces that served many narrative functions—above all to externalize the subjective drama that lies at the heart of so much Romantic literature. But the care lavished on physical description in Radcliffe's and many other Romantic novels is frequently far in excess of any narrative precedents or requirements, reminding us that a relish for such description had been created during the eighteenth century by developments in literature and the visual arts, such as landscape painting and the loco-descriptive tradition in verse, that would require further discussion if the focus of this study were the scenic techniques of Romantic fiction.

Thus the word "Romance" in the title or subtitle of Radcliffe's novels was an explicit pointer to the generic inheritance they claimed and adapted. An advertisement of the wares on offer, the label was perhaps equally a preemptive move designed to avert criticisms based on erroneous

expectations. But as *Northanger Abbey* demonstrates, this signposting did not always succeed.[2] Hence when Scott introduced a collection of her novels in 1824, he felt obliged to insist on the generic immunities of Radcliffean romance: "it is as unreasonable to complain of the absence of advantages foreign to her style and plan, and proper to those of another mode of composition, as to regret that the peach-tree does not produce grapes, or the vine peaches."[3] This defense deserves citation because it is just and also because Scott's own innovations are partly responsible for the decline of Radcliffe's critical reputation. Although his novels owe nearly as much to romance models (especially Shakespeare's romantic comedies) as Radcliffe's do, his early Scottish novels create a strong sense of the firsthand by massing unprecedentedly dense cultural detail redolent of a particular time and place, greatly expanding the possibilities of the novel form and altering the taste and expectations of nineteenth-century readers. Nor did Scott serve Radcliffe well by suggesting that her literary representations resemble Salvator Rosa's or Gaspard Poussin's paintings of magnificent landscapes garnished with insignificant human figures. True, no novelist before her had done so much with landscapes, but her interests were wider, her psychological penetration and moral insight deeper, than Scott implies.[4]

Radcliffe's portraits of young women under severe stress or older people rationalizing morally questionable behavior are generally shrewd and unsparing. In particular, she is a quiet but damning observer of the morals and oppressive habits of the opposite sex. In *Forest*, for instance, the narrator comments dryly on husbandly behavior: "He communicated his thoughts to Madame la Motte, who felt repugnance to the scheme. La Motte, however, seldom consulted his wife till he had determined how to act" (23). While her heroes and heroines are eventually joined in wedded bliss, Radcliffe was sufficiently skeptical about the passions and weaknesses of men and women who lived in the "world" that she represents their marriages as lacking mutual affection, respect, and communication, and as tormented by suspicion of sexual betrayal. She also casts a satiric eye beyond the domestic sphere, demonstrating in her later novels that she had learned something not only from the political debates of her own time but also from Shakespeare, Milton, and Richardson about the casuistry that men and sometimes women practice on others and themselves.

Although best known for the gothic terror experienced by her entrapped heroines when seemingly threatened with imminent rape or mur-

der, her most searching psychological study is, rather, in the sentimental vein in *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794) where the heroine must cope with the belief that she has gained every material and social advantage but lost the human beings she most loves.[5] Although suffocatingly subjective and tearful at times, the overall course of this emotional journey is finely imagined and is an important contribution to—and advance in—the literature of loss and memory.

Although *Udolpho* is the Radcliffe novel in which her distinctive powers are most fully displayed and in which touring is most prominent, it is a work of such mass and narrative intricacy that it demands to be treated either quite selectively or at greater length than would be appropriate here. And like *The Italian* (1797) which is a tauter, deeper, but less original novel, *Udolpho* has received more and better critical commentaries than her earlier novels. In the following discussion, I therefore single out *The Romance of the Forest* (1791) for extended discussion in order to show how this breakthrough novel assimilates the discourse, and contributes to the fictions, of Romantic tourism. Before doing so, I comment briefly on *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne* (1789) and *A Sicilian Romance* (1790), apprentice work that only suggests the importance of tourist travel in her later novels.

2

The opportunistic title of Radcliffe's initial effort in fiction both announces its kinship with Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* and promises a setting in a region that by 1789 was already an attractive destination for relatively daring tourists: "On the north-east coast of Scotland, in the most romantic part of the Highlands, stood the Castle of Athlin; an edifice built on the summit of a rock, whose base was in the sea. This pile was venerable from its antiquity, and from its Gothic structure; but more venerable from the virtues which it enclosed."[6] This sketch of the hero's home provides just enough detail for the reader to visualize a romantic coastscape with a solitary castle as its most striking feature. If the narrative so required, the same scene could be shrouded in darkness and made as sublime as Castle Dunbayne, home to the story's villain: "All was involved in the gloom of night . . . The edifice was built with Gothic magnificence upon

a high and dangerous rock. Its lofty towers still frowned in proud sublimity, and the immensity of the pile stood a record of the ancient consequence of its possessors" (13). Although but a crude early draft, Castle Dunbayne anticipates Castle Udolpho in the erect masculinity of its heavily personified towers and strong suggestion that castle, mountain, and feudal owner Malcolm are identical in character. That character is also suggested by the castle's name: "dun" (brown, dark, gloomy) intensifies the idea of a "bane" (a person causing misery or distress). In contrast, Athlin is akin to the Anglo-Saxon "atheling": a prince of royal lineage.

Malcolm's opposite number, Osbert, is a contradictory mixture of the feudal and sentimental, masculine and feminine, active and passive, who excels "in the martial exercises, for they were congenial to the nobility of his soul," but his "warm imagination directed him to poetry, and he followed where she led. He loved to wander among the romantic scenes of the Highlands . . . He delighted in the terrible and in the grand, more than in the softer landscape; and wrapt in the bright visions of fancy, would often lose himself in awful solitudes" (5). Is Radcliffe writing tongue-in-cheek, or wavering because she cannot decide how much of the androgynous to incorporate in her nineteen-year-old hero? Osbert must not be effeminate or otherwise unsuitable for his subsequent roles as warrior and lover later in the narrative; at the same time, Radcliffe's ideal of a companionate marriage required that men and women meet upon a common ground of interests and understanding. A "warm imagination," an education in literature and the fine arts, and a taste for tourism provided that common ground.

Perhaps Osbert's solitary rambles should not be called "tourism" inasmuch as he does not bear some of the insignia of the tourist and could not be expected to. Indifferent though Radcliffe was to the anachronism of Osbert's Romantic appreciation of nature, even she would stop short of equipping a medieval Scot with a Claude-glass or a tourist's guidebook to the Highlands. Still, Osbert's excursions seem not to differ in essentials from the short individual walking tours in pursuit of the sublime, picturesque, and historical that were undertaken in Radcliffe's and later times.[7] However we label them, on one of his rambles not far from Castle Athlin Osbert manages to lose his way amid "rocks piled on rocks, cataracts and vast moors unmarked by the foot of traveller . . . He remained for some time in a silent dread not wholly unpleasing, but which was soon height-

ened to a degree of terror not to be endured" (6). But then "an abrupt opening in the rock suddenly presented him with a view of the most beautifully romantic spot he had ever seen. It was a valley almost surrounded by a barrier of wild rocks, whose base was shaded with thick woods of pine and fir. A torrent . . . rushed with amazing impetuosity into a fine lake, which flowed through the vale . . . Herds of cattle grazed in the bottom, and the delighted eyes of Osbert were once more blessed with the sight of human dwellings" (6). At this juncture an unknown young Highlander of "manly figure" and with an "air of benevolence" abruptly materializes and shows Osbert the way to the safety of the vale. As might be anticipated, the same Highlander will later help him destroy Malcolm and restore peace and prosperity to the demesnes of Athlin and Dunbayne.

Although implausible and only loosely connected with the main narrative, this dreamlike episode in which the hero is lost and found has symbolic aptness as a rite of passage from adolescence to manhood and as a prefigurement of his future. At first sight, the episode also seems doctrinally, even graphically, Burkean. As Malcolm Ware points out, the "silent dread not wholly unpleasing, but which was soon heightened to a terror not to be endured" is virtually paraphrased from *A Philosophical Enquiry*.[8] The emphatic gendering of the topography accords with Burke's opposition of a masculine sublime that is threatening (in this instance, unendurably so) to a feminine "beautiful" that is safe and, in this scene, situated well below the viewer. Radcliffe elaborates the opposition by making the sublime heights "uncultivated" and uncultivatable and the womblike vale fruitful and domesticated. Moreover, Osbert's experience has taught him to appreciate the virtues of a "softer landscape," an important advance in his progress to marriageable manhood.

Clumsy in execution though this episode is, its imaginative power anticipates other moments in Radcliffe's fiction where an interlude of aimless ambulatory communion with nature leads to an important discovery or transport. Such a moment occurs in *A Sicilian Romance* involving two female characters, the novel's principal heroine Julia and her deceased mother's friend Mme. de Menon, who has given Julia and her siblings a mother's care. Required by her father and his second wife to marry a man she loathes, Julia flees to a destination unknown to the other characters and to the reader; not long afterwards, Mme. de Menon leaves

Castle Mazzini in order to retire to a distant convent, stopping on her way at a small mountain village where

> the romantic beauty of the surrounding scenery invited her to walk. She followed the windings of a stream . . . and she was insensibly led on. She still followed the course of the stream to where the deep shades retired . . . The scene inspired Madame with reverential awe, and her thoughts involuntarily rose, "from Nature up to Nature's God." The last dying gleams of day tinted the rocks and shone upon the waters . . . While she listened to their distant murmur, a voice of liquid and melodious sweetness arose from among the rocks.[9]

The voice is Julia's. For this unanticipated rendezvous the narrator provides no explanation consistent with "the way things really happen." But the reunion is clearly not simply a coincidence in the sense of being a chance accident or an incident included only to excite the reader's wonder and delight. The only plausible explanation is the one hinted at in "insensibly led on": that a supernatural design is being unfolded by a higher "Power" who is a sort of super-romancer bringing about justice in spite of the evil designs of powerful aristocrats. Although some coincidences in Radcliffe's fiction are explained away, many are not, and it is through them and their effects, rather than such relatively crude manifestations as ghosts or gigantic helmets, that the supernatural is given presence in Radcliffean romance. Moreover, the coincidence doesn't just happen. The characters reunited share a refined appreciation of nature that "elevates" the mind to "enthusiasm" and "reverential awe" and leads them on insensibly to Nature's God and each other. A transport, at once aesthetic and religious, overcomes separation, and, as "a something given," the meeting between Mme. de Menon and Julia follows an immediately prior meeting with the divine presence.

A parallel to Osbert's and Mme. de Menon's "aimless" adventures can be found in the experience of release, blissful directionlessness, and revelation that Wordsworth recounts in the "Glad Preamble" to *The Prelude*:

> The earth is all before me. With a heart
> Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,
> I look about; and should the chosen guide
> Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,
> I cannot miss my way. I breathe again!
> Trances of thought and mountings of the mind

> Come fast upon me: it is shaken off,
> That burthen of my own unnatural self,
> The heavy weight of many a weary day
> Not mine, and such as were not made for me. (I, 14–23)[10]

There soon follows Wordsworth's renewal of vocation and prophetic sense of achievement, and at that point the experience described parts company with the touristic. But the lines just quoted and indeed the thirteen opening lines immediately preceding them give magnificent utterance to what many a tourist has felt but lacked words to express. For Wordsworth understood the need not only for recreative "sweet leisure" (*The Prelude*, I, 43) in a productive life but also for a space for "play"—in the sense of unscripted free time—within any planned leisure activity such as tourism. This was precisely how the Radcliffes made their own tours, "limiting themselves to no particular course, but enjoying the perfect freedom, which was most agreeable to their tastes."[11] Research, planning, and what Radcliffe repeatedly refers to as "expectation" are also important, but to enjoy the full benefits of the tourist experience there should be scope for a surrender to circumstance, for serendipity.

This discovery of Romantic psychology, for such I take it to be, was made just as the modern world of urbanized and industrialized existence and of middle-class tourism was taking shape. It has been validated many times over by professional psychologists whose findings can, reciprocally, sometimes illuminate Romantic literature. For instance, Harvie Ferguson's analysis of the role of tourism in the life and work of Sigmund Freud suggests some of the wider implications of this "play" principle for recreation and creativity—and for reading Romantic fiction. Freud recognized in himself "a childish delight in being somewhere else"; unsurprisingly, tourist travel became his major leisure interest.[12] With an eye on this interest, Ferguson explains that

> The holiday is among the most ideal of modern leisure forms. A period set apart, and preferably physically distant, from the rest of life. It should be devoted to nothing in particular; a playful interlude to be enjoyed from moment to moment without the necessity of an edifying purpose. On his own holidays Freud was incredibly active—no one could keep up the pace he set in sightseeing and hill-walking; but he allowed each day to set its own limits, to reveal each new wonder in turn, as if unanticipated. (56)

Like the Radcliffes, then, Freud avoided being limited by a "particular course" and sought the same "perfect freedom." It was during such holidays that he made several of his key discoveries. Analogously, Ferguson argues, the aim of Freudian analysis was to "recreate the interior condition of the holiday . . . the patient should speak without constraint, follow no preconceived path . . . The analyst, resisting all temptation to lead, must remain silent and listen to follow the complicated and unpredictable route towards self-revelation" (56). That the travel metaphors are Ferguson's rather than Freud's does not lessen the usefulness of the methodological parallel.

Hazlitt's ideas about the therapeutic value of touring (a term he declined to use) are again pertinent here. Like the Radcliffes, he believed that "the soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases."[13] The only goal he identifies in "On Going a Journey" is the recovery of a self that in everyday life is constrained by a host of "impediments" and expectations by others. He imagines himself alone and on the road: "I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like 'sunken wrack and sumless treasuries,' burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again" (182). Hazlitt's actions and metaphors imply that the liberated traveler takes a psychological journey back through naked childhood (Samuel Rogers's "golden time"), a "primitive" stage of manhood, and the oceanic source of life, leaving him cleansed, enriched, and restored to his true self. The parallel with Freudian analysis, although not exact, is close: where but in the unconscious can the precious "wrack and sumless treasuries" be sunken? Later in the essay, Hazlitt again links journeying and self dis- or re-covery: "to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must 'jump' all our present comforts and connexions" (189). Again, an inner release is triggered by an outer.

Whether Radcliffe's writing process was as unstructured or productive of discoveries as those just discussed is uncertain. All we know about the composition of her fiction is that, according to Talfourd, during solitary evenings while her husband was at work she "beguiled the else weary hours by her pen, and often astonished her husband, on his return, not only by the quality, but the extent of the matter she had produced."[14] If her

professional-journalist husband was astonished by the amount she composed during a few evening hours, there is reason to believe that she wrote very rapidly and freely. This supposition would appear to be borne out by the frequently careless syntax, the often dreamlike and free-associative movement of the narrative, and the repetitiveness of word, description, character, and incident within and between her novels. This is not to suggest that she was indifferent to the aesthetic quality of what she published or to deny that there are many passages that were clearly executed with great care. Nor could her complicated dénouements have been staged without careful plotting. Yet it seems likely that her predetermined plots mainly provided a loose framework within which she could exercise considerable freedom, probably taking more time to compose and revise key passages. Such a process would help to explain not only the features mentioned above but also those moments in her fiction, e.g., Osbert's "straying" experience, where the symbolic landscapes and actions seem to have been drawn from deep within her own unconscious. Analogously, for many of those readers who came to her novels soon after publication, and who perhaps shared Freud's "childish delight in being somewhere else," the reading process must have been characterized by the kind of serene surrender to the experience that Wordsworth and Hazlitt record and that Mme. de Menon enjoys when she is "insensibly led on."

One reason for the narrative enchantment of these novels is that they are largely constructed out of journeys, some explicitly tours and others involving flight and pursuit, and are thus able to exert the perennial fascination of travel narratives, which, once fairly started, are notoriously hard to put down until journey's end. From *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne: A Highland Story* (in which the action is strictly local) through *Udolpho* (in which it traverses several mountain ranges and countries), each novel caps the previous one in terms of pages devoted to travel and the scope of the journeys undertaken. Although the journeys in *The Italian* are extensive by ordinary novelistic standards, it reverses this trend. Perhaps her urge to write travelogue was to a degree satisfied by the writing of her previous novels and *A Journey*; perhaps she recognized that *Udolpho* pushed the novel as far in that direction as it could profitably go.

3

The Romance of the Forest is the work in which Radcliffe truly arrives as a novelist. To be sure, many features of Radcliffean gothic are relatively well developed in *A Sicilian Romance*: nighttime flights across unknown, *banditti*-infested wilds; perilous inch-by-inch explorations of crumbling and claustrophobic buildings; female captivity in the forms of (threatened) forced marriage, virtual house-arrest, and, most sensationally, secret immurement of a first wife, reputedly dead but actually held incommunicado in a ruinous wing of the family castle. The entombed wife, emblematic of a past that is not dead but has the potential to break out and bring grief (or joy) to the living, does not appear again in Radcliffe's novels, although in all of them the convent doubles as a prison and/or place of refuge for women. The other ingredients do reappear with slight variations in *Forest* but are blended with more skill. Radcliffe now does much more to exploit the suspense-building potential of gothic "mysteries," hooking the reader with a rapid succession of puzzles to be solved and perils to be overcome or outrun. The immediate danger may be evaded but its ultimate cause remains—powerful, sinisterly intelligent, and implacable; the key mysteries are not solved seriatim as the action proceeds but each is temporarily pushed off center stage by another, so that their increase in number also increases the deferral of their solution.

Forest introduces several crucial changes to the gothic recipe. Whereas the heroes and heroines of Radcliffe's first two novels are provided with a living parent and siblings, Adeline in *Forest* is alone in the world, removed from her familiar surroundings, and essentially at the mercy and disposal of any male strong or clever enough to prevent her from escaping. Her subjectivity becomes the theater in which the most important action takes place. For the same reason, from this point forward in Radcliffe's fiction, surrogate daughter-father relationships become nearly as important as, and sometimes coincide with, relationships between the heroine and her young beloved. Another development of primary importance in *Forest* and *Udolpho*, although somewhat secondary in *The Italian*, is a pronounced city versus country opposition with the united lovers opting emphatically for rural retirement at the conclusion of their travels.[15] Yet the pastoralism of these novels is not quite so simple as first appears. While they have almost

nothing good to say about the city, their image of country life and nature itself is characterized by a Romantic doubleness. Although her comic vision does not allow for ultimate glimpses into the ravenous underside of God's nature, it acknowledges and makes fiction out of the sad ironies that country life's advantages can all too readily be converted into disadvantages, the engaging aspects of nature into sources of terror, and the most treasured scenes into dispiriting reminders of lost happiness.

Although *Forest* is the novel in which Radcliffe emerges as something more than a talented follower of Walpole, Reeve, and Sophia Lee, it begins familiarly enough with the captivity and flight of the heroine; the parallel flight of her adventitious protectors, the bankrupt La Motte and his wife; and their temporary asylum together as a makeshift nuclear family in an abandoned, partially ruined abbey in the middle of a forest somewhere many miles south of Paris. To try to fix the location of this forest would be as pointless as to search out "the very spot which Shakspeare drew" in *As You Like It*, and it is significant that Radcliffe refers to that romantic comedy when describing the life that Adeline and the La Mottes make for themselves in the forest. Although Radcliffe ascribes names to the forest (Fontanville) and the abbey (St. Clair) as an aid to verisimilitude and makes a host of verbal gestures indicating dimensions, spatial relations, and constituent parts, the forest, like the abbey, is more an enveloping and labyrinthine presence than a place that could be accurately visualized and mapped from Radcliffe's descriptions. In calling her novel *The Romance of the Forest*, she implies not only that this is a romance whose main setting is the forest, but also that it is a romance "of" (in the sense of being authored, engendered, by) the forest. Both meanings are contained in the title, but the second is far more richly suggestive inasmuch as it personifies the forest and hints that the story will draw on ancient fears and fables associated with forests: remote and fantastic places more ancient even than the gothic ruins they enshrine. With considerable help from the imagination of Adeline, the forest is also, irrespective of romantic legends, a natural theater that creates strange shapes and shadows and shifting impressions. In its lighter moods it is beautiful; in its darker ones, sublime. Like the abbey, it doubles as a place both of refuge and terrifying entrapment.

In keeping with the title's appeal to ancient legend and fable, Adeline, the La Mottes, and their two servants at first enjoy a tranquil spell of rustic make-believe, during which their isolation obliges them to engage in

a Crusoe-like life of domestic improvisation and (partial) self-sufficiency. As if on a country holiday, La Motte spends his mornings fishing and hunting, provisioning their table with food that "he relished with a keener appetite than had ever attended him at the luxurious tables of Paris" (33). His satisfaction with this mode of living is suggested by Radcliffe's chapter epigraph from *As You Like It*:

> Are not these woods
> More free from peril than the envious court?
> Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
> The season's difference, as the icy fang
> And churlish chiding of the winter's wind.[16]

These Horatian sentiments turn out to be ironically misplaced; for the peril of the envious court very soon overtakes the little family in the form of a hunting party led by the Marquis de Montalt. The abbey is the property of the Marquis who is an old enemy of La Motte and, unknown to any of the principal characters, Adeline's uncle, he is also the person who arranged the secret murder of her father (the elder brother, hence the rightful Marquis) in this very place many years earlier. La Motte now becomes the unwilling tool of Montalt, who first plots to seduce Adeline and then, when he discovers her identity, to have her murdered. Although the chapters in which these events occur (roughly the middle third of the novel) have a psychological complexity new in Radcliffe's fiction, they are of concern here chiefly as they advance the pattern of paternal surrogacy and betrayal and as they demonstrate how swiftly pastoral idyll can be turned into its nightmare corollary and opposite, a chase with the heroine as quarry.

Far from being submerged, the theme of paternal surrogacy runs through the novel and becomes quite explicit at various points. Raised in a convent, Adeline believes correctly that she lost her mother early in life and mistakenly that she is the daughter of a "chevalier of reputable family, but of small fortune" (35) who, for wholly selfish reasons, tries to force her to become a nun and threatens vengeance if she disobeys. Her defiant response to this ultimatum of her "father" (actually a hireling of the Marquis) is formulated in theoretical terms that eighteenth-century readers would have recognized as having political bearings: "'Since he can forget,' said I, 'the affection of a parent, and condemn his child without remorse to wretchedness and despair—the bond of filial and parental duty no

longer subsists between us—he has himself dissolved it, and I will yet struggle for liberty and life'" (37). Adeline's declaration of independence echoes the rhetoric made familiar by the more famous one drafted fifteen years earlier by Thomas Jefferson. Inasmuch as her argument essentially repeats the rationale employed by the spokesmen for the American and French revolutionary movements, it stakes out a recognizably "liberal" position vis-à-vis recent and immediately current political issues, including the deposition of Louis XVI.[17]

In contending for its political significance, I do not mean that *Forest* is a *roman à clef* in which fictional characters and events correspond to specific individuals and events. Rather, Radcliffe responded to the momentous political transformations and debates of the time by converting the ancient fictional convention of the unknown but eventually revealed progenitor into a search for a worthy father and, by transparent analogy, a worthy governor. After renouncing her ties to her "father," Adeline next encounters the weak and corrupt La Motte and then the fraticidal and libertine Marquis, who as Adeline's uncle should be the orphan's protector and substitute father. They represent the extremes of both bad fatherhood and bad governorship. Since they leave her no morally acceptable alternative to expatriation, she flees her French hunters by escaping to the neighboring state of Savoy. While her reasons for leaving France are not "political" as such and cannot be reasonably likened to those of Jacobites fleeing Britain or royalists fleeing France, crossing a national border to seek asylum is a political act.

As Robert Miles puts it, the unfolding narrative presents a "bewildering set of parental possibilities for Adeline" (113). But I cannot agree with him that *Forest* is an example of the "female Gothic," i.e., a story in which the Oedipal conflicts of the "male Gothic" are replaced or subordinated to a daughter's search for a lost or absent mother, a search typically frustrated by the father figure who also rejects the chosen male lover in favor of a "despised substitute." This is indeed the scenario of *A Sicilian Romance* and, to a degree, of *The Italian*, but in *Forest* the orphan's one attempt to find a surrogate mother is frustrated by the woman herself. Suspicious of her husband's relationship with Adeline, Mme. La Motte meets the girl's gestures of affection with faintly veiled hostility. While Adeline would bond filially to an older woman if she could, she is in need of protection even more than of an affectional relationship with a mother

figure. Therefore the focus of her search is on a good father, which, as Jane Spencer points out, "is fitting in a narrative that . . . accommodates its heroine happily within the established patriarchal order."[18] In sum, elements of the "female Gothic" are certainly present in this novel as are elements of other archetypal plots, and it is easy enough to mistake one of these for the dominant pattern if a compelling critical paradigm encourages one to play down or ignore important evidence. Significantly, Miles largely ignores what happens to the heroine in Savoy.

Once Adeline embarks on the Rhone at Lyons, the action opens up and she sees many new places and meets many new people, including a foster father who deserves her trust. For Radcliffe herself the transfer of scene from France to Savoy is an artistically liberating act that releases new energies and interests. There is a major shift of style and narrative procedure as, for the first time in her fiction, the description not only draws heavily on that of identifiable tour books but seeks to rival them in creating a sense of place, political and economic as well as scenic. Although Savoy was a notorious example of the impoverishing effects of remote and despotic government, and was regularly contrasted with the prosperity of republican Switzerland, the village where she finds refuge is "an exception to the general character of the country, and to the usual effects of an arbitrary government" (240). Leloncourt is what, according to contemporary *philosophes*, an Alpine village should be—and would be if located a few miles north in Switzerland.[19]

The "benevolent clergyman" to whom Leloncourt owes its prosperity is the widower and Protestant pastor La Luc. Although he already has a daughter and son, La Luc welcomes Adeline as a full member of his family: "in a manner the most delicate he told her, that, as he found she was so unfortunate in her father, he desired she would henceforth consider him as her parent, and his house as her home. 'You and Clara shall be equally my daughters,' continued he; 'I am rich in having such children'" (259). Likewise, "The people of his parish looked up to him as to a father; for while his precepts directed their minds, his example touched their hearts" (245). As the narrative moves towards its conclusion, we view him in other paternal roles: as the affectionate moral and intellectual guide of Clara and as the distraught father of Adeline's beloved Theodore, who has been sentenced to death for wounding his superior officer—the inevitable Montalt. When the final distribution of rewards and punishments is accomplished,

La Luc chooses to remain in Leloncourt rather than live with Theodore and Adeline, whose home is a few leagues away "on the beautiful banks of the lake of Geneva" (362). In our last view of him, he is seated "among the elder peasants . . . his children and people thus assembled around him in one grand compact of harmony and joy" (362). La Luc's decision to stay among his "foster children," the villagers of Leloncourt, is the final and, as it were, clinching act of surrogate relationship in a novel that implicitly argues for a larger and less selfish understanding of patriarchal obligation.

In his role as fatherly preceptor, La Luc takes a broadly Rousseauian view of nature: his is the "elevation of the philosopher"; "his systems, like his religion, were simple, rational, and sublime" (245). Here Radcliffe employs the concepts and language of Romantic tourism to point to an accord between La Luc's philosophy and his Alpine environment. He is also something of an interstellar tourist:

> "No study," he would sometimes say, "so much enlarges the mind, or impresses it with so sublime an idea of the Deity, as that of astronomy. When the imagination launches into the regions of space, and contemplates the innumerable worlds which are scattered through it, we are lost in astonishment and awe. This globe appears as a mass of atoms in the immensity of the universe, and man a mere insect. Yet how wonderful! that man, whose frame is so diminutive in the scale of being, should have powers which spurn the narrow boundaries of time and place." (275–76)

La Luc's study of astronomy permits him, without stirring from his hall, to "launch" beyond the normal limitations of the human sphere into regions whose multiplicity, immense distances, and sublimity far exceed those even of the Alps or the ocean. The moment of transport recalled here, in which the scale of the imaginable universe becomes the measure of both human physical insignificance and mental/spiritual greatness, is perhaps the most sublime in Radcliffe's fiction.[20]

Once Adeline is sufficiently recovered from her ordeals in France, La Luc takes her and Clara on an expedition to the Glacier of Montanvert, not far from where Victor Frankenstein will first converse with the Creature. The scenery along the way elicits "the high enthusiasm of Adeline" and "the transports of Clara" (263), but at the foot of Montanvert itself "the profound stillness which reigned in these regions of solitude inspired awe" and La Luc's pious gloss on the scene: "'The view of these objects . . .

lift[s] the soul to their Great Author, and we contemplate with a feeling almost too vast for humanity—the sublimity of his nature in the grandeur of his works'" (265). Spatial metaphors abound as physical and spiritual ascent become inseparable, the sublime text of nature speaking even more directly and powerfully than the other, biblical, text of the "Great Author." In this first declaredly tourist expedition in her fiction, Radcliffe builds an extended passage of travelogue to a radiant visionary climax that fully justifies the exalted language she employs. The vocabulary of Romantic tourism—"transport," "enthusiasm," "rapture," "sublimity," "awe"—is merged with that of religious devotion at its most ecstatic. Since much else in the Leloncourt sequence is indebted to *Emile* and *Julie*, it is likely that Rousseau's comments on the interchangeability of key words between the languages of love and devotion in the prefatory dialogue to *Julie* heightened Radcliffe's philological awareness: "as the enthusiasm of devotion borrows the language of love, the enthusiasm of love also borrows the language of devotion. Its ideas present nothing but paradise, angels, the virtue of saints, and the delights of heaven. In such transport, surrounded by such images, is it not natural to expect sublime language?"[21]

In the previous chapter I distinguished between a ravishing sublimity associated in Radcliffe's fiction with southern Europe, Burke, feudal institutions and buildings, and a transporting sublimity associated with the North, Shakespeare, natural scenery, and the spirit of liberty: the former permitting little more than passive receptivity, the latter awakening the mind to presences beyond the merely seen. Clearly, the sublimity experienced by the tourists at Montanvert and by the amateur astronomer in Leloncourt is of the transporting kind, whereas that connected with the Abbey and its murderous owner is of the ravishing species. The etymological link between the names "Montalt" and "Montanvert" suggests this double face of Radcliffean sublimity. More even than "Montoni," name of the lord of Castle Udolpho, "Montalt" recalls one of Radcliffe's gothic castles "frowning" down from its rocky eminence on the populace below, man and building figuratively exchanging their respective terrifying properties. While the individual who currently bears the title "Marquis of Montalt" has no legal or moral right to it, he perfectly exemplifies the evils that Radcliffe saw in the feudal system: arbitrary power readily abused; lack of respect for the rights of others; and an extravagant lifestyle maintained in the midst, and as a cause, of others' poverty. To all these "gothic" vices the

benevolent life and governorship of La Luc provide a contrast and, so it might appear, an alternative.

But if La Luc's benevolent patriarchy has a degree of plausibility within the universe of romance, what lessons could this small and relatively primitive theocracy possibly have for the complex, rapidly urbanizing nations of Western Europe? Without claiming that Radcliffe was a searching political theorist or denying the element of nostalgic pastoralism in her pictures of La Luc's village, I believe they were intended to press home to her readers something very basic and important about political economy: that even in states mismanaged by corrupt despots, the charities and governance of enlightened leadership at the local level can greatly improve the lot of the people. La Luc's decision to continue living in Leloncourt has a political significance that would not have been lost on readers at the end of a century that had seen increasing concern about the absenteeism of the landowning and governing classes from their rural estates and communities. The evils of such negligence or of improvident management by a resident owner were a major topic for Maria Edgeworth and a significant one for Austen and Scott. According to the Physiocratic thought to which *Forest* implicitly subscribes, absenteeism meant that the wealth produced out of the land by the labor of the many would be squandered by the few on city luxuries and vices, and the resulting moral decay would lead to rule at the national level by an urban mob or by a tyrant powerful enough to control it. Then, too, a rural way of life was supposed to encourage independence and love of liberty—and nowhere more than in the mountainous regions of Switzerland and Britain. There one found not only the scenic and spiritual sublime but the political as well.

To return briefly to the Montanvert excursion: as the little group led by La Luc make their way home, they are overtaken by an Alpine thunderstorm, reminding the terrified tourists that the heady pleasures of the sublime carry a high risk. As if to demonstrate the mysterious ways in which God the Father moves his wonders to perform, the storm introduces the characters to an important newcomer, M. Verneuil, who rescues Clara when her frightened horse bolts away. Verneuil not only inspires Clara's love but also turns out to be a relative of Adeline and later in the action provides evidence that she is the child of the rightful Marquis de Montalt. This is but one of several providential meetings and discoveries whose happy outcome confirms Adeline in her faith that they are not the "work

of chance, but of a Power whose designs are great and just" (346). Clearly, the belief required of Radcliffe's readers is not that which realistic novels seek to induce. As in *Jane Eyre*'s world of Christian melodrama, probability is openly defied, chance disallowed, and the reader made aware of a "Power" that is simultaneously the novelist bringing her plot to fictional fruition and God rewarding true believers against all the odds. This is likewise the Power whose nature is manifested in the sublimity of Montanvert or the starry night sky: in Radcliffe's novels we are very close, or at least are meant to feel very close, to God. But is humanity worthy of its privileged place in the Creation?

In a philosophical love feast, Verneuil and La Luc agree on two Rousseauian axioms. The first is that "'Vicious inclinations not only corrupt the heart, but the understanding'" whereas the virtuous individual "'in obeying the impulse of . . . [a good heart utters] the truths of philosophy'" (270). The implicit corollary is that vicious inclinations likewise make the depraved individual unresponsive to natural beauty and therefore to "'the sublimity of his [God's] nature in the grandeur of his works.'" The second axiom is that "'to think well of his [own] nature . . . is necessary to the dignity and the happiness of man . . . and is congenial to virtue . . . he who would persuade men to be good, ought to shew them that they are great'" (270). It is because human beings have something of the "sublimity" of God's nature in their own that they are able to contemplate it "'with a feeling almost too vast for humanity.'"

These endorsements of Rousseauian doctrine are more cautious than might at first appear inasmuch as Radcliffe's philosophical spokesmen allow for "vicious inclinations" whose origin is unexplained and argue for an optimistic reading of human nature which, whether accurate or not, has an instrumental value as a prophylactic against vicious behavior. Their caution probably reflects Radcliffe's Christian reservations about the proposition that every human being is innately good at birth. Her account of Clara's education and of Emily's in *Udolpho* illustrates her belief that selfish and self-indulgent inclinations require self-control but that we all have the potential to be virtuous and happy if placed in a favorable environment and effectively educated. With the introduction of such instructors as La Luc and his *Udolpho* successor St. Aubert, Radcliffe herself takes on the role of educator—another sign of Rousseau's influence.

During a discussion in which La Luc explains why he considers be-

lief in a future life conducive to virtue and happiness, Verneuil responds that such a faith "' is what . . . every ingenuous mind must acknowledge'" (275). It is momentarily disorienting to find "ingenuous" being used in a completely positive sense—i.e., as the opposite of depraved, worldly, sophistical—and applied without a trace of irony to an admired older person. While ingenuousness in this positive sense is more often an attribute of the as-yet-unspoiled youthful hero and heroine of Radcliffe's novels, La Luc, St. Aubert, and Sister Olivia in *The Italian* retain it into age and are important as a saved and saving remnant of older people. What makes them especially important in Radcliffe's scheme of things is that their exemplary combination of wisdom and goodness proves that ingenuous young women and men can survive their trials with a shrewder sense of the perils and precariousness of life in the world but with their chastity, faith, moral values, and human sweetness essentially undamaged. That, in a nutshell, is the story that Radcliffe's romance novels tell, working variations on the basic fable of a Christian Romantic morality play. Or, to view this story from the perspective of what was to follow, it is one among many exemplifications of the Romantic project to be *in* but not *of* the fallen modern world of getting and spending.

Although he is the quintessential spiritual tourist, even saintly La Luc wishes to defer his final journey, and his failing health obliges him to become a humbler sort of tourist as well. We are reminded here of Smollett's Matthew Bramble, principal protagonist of *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker* (1771), who likewise set out on a journey in quest of wellness. Indeed, inasmuch as a search for health was the immediate motive for Smollett's own Continental tour and as his *Travels through France and Italy* was one of Radcliffe's sources, she may have been doubly indebted to Smollett for the suggestion that failing health could serve as a destabilizing event to set her characters off on their journeys again. Personal factors may have made this strategy the more attractive. Not only had she lived in Bath, a mecca for invalids, she might also have been concerned about the health of her "dear father" and "poor mother," both of whom died only a few years later. Certainly there seems to be an element of wish-fulfillment fantasy in the way the travel cure enables La Luc to return to Leloncourt as fit as ever. Unfortunately, Radcliffe does little with the fictional opportunities presented by La Luc's journey except to make his shaky health an additional source of anxiety and suspense while the fates of Adeline's beloved and the

persecutor Montalt are being decided. With *Udolpho*, however, travel for health is introduced early in the narrative as a generative action that has major consequences for the events that follow.

4

Ordered by his physician to travel because it is "probable" that "variety of scene . . . would, by amusing his mind, restore . . . [his weakened nerves] to their proper tone" (25), St. Aubert embarks with Emily on an excursion through the Pyrenees to Languedoc. Though implausibly strenuous and distant from the amenities required by people in precarious health, this tour has a distinctly valetudinarian character: "St. Aubert had set out thus early . . . that he might inhale the first pure breath of morning, which above all things is refreshing to the spirits of the invalid" (36). This tour foreshadows two subsequent mountain journeys lengthy and leisurely enough that they lend themselves to extensive sightseeing: Emily's trip with her aunt and the aunt's new husband Montoni through the Italian Alps to Venice and thence through the Apennines to Castle Udolpho; and the trip taken by Count De Villefort, that partly reverses the journey to Languedoc which opens the novel. On the last of these journeys, Villefort, the benevolent La Luc figure who becomes Emily's foster father, represents the deceased St. Aubert, while Villefort's daughter Blanche represents Emily; but in the elaborate scheme of substitutions developed in *Udolpho*, this form of what might be called "repersonation" carries such a strong sense of the presence of the original that when the travelers reach journey's end it seems less like a first arrival than a ghostly return that brings things full circle. This sense of the ghostly presence of the past is, as Terry Castle has shown, pervasive in *Udolpho*.[22] Tempting as it is to say much more about the novel's play with substitutions, I will comment here only on the surrogate role of Emily's beloved Valancourt which comes about as a result of St. Aubert's tour in search of health.

Shortly after their chance introduction to Valancourt on the road, Emily and her father are obliged to spend the night in a primitive village that can offer but the one private room and bed which Valancourt himself had been using. St. Aubert is surprised by the younger man's lack of gallantry in insisting that the "infirm man" rather than the "lovely young

woman" should have his bed, but Emily is favorably impressed by Valancourt's compassionate recognition that the elderly invalid has the greater need (33). Soon after, the two men again exchange positions when St. Aubert accidentally wounds and thereby turns Valancourt into an invalid in need of greater attention than himself. Read psychoanalytically, there is nothing accidental about the father's shooting his daughter's would-be lover. His unconscious hostility can be removed only through an act of identification with the younger man. And so it happens. For in addition to these exchanges involving physical action, Valancourt frequently reminds St. Aubert of his own younger self. "'This is a very promising young man,'" he tells Emily; "'it is many years since I have been so much pleased with any person, on so short an acquaintance.'" Recalling himself at Valancourt's age, he implicitly accepts the younger man as a potential husband for Emily. "'I thought, and felt exactly as he does. The world was opening upon me then, now—it is closing'" (57).

Family-romance issues aside, a major reason why the failing St. Aubert welcomes this reembodiment of his own younger self is that his surviving relations include no satisfactory protector for his daughter. (In the analogous situation in *The Italian*, the heroine's dying aunt, who has long played the part of surrogate mother, similarly welcomes the youthful hero but is forced to be bluntly explicit about transferring the parental protector role to him.) For her part, Emily feels that her father's "repeatedly expressed" esteem for Valancourt "sanctioned" her growing affection. After St. Aubert's death, Valancourt's sentiments often remind her of her father, as when "Emily and Valancourt talked of the scenes they had passed among the Pyrenean Alps . . . This subject recalled forcibly to Emily the idea of her father, whose image appeared in every landscape, which Valancourt particularized" (105–6).

In *Udolpho* the transfer of identities is not just between one person and another but also between persons and the buildings or objects in nature associated with them, as in the following where the transfer is from place to person: "The grandeur and sublimity of the scenes, amidst which they had first met, had fascinated her fancy, and had imperceptibly contributed to render Valancourt more interesting by seeming to communicate to him somewhat of their own character" (89). Although this transfer of "character" can be satisfactorily accounted for in the secular terms of eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century associationist psychology, there

are other occasions in *Udolpho* when a particular place triggers a visionary sense of the presence of an absent loved one. Late in the novel, for example, believing that she has lost Valancourt forever, Emily glimpses a spot associated with him:

> Drying her tears, she looked, once more, upon the landscape, which had excited them, and perceived, that she was passing the very bank, where she had taken leave of Valancourt, on the morning of her departure from Tholouse, and she now saw him, through her returning tears, such as he had appeared, when she looked from the carriage to give him a last adieu-saw him leaning mournfully against the high trees, and remembered the fixed look of mingled tenderness and anguish. (581)

The sequence of "she now saw him . . . such as he had appeared . . . saw him leaning . . . and remembered the fixed look" fuses present with recollected vision so ambiguously that three quite distinct explanations are possible: she has actually seen the flesh-and-blood lover (who, it turns out, is lurking in the neighborhood); she has recalled him so vividly to mind that he merely seems present; or she has had a paranormal experience, his spirit having been summoned by the combined influences of the place, her intense recollection, and her passionate longing. Most readers probably settle without much reflection for the first or second explanation, but, in the absence of any clear evidence or authorial testimony to the contrary, the third remains a possibility. The phrase "through her returning tears" is a fine stroke inasmuch as (by a figurative seepage that defies grammar and logic) it unobtrusively reinforces the idea of Valancourt himself returning.

Earlier in the novel, when separated from Valancourt but still hopeful of their reunion, Emily draws strength from her visual memories of him and her home, La Vallée, "always blessed with the memory of her parents": "The ideal scenes . . . were a kind of talisman that expelled the poison of temporary evils, and supported her hopes of happy days: they appeared like a beautiful landscape, lighted up by a gleam of sun-shine, and seen through a perspective of dark and rugged rocks" (191).[23] These recollected "ideal scenes" function much like Wordsworthian "spots of time" to supply fortitude during trials and help the individual remain faithful to her true self and loved ones in foreign and self-alienating circumstances. Nor are such talismanic memories the separated lovers' only resource. Emily and Valancourt are also much practiced in the art of being with each other despite physical separation by means of intermediary objects or occur-

rences in nature that are present to the eye. On her departure for Italy, he had "entreated she would always think of him at sun-set. 'You will then meet me in thought,' said he; 'I shall constantly watch the sun-set, and I shall be happy in the belief, that your eyes are fixed upon the same object with mine, and that our minds are conversing'" (163). And so, "With what emotions of sublimity, softened by tenderness, did she meet Valancourt in thought, at the customary hour of sun-set, when, wandering among the Alps, she watched the glorious orb sink amid their summits, his last tints die away on their snowy points, and a solemn obscurity steal over the scene! And when the last gleam had faded, she turned her eyes from the west with somewhat of the melancholy regret that is experienced after the departure of a beloved friend" (163–64). Making sunset their mystic intermediary shows Valancourt's shrewd understanding of the powers of association since, to employ Radcliffe's own terms, the "glorious" sun "communicate[s] to him somewhat of . . . [its] own character." When Emily faces west, moreover, she is gazing in the direction where he and all else that has been dear to her are left behind.

To invest natural objects and events with such highly personal and affective meanings is likely to strike readers today as sentimental because of the pathetic fallacy on which this symbolic language of the heart depends. But Radcliffe's contemporaries, the deepest as well as the shallowest among them, were charmed and moved by this language. Parallels of phrasing, imagery, and sentiment suggest that Coleridge recalled Emily's transports in the Alps when he composed "This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison." Unable because of an accident to accompany his friends on an excursion, Coleridge's persona nevertheless accompanies them in imagination. At sunset, like Emily, he joins his absent friend Charles Lamb in thought by means of intermediaries in nature:

> when the last rook
> Beat its straight path along the dusky air
> Homewards, I blest it! deeming its black wing
> (Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)
> Had cross'd the mighty Orb's dilated glory,
> Whilst thou stood'st gazing . . . [24]

Whether or not we choose to detect "influence" here, we certainly witness the same collapsing of boundaries between inner and outer and between

one point in space and another, as distant friends are brought into communion through a shared vision of the setting sun. These Coleridgean and Radcliffean visionary moments of companionable tourism remind us of Thomas Gray's Alpine "encounter" with his friend Richard West, then resident in England.

Coleridge likewise follows the familiar Radcliffean pattern of a touristic experience of the sublime leading to an ecstatic apprehension of the godhead:

> So my friend
> Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood,
> Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round
> On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
> Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
> As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes
> Spirits perceive his presence.[25]

Emily has the same, by now familiarly Radcliffean, experience during her first long tour:

> Emily could not restrain her transport as she looked over the pine forests of the mountains upon the vast plains, that . . . stretched along, till their various colours melted in distance into one harmonious hue, that seemed to unite earth with heaven . . . [T]he travellers had leisure to linger amid these solitudes, and to indulge the sublime reflections, which soften, while they elevate, the heart, and fill it with the certainty of a present God! (28)

Just as the blurring of colors in the far distance (like the "blue mysterious tint, that seemed almost supernatural" described in *A Journey*) creates a seamless union of earth and heaven, so aesthetic contemplation of God's handiwork leads by easy transition to a transported mind filled not with God but rather with "the certainty of a present God." Radcliffe's avoidance of pantheism is the more remarkable because inner and outer, humans and objects, trade places so fluidly in her fictional world.

Such moments of union or communion via the natural world are triumphs of the spirit that lend radiance to the final volume of *Forest* and intermittently to parts of *Udolpho*, but they are not more than points of light in the prevailing dusk. Both novels are orphans' stories punctuated with terror and suffused with emotions of helplessness, disappointment, longing, and grieving remembrance. Despite Radcliffe's title and Emily's im-

prisonment in Castle Udolpho, gothic terror counts for less and these other emotions for more in *Udolpho* than in *Forest* or later in *The Italian*. *Udolpho* opens with Mme. St. Aubert's death and her husband's unsuccessful journey in search of health, actions that occupy approximately one-ninth of a long novel and that cast their shadow far forward both because they come first and because they are so important to the protagonist whose subjectivity is the focal point of the narrative. Not long after St. Aubert's death, Emily declares that "my loss I know can never be recovered" (109), and the story that follows bears out this prophecy. Although Valancourt and Villefort turn out to be admirable surrogate fathers, they cannot "recover" Emily's loss as La Luc does that of Adeline, who has had almost no experience of having a father. Valancourt and Emily will of course be happy spending the rest of their lives among the "long-loved shades of La Vallée," but it is significant that this was, after all, her father's home and that they pass "a few months in the year at [Epourville,] the birth-place of St. Aubert, in tender respect to his memory" (672). His ghost is never quite laid; the magic of surrogacy does not work perfectly.

The same is true of other forms of Radcliffean, or one might better say Romantic, magic. Travel amidst the most sublime and uplifting scenes does not restore St. Aubert's health, and when he dies nature offers no immediate help to his daughter: "Emily, had she been less unhappy, would have admired the extensive sea view . . . But her thoughts were occupied by one sad idea, and the features of nature were to her colourless and without form" (84). This echo of Genesis lends grandeur to the decreative effects of grief, and it also invokes the post-Lockean fiction-making theory, popularized by Joseph Addison and, as we have seen, still current in Gilpin and Coleridge's landscape aesthetic. Nor are the pleasures of imaginative engagement with nature denied only to those overwhelmed with grief or, like Montalt and Montoni, hardened by vice. Although the retired and virtuous lives of rare "ingenuous" elders like La Luc and St. Aubert seem to exempt them from some of the normal effects of aging, the more worldly yet essentially good and wise Villefort makes the discovery that he can no longer see with the visionary eyes of childhood. To his daughter he remarks sadly that the scenes that so enrapture her "once were as delightful to me, as they are now to you; the landscape is not changed, but time has changed me; from my mind the illusion, which gave spirit to the colouring of nature, is fading fast! If you live, my dear Blanche, to re-visit this spot, at the

distance of many years, you will, perhaps, remember and understand the feelings of your father" (474). What seem anticipations of Wordsworth and Coleridge are perhaps better understood as a slightly earlier harvest of retrospective sentiments about the losses occasioned by aging that had been current in English poetry for some time, as Radcliffe's chapter epigraphs from Gray and Thomson demonstrate. Those literary forebears were also adept at extracting a melancholy pleasure from scenes that reminded them of joys, powers, and friends forever departed. So it is not surprising that when Emily returns to memory-haunted La Vallée, along with the melancholy she experiences is "mingled . . . a tender and undescribable pleasure" (591). But this pleasure may be available to her only because she is still young, resilient, and virtuous. And despite her trials and losses, Emily is still highly fortunate by nearly any ordinary measure of well-being.

Since Radcliffe regularly associates valleys with the beautiful, the feminine, and the domestic, "La Vallée" is almost by definition the heroine's destined home. Yet apart from *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, *Udolpho* is the only Radcliffe novel in which the at-last-united lovers do not begin married life in a home of their own. Notwithstanding the problematic implications of Emily's return to her father's home, La Vallée has so many Edenic childhood associations for her and St. Aubert that in making it her own home she is retracing a successful pattern, demonstrating that, after all, you can go home again. *Udolpho*'s contribution to the discourse of domesticity is worth underscoring because readers unfamiliar with the novel are likely to assume that gothic terror is all it has to offer. Indeed, if a novel's importance is gauged by the number and variety of major discourses it brings harmoniously into play, *Udolpho*—which combines the discourse of Whig Opposition politics with the Romantic discourses of domesticity, the gothic, tourism, pastoralism, and memory—must surely be accounted the most important British novel of the 1790s.

5

In *The Italian*, Radcliffe creates a prologue or partial-frame narrative to "explain" the origins of the main narrative. This device she had experimented with somewhat perfunctorily in *A Sicilian Romance* and would return to in the prologue to *Gaston de Blondeville*. In each of these preliminary

narratives, a local guide introduces English travelers to a romantic story associated with a venerable building or ruin they are visiting—a clever adaptation of an ancient storytelling convention to an age in which entrepreneurial locals were discovering they could gain a few pence, lira, or centimes by catering to tourists' curiosity and credulity with tales as often tall as true. In the prologue to *The Italian*, the tourists' discovery that assassins can find permanent sanctuary in Italian churches and that the secrets of the Roman Catholic confessional can in extraordinary circumstances be divulged, introduces a culture radically alien and appalling to English sensibilities. No doubt the presence of the assassin and the promise that confessional secrets will be revealed are sensational lures calculated to hook the reader, and no doubt, too, the novel does little to challenge stereotypes of that ardent, superstitious, and vengeful creature "the Italian." Yet as is indicated by the culture shock registered by these English visitors, this is the first novel in which Radcliffe seems to be seriously interested in the degree to which an individual's values and perceptions are shaped by various national traditions as well as by social class, religion, occupation, and education.

One of the consequences of this increased concern with the shaping power of cultural contexts is that of all her novels, *The Italian* seems the most a "novel" and least a "romance"—despite its melodramatic machinery of Inquisition, conventual imprisonment, and satanic monk Schedoni who governs the destinies of the hero and heroine with a "strong and invisible hand" (61). Another consequence is decreased attention to natural scenery and the hero or heroine's aesthetic and/or devotional response to it. Of course Radcliffe did not abruptly cease to celebrate the pleasures and spiritual benefits of tourism: the heroine Ellena's captive journey from Naples to the convent of San Stefano prompts some of Radcliffe's most vivid travelogue coupled with sentiments that echo those of her previous fictional travelers (62–65). But the appreciations of nature come less frequently and luxuriantly than in *Udolpho*, and when they do they tend to function like Ahab's doubloon, reflecting less the familiar values and emotions of the model Romantic tourist and more the individual temperament and social conditioning of each perceiver.

A textbook demonstration occurs when Ellena, her lover Vivaldi, and his servant Paulo escape San Stefano and reach a vantage point where "the whole lake of Celano, with its vast circle of mountains, burst at once upon their view":

"See," said Vivaldi, "where Monte-Corno stands like a ruffian, huge, scared, threatening, and horrid . . . From thence, mark how other overtopping ridges of the mighty Appennine darken the horizon far along the east, and circle to approach the Velino in the north!"

"Mark too," said Ellena, "how sweetly the banks and undulating plains repose at the feet of the mountains; what an image of beauty and elegance they oppose to the awful grandeur that overlooks and guards them! . . . "

"Ay, Signora!" exclaimed Paulo, "and have the goodness to observe how like are the fishing boats, that sail towards the hamlet below, to those one sees upon the bay of Naples. They are worth all the rest of the prospect, except indeed this fine sheet of water, which is almost as good as the bay, and that mountain, with its sharp head, which is almost as good as Vesuvius . . . "

"We must despair of finding a mountain in this neighbourhood, so *good* as to do that, Paulo," said Vivaldi, smiling at this stroke of nationality. (158–59)

Each view of the scene is filtered through a subjective lens focused and colored by the gender and class conventions of Radcliffe's era as well as by the temper and circumstances of the individual character. The threat of encirclement that Vivaldi sees in the landscape reflects his concerns as the aristocratic lover and guardian of Ellena. He later "smiles" not only at Paulo's somewhat blinkered attachment to his *patria* but also at his uneducated use of a moral term where an aesthetic one would be correct. But Paulo's pleasure in the prospect springs from the homely morality of loyalty to one's place of birth, nurture, and human attachments. It is as appropriate for Paulo to link appreciation of landscape with patriotic feeling as it is for Ellena to elide aesthetic enjoyment with religious fervor or to invest the mountains and valleys with gender roles that belong more to society than to nature.

While Paulo's companions may be supposed to share his longing for Naples, there is relatively little "home" sentiment in *The Italian* or, excepting Paulo's, attachment to place. Coming to this novel after *Udolpho*, a reader notices how rarely the landscape is the landscape of memory, enshrining precious recollections of childhood, parents, and early love. Again, however, the difference is one of degree, as is demonstrated when Ellena takes refuge in the Neapolitan convent of Santa della Pieta, the beneficent counterpart to the prison-convent of San Stefano. Here the "society [of nuns] appeared like a large family, of which the lady abbess was the mother"; the extensive domains belonging to the convent

included olive-grounds, vineyards, and some corn-land; a considerable tract was devoted to the pleasures of the garden, whose groves supplied walnuts, almonds, oranges, and citrons, in abundance, and almost every kind of fruit and flower. . . . These gardens hung upon the slope of a hill, about a mile within the shore, and afforded extensive views of the country round Naples, and of the gulf. (300–301)

From the convent grounds Ellena is able to look down upon her childhood home,

Villa Altieri, which brought to her remembrance the affectionate [Aunt] Bianchi, with all the sportive years of her childhood; and where some of her happiest hours had been passed in the society of Vivaldi. Along the windings of the coast, too, she could distinguish many places rendered sacred by affection, to which she had made excursions with her lamented relative, and Vivaldi; and, though sadness mingled with the recollections a view of them restored, they were precious to her heart. (301–2)

Later in the novel, Ellena gazes on the same scene at sunset and recalls her aunt and Vivaldi: the light fades but "every point of the prospect marked by such remembrance, which the veiling distance stole, was rescued by imagination, and pictured by affection in tints more animated than those of brightest nature" (369). Immediately following this act of transporting imagination that has been stimulated by incomplete disclosure and informed by loving memory, Ellena again meets Sister Olivia, a kindly nun who had previously befriended her at San Stefano and who is soon discovered to be her mother, long presumed to be dead. This little miracle of restoration resembles the episode in *A Sicilian Romance* where Mme. de Menon is reunited with Julia; the "master-hand that directed the . . . manoeuvre" (188) is in this case not Schedoni's but that of Providence.

The description of the convent grounds and view from them is characteristic of Radcliffe, who delights in prospects over bodies of water, in the picturesque dynamic of rocks, ruins, or in this case gardens that appear to defy gravity, and in the technique of massing a series of tree names to suggest fruitfulness and variety of interest. But it is remarkable to find in a Radcliffe novel that all of these products of industry and taste have been developed by, and on behalf of, the members of a Roman Catholic convent whose community of women sounds as utopian as La Luc's secluded Alpine village. Although Ellena is not seriously tempted by the celibate life of a nun, her mother finds peace and contentment in "the cloisters of the

Della Pieta" (370). That the sisterhood is only a surrogate "large family" makes it no less attractive. Indeed, the delightful grounds that surround the domestic space of the buildings suggest that the convent is very like the nearby estate where Ellena and Vivaldi seek their own form of retirement.

6

The narratives in which her heroes, heroines, and their loyal friends win through to a fairy-tale ending make clear that these "good" characters are the exceptions—not so much in their potential for goodness as in the power that, finally shifting from the "bad" characters to them, enables them to exercise this goodness and take measures that will ensure the continuance of their hard-earned happiness. A key decision is always to choose pastoral retirement rather than life in the "world." Yet, although necessary, seclusion in the country is not sufficient. For while the evils of society that "world" signifies for Radcliffe are concentrated in the city, they are to be encountered everywhere. This is why visits "by a select and enlightened society" are listed among the factors that make the rural chateau of the hero and heroine of *Forest* "the very bosom of felicity" (363). The phrasing gives equal weight to "select" and "enlightened," while "bosom of felicity" invokes female nurture, domesticity, and carefully screened privacy.

Radcliffe's descriptions of her happy couples' gardens of retirement serve to bring her journey-centered narratives to rest, and work more effectively for a sense of closure than do her elaborate plot unravelings. Informed by a landscape gardening aesthetic that is a tributary of the main discourse of Romantic tourism, these descriptions implicitly or sometimes explicitly contrast the gardens' privacy, comparative wildness, and teeming abundance of vegetation with the open (public) character, disciplined parterres and geometrical shapes favored by Italian and French landscape designers. In *Forest*, Adeline and Theodore's "chateau was almost encircled with woods, which forming a grand amphitheatre swept down to the water's edge, and abounded with wild and romantic walks. Here nature was suffered to sport in all her beautiful luxuriance, except where here, and there, the hand of art formed the foliage to admit a view of the blue waters of the lake" (362). Considered in isolation, this garden landscape is sunny and reassuring, but for the reader it is shadowed by recollections of the "ex-

tensive garden, resembling more an English pleasure ground, than a series of French parterres" that surrounds the chateau where Montalt held Adeline as prisoner and intended sexual victim (164). Although she eventually escapes, Montalt's "English" garden at night proves a frightening labyrinth, an extension of the Forest where, still earlier, she had experienced so many daytime pleasures and nighttime terrors. The delightful Edenic garden on the shores of Lake Geneva supersedes but cannot entirely erase memories of the Marquis's sinister Bower of Bliss.

In *Udolpho* the St. Auberts' house is circled by only "a little lawn" and, beyond this, by a woodland of considerable extent where Emily's father "had made very tasteful improvements" by introducing new species of trees and some clearances, but "sacrificed taste to sentiment" when faced with altering things beloved from childhood (3–4). Since Emily is her father's daughter and Valancourt his reembodiment, this very personal and pious "undesigned" approach to garden design will assuredly be carried on for at least another generation.[26] In *The Italian*, "The style of the gardens, where lawns and groves, and woods varied the undulating surface, was that of England, and of the present day, rather than of Italy; except 'Where a long alley peeping on the main,' exhibited such gigantic loftiness of shade, and grandeur of perspective, as characterize the Italian taste" (412). While all these gardens of retirement are English in style, the inspiration for them might well be the "Elyseum" that Rousseau's Julie creates for her own and her family's exclusive pleasure and privacy. Unlike Rousseau, Radcliffe says nothing about protective walls, doors, and keys—possibly because to do so is to reintroduce unpleasant realities in the midst of the wedding feast. But when we reflect on the power exchange that occurs at the end of Radcliffe novels, one of the things it surely means is that the walls and doors that previously kept the heroine in but did not keep intruders out will now have the reverse function of excluding the "world" in order to ensure her freedom and privacy.

Our amusement at Radcliffe's bow to national and historical difference in her description of the anachronistic bi-national garden that awaits the hero and heroine of *The Italian* should not distract us from the political significance of these imagined foreign gardens. Since they cannot be graced with an obelisque such as that to which the Radcliffes paid their respects at Kendal, the gardens themselves must represent "nature," "liberty," Englishness, the sentiment of tradition combined with acceptance of de-

sirable innovation, and a human scale—all attributes that Whig supporters associated with the Glorious Revolution. In bold contrast stand the formality, grandeur, and "gigantic loftiness of shade" (beneath which smaller plants die for want of light and nutriment) of the gardens cultivated by and emblematic of the aristocratic societies on the Continent. Of course the freedom represented by the gardens is not permitted to get out of hand, and their very existence assumes the respect for and security of property and privacy that are also associated with 1688.

CHAPTER 5

Tourist Transport in *Waverley* and *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*

> Mr Cleishbotham bore the same resemblance to Ariel, as he at whose voice he rose doth to the sage Prospero; and yet, so fond are we of the fictions of our own fancy, that I part with him, and all his imaginary localities, with idle reluctance. (*A Legend of the Wars of Montrose*, 1819)[1]

I

Although Scott defended Radcliffe's Romantic art and owed not a little to her example, his social values and personality differed widely from hers.[2] Where she was shy, devout, middle-class, conventional to the point of prudishness, seemingly unambitious of literary fame and higher social standing, sympathetic with the overthrow of the French political system, and still relatively young when she stopped publishing novels, he was middle-aged when he began publishing them, affably outgoing, worldly (by the standards of, say, Thomas Carlyle), candid and often humorous about sexual mores, romantically and ruinously committed to aristocratic rank and estate-building, and Tory by sentiment, intellectual conviction, and self-interest. A double standard of behavior for men and women very likely reinforced personal inclination and made their differences more pronounced.

Yet these enormously popular near contemporaries also shared many core values and enthusiasms with each other and their respective reading publics.[3] Both appreciated the same eighteenth-century poets; were them-

selves accomplished poets as well as fictionalists; subscribed to the same basic Protestant tenets; held similar "modern" views regarding female education and companionate marriages based on mutual affection and choice; were alike flexible in their recognition of the need for surrogate relationships and other forms of social adaptation; delighted in the playful improvisations and masquerades of romantic comedy; championed similar theories of the picturesque and sublime; and, while they sought and found somewhat different pleasures in tourism, were equally devoted to the kind of informal excursions that combined natural scenery with historic sites and buildings.

Nor as novelists were they quite so remote from each other generically as the grapevine and peach tree that Scott invokes when defending Radcliffe against "unreasonable" criticisms. In particular, although usually not pushed to melodramatic extremes, important gothic elements can be discovered throughout the Waverley series: in the protagonists' experiences of captivity and victimization; in a powerful sense of the physical environment, including caves and cavernous old castles and abbeys; and in a scheme of providential retribution that displaces the springs of present action to the distant past and that often flagrantly overrides probability. And all the "neurotic depression, inner division, frustration, fear, and helplessness" of the "hero" of the Waverley novels is, as Marilyn Butler says, "nothing if it is not Radcliffean."[4]

Another, more suggestive and liberating "romance" model that Scott shared with both Radcliffe and Walpole was Shakespearean drama. Scott's chapter epigraphs confirm that he knew his Shakespeare as well as Radcliffe did—which is to say, almost by heart. James Chandler comments that "By the time he wrote *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, Scott had so much heeded the suggestion that he might be the Shakespeare of his age that he began cultivating more marked connections between his novels and Shakespeare's plays."[5] Although pronounced Shakespearean parallels can be found in Scott's earlier poems and novels (e.g., *Othello* and *The Winter's Tale* in *Guy Mannering*), the novels he published during one of his most astonishing periods of productivity, 1818–19, positively abound with them.[6] When the intertextual relations are with *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, as in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, or with *Measure for Measure*, as in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, the Shakespearean presence is fully assimilated as a kind of mythic analogue that vouches unobtrusively for the universality of the fable. But

when they are with the romantic comedies, as in the concluding sequences of *Waverley* and *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, they can seem disruptive to readers who resent generic shifts that draw attention to the fictionality of the narrative. No doubt Scott could have managed these shifts less obtrusively, but in his most ambitious novels he sought boldly to exhibit, by turns and in combination, the powers of both the historian who is faithful to the historical record and the dramatic poet who, like Prospero, invents and controls the fictional narrative. Deeply committed to the Shakespearean premise that "all the world's a stage," he also sought to show that in many senses beyond those articulated by Jaques, we are all players. Scott's main characters, historical as well as fictional, are "players" and fiction-makers who constantly don masks and fabricate stories. Likewise Scott himself.

Where the novels of Scott and Radcliffe are most obviously alike are in the extended, often hectic, always adventurous, journeys that introduce their kissing-cousin protagonists to unfamiliar scenes and peoples. What these observant, educated, and imaginative travelers see in and feel about the strange natural and human environments becomes an important part of their experience and of ours as readers. But there are radical differences between the environments encountered in Scott's and Radcliffe's novels, and likewise between their characters' experiences of these environments. Although *The Italian* shows some interest in the shaping influences of education, gender, and class, Radcliffe's heroines tend to view scenery in the same way. And while home places such as La Vallée or crime-haunted gothic buildings such as Udolpho are charged with powerful associations for the characters, they are vaguely placed geographically and are as fictitious as the characters themselves. As a result, they cannot possess the strong sense of local particularity and of historical association that pervades the Scottish landscapes of the Waverley novels. Whereas there are few place names in Radcliffe, there are many in Scott, who knew his country, delighted in the names he found and in the local "feel" of names he could invent, and understood the intimate bond that place names made between people, their history, and their native locale.

A kind of bridge with the past does inhere in Radcliffe's aesthetic vocabulary. In her usage, favored words like "inspire" and "enthusiasm" which derive from evangelical Christianity seem never to be wholly secularized but rather to recall their origins in a culture that knew little of

tourism and nothing of Sensibility. Something she well may have learned from Rousseau's discussion and exemplification of the way key words migrate from one discourse to another, but she does not employ such words with the scholarly sophistication evident when they appear in *Waverley* and *The Heart of Mid-Lothian.* When Scott describes Waverley's facial expression as "enthusiastic" (338), this word means something different than it does when Jeanie Deans, daughter of the fanatical Scottish Covenanters, calls Mrs. Saddletree "a woman of an ordinary and worldly way of thinking, incapable . . . of taking a keen or enthusiastic view."[7] The word not only means something different but also in each case synecdochically implies an entire and distinctive cultural context and world-view. Nothing that Radcliffe seeks to achieve in her novels would be advanced by this kind of philological precision.

Scott's preparation to become the fictional historian of Scotland began well before he published *Waverley.* From youth onwards he was indefatigable in recording ballads and local traditions from oral sources and in collecting old pamphlets, paintings, and souvenirs from others; in traveling the length and breadth of Scotland to the sites of ancient battles, picturesque ruins, natural beauty spots, and the homes (or prisons) of famous historical figures; and in becoming professionally knowledgeable about a host of Scottish legal cases—a rich mine of tales and historical insights. Among the early fruits of his researches were his great ballad collection *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802) and the series of metrical romances based on events in Scottish history that established his international reputation as a poet.

Immersed though he was in Scottish history and tradition, Scott believed that Scotland's well-being depended on her political union and commerce with the "sister kingdom" of England. He was a sincere admirer of things English, especially English literature and political institutions, and claimed a double heritage as a Scot whose language was English and whose King was enthroned in London. Shakespeare was therefore as much "his" author as any Englishman's. A double heritage also meant a double, and in his case a comparative and critical, perspective on Scotland and England, which certainly played a part in his development of the first truly historical novel. More to the point here, it helped make him the first major practitioner of the international novel. In many of the Scottish Waverley novels the two genres are combined in the same work. One of their recurrent

themes is that so rapid had been the modernization experienced by Scotland over the fifty, sixty, or hundred years since the period of the historical action depicted that even the author's well-informed Scottish contemporaries would view the rude (though in many ways engaging and admirable) manners of their ancestors with virtually the same eyes as an English contemporary. Scott's rhetorical aim being to persuade readers on both sides of the border of the "sisterly" relationship of their respective countries, the novels typically involve both readers and characters in a process of familiarization and dis-estrangement, the reconciliation typically being ratified fictionally by a cross-border marriage.

Like later masters of the international novel, Scott was acutely conscious that foreigners not infrequently got themselves and sometimes their hosts into difficulties because of their arrogance or failure to read local codes correctly, and further that there were, or had been, culturally distinct groups within the broader national society (such as the gypsies in *Guy Mannering* or the Covenanters in *Old Mortality*) that would almost always remain unknowable and unsympathetic to a "civilized" outsider—or insider. But unlike E. M. Forster in *A Passage to India* or Henry James in *The American*, he generally made good-natured comedy rather than tragedy out of foreign incomprehension. Except for the English visitors in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* and *St. Ronan's Well*, where interaction between them and their hosts does lead to tragedy, Scott's courteous and well-meaning young Englishmen tend to take things as they come and are less likely to transgress taboos than to be victimized in petty ways by local sharpsters.

The popularity of tour books written by English travelers in Scotland and elsewhere may have suggested to Scott that an effective strategy would be to make his protagonist an English visitor viewing Scotland for the first time. Its attractiveness would have been confirmed by the brilliant international success of Staël's *Corinne*, in which a touring Scot is shown around the classical and Renaissance monuments of Italy.[8] In this hybrid work Staël went much further than Radcliffe in combining the novel and tour book, demonstrating how much value might be added by introducing the characters (and readers) to actual places associated with important historical figures and events. Although Scott was too much the storyteller to follow Staël's example closely, there was much in *Corinne* that he would have found congenial and suggestive.

If we assume a genealogy along these lines, then it was a further bril-

liant stroke that he made the first of his visitors to Scotland a soldier in the service of the Hanoverian monarchy. For Waverley's double role draws attention to the ironic parallels between military and tourist incursions, reminding us that Waverley's fellow soldiers built the roads that would soon be traversed by declared tourists like Gray and Johnson. Nor was Scott alone in noticing this ironic parallel. In *The Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland*, his friend John Macculloch shifts the focus of the contrast but retains the figurative conception of English tourists in Scotland as an invading army when he thus orients his reader: "I am . . . placing you at the gate and portal whence bold Highland Caterans once issued in dirked and plaided hostility, sweeping our flocks and herds, and where (such are the changes of fashion) their Saxon foes now enter in peace, driving their barouches and gigs, and brandishing the pencil and the memorandum book."[9] Yet while sharing this optimistic reading of history, Scott did not overlook the ugly sides of either tourism or military occupation; he was quite capable of entering into the resentful reactions of many of his countrymen. His Anglo-Scottish perspective enabled him to identify with both the Hanoverian soldier and the Jacobite rebel, with both the tourist and the untraveled native who must wring a living out of sublime but rocky ground. Characteristically, though, it was through the remarks of his characters that he delivered his harsher critique of English visitors. There were good reasons for proceeding thus diplomatically. For not only was his declared aim to promote English understanding and appreciation of things Scottish: the affluent English touring classes were his main paying public.

Of special interest in the discussion that follows is Scott's use of the transport trope. Karl Kroeber is probably right to identify Scott as Radcliffe's most important successor in the employment of this trope, but there are major differences between Scott's and Radcliffe's transports and the frequency with which they occur.[10] In the rarified air of *Udolpho*, transports—of rage, love, aesthetic delight, religious vision—follow each other with dizzying rapidity. In the denser medium of the Waverley novels, where characters are much more engaged, embroiled, encumbered by the conditions of ordinary human existence, moments of transport do indeed occur but not so often and never unironically as transcendent out-of-the-world experiences. Scott was interested in such phenomena as "second sight" and other forms of mental transport through time and space, but in the Waverley novels an appreciation of nature is not a passport to religious vision.

2

There is something of the fairy tale about Edward Waverley's swift transformation from a bookishly romantic adolescent, infatuated with socially unsuitable Miss Caecilia Stubbs, to a captain of dragoons intent on travel and heroic adventure. Nor is this the sole astonishing transformation effected by money and influence in *Waverley*. While Scott means us to understand that this is the power they have, he reminds us too that in cases where character is as yet so undecided and change so readily achieved, there is probably an element of unconscious make-believe and experimentation with identities that might not last for long. It is like a children's fiction-making game of "dressing up": "Miss Stubbs had indeed summoned up every assistance which art could afford to beauty; but, alas! hoop, patches, frizzled locks, and a new mantua of genuine French silk, were lost upon a young officer of dragoons, who wore for the first time his gold-laced hat, boots, and broad sword" (23). Although her new mantua might be made of "genuine" French silk, Miss Stubbs herself is engaged in sartorial artifice calculated not only to make herself more bewitching but also to help her play the part of a person of higher station than a mere local squire's daughter. If the packaging does not make her the real article, neither does Edward's make him a genuine soldier. By fussing nearly as much over the fine new uniform as Waverley himself does, Scott hints that this is a game of externals and that it may be some time before circumstances reveal the "real" Edward Waverley. Meanwhile, such is the power of aristocratic birth and an officer's uniform (when supported by adequate funds and gentlemanly manners), that he carries off the impersonation reasonably well and, as suggested earlier, disguises from both himself and others traits that make him the quintessential Romantic tourist.

Edward is the first of many characters in the Waverley novels who exhibit the typical tourist vices and virtues, and obviously the virtues were dear to Scott's heart and essential to his creation of a new kind of fiction. It is hard to imagine the earliest Scottish Waverley novels without characters who share Edward's educated romantic responsiveness to landscapes, traditions, and ancient buildings that for most witnesses are but "pictures to the blind, and music to the deaf."[11] But Scott was also shrewdly aware of the negative side of the Romantic tourist character, especially its restlessness and infatuation with the remote and strange. Hence the narrator's

pithy remark that Edward, upon joining his regiment in Dundee, "now entered upon a new world, where, for a time, all was beautiful because all was new" (30). This is also the spirit of his first ventures in love and politics. Indeed, it is difficult to dissociate his erotic and political infatuations from his tourism, since he seems to be beguiled as much by romantic Highland landscapes as by the people who inhabit them.

When he falls in love with Flora Mac-Ivor in the chapter entitled "Highland Minstrelsy" (102–9), the setting is a romantic glen that features a small but exquisite cascade. In this much-discussed episode, Scott makes Waverley's experience at once dreamlike and vivid by destabilizing point of view and, just as Gray did in the Lake District, endowing inanimate objects with active life while the hero himself seems to float passively to his destination. We are told that Waverley, "like a knight of romance," is conducted up a narrow glen that "seemed to open into the land of romance." But "seemed" to whom? To Waverley? Or to the guiding narrator who supplies the pertinent "knight of romance" association to the reader—the reader who thereby becomes the third party to whom this literary parallel "seemed"? This uncertainty appears with even more striking results later in the episode when Flora adds music and her own beautiful presence to the effects that stimulate Waverley's romantic fantasies. Moving toward a climactic moment of erotic-touristic transport, he is at last delivered within

> a sylvan amphitheatre, waving with birch, young oaks, and hazels, with here and there a scattered yew-tree. The rocks now receded, but still shewed their grey and shaggy crests rising among the copse-wood . . . At a short turning, the path, which had for some furlongs lost sight of the brook, suddenly placed Waverley in front of a romantic water-fall. It was not so remarkable either for great height or quantity of water, as for the beautiful accompaniments which made the spot interesting. (105)

Equally enhanced by the romantic surroundings of the waterfall is Flora herself, whom Waverley beholds rather as a figure in an exotic landscape than as a flesh-and-blood woman.

> Here, like one of those lovely forms which decorate the landscapes of Claude, Waverley found Flora gazing on the water-fall . . . The sun, now stooping in the west, gave a rich and varied tinge to all the objects which surrounded Waverley, and seemed to add more than human brilliancy to the full expressive darkness of Flora's eye, exalted the richness and purity of her complexion, and enhanced the

dignity and grace of her beautiful form. Edward thought he had never, even in his wildest dreams, imagined a figure of such exquisite and interesting loveliness. The wild beauty of the retreat, bursting upon him as if by magic, augmented the mingled feeling of delight and awe with which he approached her, like a fair enchantress of Boiardo or Ariosto, by whose nod the scenery around seemed to have been created, an Eden in the wilderness. (106)

Decorative, unreal, remote, Flora is viewed here through a transfiguring haze of Italianate allusion. That these references are quite literally out of place is sufficiently obvious, but a more subtle touch is that they belong to the Grand Tour that Waverley was unable to make. His touristic imagination, powerfully reinforced by the effects of the sun, the setting, and the dark physical beauty of the object of all this glamorization, is virtually a Claude-glass, and there is an agreeable uncertainty for the reader as to whether the beauty radiates from the scene, the eye of the beholder, or some transient favoring circumstance. Words like "exalted," "enhanced," "bursting," and "awe" testify to the presence of an active transformative power, but where does the power come from? By a trick of worshipful transference Edward attributes it all to the "enchantress" Flora, but obviously its sources are more numerous and elusive.

Shortly after this scene, Flora (who is much the most mature and intelligent of the principal characters) praises Rose Bradwardine whose "very soul," Flora says, "is in home, and in the discharge of all those quiet virtues of which home is the centre" (111). Rose represents the home from which Scott's Telemachean protagonist has departed to see something of the world and to which he will return at story's end. In his circular journey, Rose is Caecilia Stubbs refined, socially elevated, and endowed with a subjectivity. But at this point in the narrative Rose embodies precisely those unglamorous homely virtues that the restless tourist spirit is apt to overlook, except as they minister to his comfort after a strenuous encounter with the sublime. Still, Flora sees qualities in Edward that make her desire him as a husband for Rose and as a surrogate brother for herself. One of these is an inclination towards the domestic life that gradually declares itself as his appetites for novelty and adventure are sated.

A different quality, which reflects the positive side of the tourist character, is Edward's delight in romantic scenery and traditions. This taste Flora herself shares with Edward but rather pointedly not with her blood brother, Fergus. "A simple and unsublimed taste now, like my own," says

Fergus, "would prefer the jet d'eau at Versailles to this cascade, with all its accompaniments of rock and roar" (109). And he unintentionally proves his indifference by getting his aesthetic categories wrong: the cascade described by Scott would be more justly termed "picturesque" since its "rock and roar" are too modest to qualify it as "sublime."[12] Like the initiated Tilneys in *Northanger Abbey*, Flora and Edward would know better, and delight in each other's knowledge.[13]

The cascade episode undercuts the tendency of aesthetic theorists to masculinize the sublime and polarize the traits deemed appropriate and attractive in men and women. When Waverley first falls in love with Flora, it is because of her feminine beauty, "augmented" by the overwhelming novelty and "wild beauty" of the setting. But his "mingled feeling of delight and awe"—a description of the effects of the sublime that Burke might have accepted if "awe" had preceded "delight"—makes Waverley the "ravished" and "transported" one.[14] The point is not so much that customary gender traits are reversed in this response, or that Flora's "soul" exhibits more of the allegedly masculine qualities than Edward's does, as that Scott represents both emotional responses and gender traits as "mingled" in individuals.

In Edward's case, as Flora archly observes, there is a sufficiency of the natural "instinct for strife, as we see in other male animals, such as dogs, bulls, and so forth" for him to perform creditably as a soldier (249–50). But, Flora continues, education and temperament mark him out for something other than the camp or "high and perilous enterprise."

Just how unsuited he is to a military career is shown shortly after Flora passes this judgment, by a wayward act that occurs during the fatal march into England by the Young Pretender's army: "It was Waverley's custom sometimes to ride a little off from the main body to look at any object of curiosity which occurred upon the march. They were now in Lancashire, when, attracted by a castellated old hall, he left the squadron for half an hour, to take a survey and slight sketch of it" (268). This touristic indiscretion, repaid with a failed attempt on his life, leads to inflammatory words and unnecessary dissensions in the Prince's small and heterogeneous army. Soldiers obviously have no business taking little sketching excursions while on the march through territory where they might be attacked at any moment. Subsequent Waverley novels make clear that for Scott the sketchbook is the signature or armorial device of the Romantic tourist.[15]

Scott surely intended this incident to show that Flora knows her man when she says that Waverley is best suited for a life of domestic retirement. She imagines him in twilight situations that leave his imagination plenty of scope to body forth "the forms of things": "he will refit the old library in the most exquisite Gothic taste, and garnish its shelves with the rarest and most valuable volumes;—and he will draw plans and landscapes, and write verses, and rear temples, and dig grottoes;—and he will stand in a clear summer night in the colonnade before the hall, and gaze on the deer as they stray in the moonlight, or lie shadowed by the boughs of the huge old fantastic oaks;—and he will repeat verses to his beautiful wife, who shall hang upon his arm" (250). And, she might have added, he and his beautiful wife will stray occasionally from home to enjoy touristic adventures. For the tastes for landscape gardening, poetry, gothic decoration, etc., cluster as consistently with a taste for touring as "elevation" and "awe" do with "sublimity" in the Early- and High-Romantic aesthetic vocabulary.

Flora's vision of Waverley as a landscape gardener creating temples and grottoes is especially suggestive inasmuch as the taste she ascribes to Waverley is not her own or Scott's. Denouncing the "mummery of temples and obelisks," Scott recommended that practitioners of this gentlemanly art take the celebrated theorist of the picturesque Uvedale Price as "the surest guide."[16] Price, whose influence can be seen at Abbotsford and in the gardens that gladden the retirements of Radcliffe's heroines, admonished garden designers to observe the *genius loci* rather than engage in *chinoiserie* or the wholesale reformations of nature practiced by William Kent and Capability Brown. This advice was in close accord with the appreciation for distinctive—even quirky or homely—local features evident in Scott's fiction, but he (and Price) also believed that nature could often be improved, e.g., by judiciously clearing, planting, or clustering various species of trees. This is precisely what Flora Mac-Ivor does to the borders of the "romantic reservoir" that receives the fateful cascade: "Mossy banks of turf were . . . decorated with trees and shrubs, some of which had been planted under the direction of Flora, but so cautiously, that they added to the grace, without diminishing the romantic wildness of the scene" (106). If Flora's tastes are somewhat anachronistically in advance of Waverley's, the reason is that Scott wishes him to be seen through her eyes as sweetly old-fashioned, impractical, and suited only for a life at "home."

Before he embraces this unheroic role in life, his adventures in the

Highlands give him some educational hard knocks but also some moments of exhilarating transport. One such moment occurs when, after a strenuous nighttime march over rough and unfamiliar terrain, he finds "time to give himself up to the full romance of his situation. Here he sate on the banks of an unknown lake, under the guidance of a wild native, whose language was unknown to him, on a visit to the den of some renowned outlaw, a second Robin Hood perhaps, or Adam o' Gordon, and that at deep midnight" (78). This fascinating passage begins with the aspirant soldier "giving himself up," surrendering, and then shifts into free indirect discourse, where it isn't clear whether the rehearsal of the romantic ingredients in the situation comes from the narrator, from Edward himself, or from the master spirit of all romance narratives. This uncertainty resembles that in the waterfall passage, where the source of the power that transports Scott's hero is likewise left in doubt.

Whatever its source in the present instance, Edward soon finds himself being swept across the lake in a curragh rowed by half a dozen Gaelic-chanting Highlanders towards a beacon-fire that reminds Edward-or is it the narrator?—of "the fiery vehicle in which the Evil Genius of an oriental tale traverses land and sea" (79). Although the beacon-fire is stationary and Edward himself wholly passive, in the free-associative state induced by physical exhaustion, disorientation, and a host of vaguely threatening romantic circumstances, only the barest hint suffices to conjure up an image of surpassing power, speed, and sinister intent. By now, the recourse to interpretive analogies has erased all reference points of time and space, rendering the fire-lit entrance to Donald Bean Lean's cave the mouth of Hell. Edward braces himself "to meet a stern, gigantic, ferocious figure, such as Salvator would have chosen to be the central object of a group of banditti" (80). In the event, Edward (like the spellbound reader) is brought down to earth with the actual appearance of Donald Bean, who is pale, diminutive, and dressed incongruously in an old French army uniform. The return to quotidian reality is completed when Edward is served—and hungrily devours—"a sort of strong soup made out of a particular part of the inside of the beeves" (80). Nevertheless, both protagonist and reader have enjoyed a memorable transport in which wonder and fear are mingled exactly according to eighteenth-century prescriptions for the sublime.

This serio-comic episode can also be interpreted as a triumphant Oedipal fantasy in which the gigantic father turns out to be a puny and de-

risory figure—a reading that seems apt whether we consider the erotics or the politics of the novel. Moreover, this interpretation may help us better to understand the psychology of transport in the fiction of Scott, Radcliffe, Mary Shelley, and, for that matter, in our own adventures as tourists. While the immediate factors of disorientation, fatigue, and romantic circumstance prepare Edward for a "disconnected," almost hallucinatory, experience, we should also take into account the psychological freight he carries: the feelings of truancy he cannot entirely repress as well as the erotic urges that excited his interest in Miss Stubbs and will energize his infatuation with Flora. Scott and his contemporaries were alert to the way that supposedly distinct or even opposed emotions reinforce, substitute for, and blend with each other. So it is, for example, that Emily St. Aubert's anxieties about her father's health make her strained nerves all the more tremblingly alive to both the attractions of Valancourt and the grandeur of the Pyrenees. Mary Shelley will develop this insight into the strange interactions and cross-subsidies of emotional response to yet more powerful effect in *Frankenstein.*

Romantic writers—Scott especially—were also well aware of our skill at suppressing what we don't want to see or feel in order to focus exclusively on what we do. At the beginning of the episode that leads to Waverley's encounter with Donald Bean, the narrator comments that the "only circumstance which assorted ill" with "the full romance" of Edward's situation was "the cause of his journey—the [abduction of the] Baron's milk cows! this degrading incident he kept in the back-ground" (78). Scott's pictorial metaphor, "back-ground," is in consonance with Gilpin's counsel to remove "every thing offensive" and admit "only such parts, as are congruous and beautiful." Despite his gentle satire on Waverley's suppression of unpleasant realities, Scott himself wasn't above following Gilpin's advice in the double portrait of Fergus and Edward that is one of the surprises awaiting Baron Bradwardine and the reader at the end of *Waverley.*

This portrait, on display at the Baron's ancestral home, Tully-Veolan, some months after the Jacobite defeat at Culloden, carries us back to a time of high hopes, unclouded friendship, and romantic adventure:

> There was one addition to this fine old apartment, however, which drew tears into the Baron's eyes. It was a large and spirited painting, representing Fergus Mac-Ivor and Waverley in their Highland dress, the scene a wild, rocky, and mountainous pass, down which the clan were descending in the background. It was taken from a

spirited sketch, drawn while they were in Edinburgh by a young man of high genius, and had been painted on a full length scale by an eminent London artist. Raeburn himself, (whose Highland Chiefs do all but walk out of the canvas) could not have done more justice to the subject; and the ardent, fiery, and impetuous character of the unfortunate Chief of Glennaquoich was finely contrasted with the contemplative, fanciful, and enthusiastic expression of his happier friend. Beside this painting hung the arms which Waverley had borne in the unfortunate civil war. (338)

That Scott invokes Sir Henry Raeburn (1756–1832) rather than an artist contemporary with the '45 points to the anachronistic nature of this painting. It is historically unlikely that an eminent London artist of the period could have been found so soon after the event to paint this romantically styled portrait of two of the Jacobite protagonists in "the unfortunate civil war," and, as James Buzard maintains, almost equally unlikely that such a picture would have been exhibited, even privately, in the home of a rebel still politically suspect and at risk.[17]

But before complaining about Scott's lapse from historical probability, we should look more closely at the fictional context in which this painting unexpectedly appears. Apart from Edward's arms, it is the only entirely new item listed in the penultimate chapter's catalogue of the appurtenances recaptured or rebuilt to make the Baron's newly recovered estate as untouched by recent history as possible. That this recovery is improbable cannot but be inferred by the reader who was told only ten pages earlier that the heads of Fergus Mac-Ivor and his lieutenant Evan Dhu—so far from being made subjects of a portrait—were recently exhibited on spikes above the Scottish gate of Carlisle. The improbability is underscored by the Baron's comment on the marvels wrought by his new patroness, Lady Talbot: "one might almost believe in brownies and fairies . . . where your ladyship is in presence" (339). In sum, this comforting story of domestic restoration is as much a fairy tale as the Jacobites' fantasy of political restoration.

But the historical truth unintentionally implied in the Baron's fanciful tribute to Lady Talbot needs to be balanced against the bitter truth contained in his earlier observation of "how speedily the '*Diva Pecunia* of the Southron—their tutelary deity, he might call her—had removed the marks of spoliation'" (333). Whereas his exclamation about brownies and fairies implicitly calls attention to the historically improbable character of the restorations, his earlier comment bluntly reminds us of the magical power

of the Goddess Money—should it be her pleasure—to transform sexually awakening adolescents into captains of dragoons or to create precincts where the movement of history is arrested. In restored Tully-Veolan we behold less the Baron's lived-in home, where things wear out and tastes change, than a perfectly preserved example of "A Scottish Manor House Sixty Years Since" (the title of Chapter VIII). This folk museum is a fitting shrine in which to hang the double portrait and Edward's arms. In principle, Scott was a progressivist who believed in the need for gradual change and renewal—believed, too, in the need for English investment for commercial development in Scotland—but there are moments, this being one, when his passion to collect and preserve ballads and artifacts seems to extend, for their "representative" value, to the people who made them. Although "ethnic museumizing," as Dean MacCannell calls it, does not reach fruition until over two centuries and several stages of commercialization later, it is possible to see hints here of what is to come.[18]

The Good Fairy who restores Tully-Veolan is not Lady Emily, of course, but Scott himself who, Prospero-like, defies realism and history by asserting his authorial freedom to manipulate time and whatever narrative turn will best round off the essentially comic Waverley narrative.[19] The shift of generic conventions from the realism of historical tragedy to the fictionality of romantic comedy comes so suddenly that some readers resent what they perceive as the anachronism and implausibility of the ending. Perhaps the shift is too abrupt, too bold, to be artistically successful, and for some readers the true conclusion to the Baron's last outing for the Jacobite cause is not the "feel-good" ending we are given but the one contained in the old man's supposition that Tully-Veolan has been bought up cheap and restored for the use of a family on the winning side. However, the distanced perspective of Scott's final chapter, entitled "A Postscript, which should have been a Preface," immediately following the restoration of Tully-Veolan, makes the novel's events assume a different aspect. From this viewpoint, as John Glendening maintains, *Waverley* "constitutes a sort of historical comedy, since the revolt of 1745, as the novel reconstructs it, concludes by leaving Britain free to pursue unity and prosperity."[20] Once Edward has turned his back on the horrors at Carlisle, Scott is as little concerned to avoid implausibility and historical inauthenticity as Ann Radcliffe is at nearly any point in her fiction.[21] On the contrary, the anachronism is surely deliberate when Scott arranges for the reassembled survivors

to view their own very recent history through the Romantic and vindicating lens of a later period, the period of Raeburn, Scott himself, and an audience for novels that had also become a touring public.[22] The summary image that the transported characters share with Scott's readers, then, is not of the crushed Jacobite remnant but rather of the two friends and companions-in-arms: forever young and undefeated, and thus fit idealized representatives of a social and political order premised on the denial of historical change.

3

While the journeys and confinements that constitute much of the action in Romantic novels are stock fictional ingredients inherited from earlier narrative forms, they also obliquely reflect social change and its attendant anxieties in late Georgian Britain. During that time, as Elizabeth Helsinger points out, the meaning of mobility in artistic representations as in society itself came to be highly ambivalent.[23] The mobility of the tourist or absentee landlord spoke of their social status and of a surplus income derived from property, often landed property worked by tenants or laborers who enjoyed no such freedom of movement. But as the enclosure of common lands in England and the clearances in Highland Scotland detached large populations of agricultural workers from the land, mobility—in this case involuntary mobility—increasingly assumed a quite different, potentially menacing aspect. When the British fleet and army demobilized after the defeat of Napoleon, the numbers of the unattached and unemployed further increased. As a result of the agricultural depression following Waterloo, large numbers of jobless people moved into cities where there was a danger that they might form mobs like those that toppled the *ancien regime* in France; and in some places desperate agrarian laborers rioted or wandered the roads in search of paid work. As Helsinger comments, "These uncontrollable movements by the rural poor are a kind of shadowy double—frightening or sad, depending on your perspective—of the voluntary circulation of tourism or the free movement of labor appealed to by the political economists."

Scott's perspective was that of a Tory, a judge, and a landowner, and he viewed these developments with both sadness and alarm. But rather

than editorialize in his novels, he took advantage of historical distancing and Romantic novel conventions to portray and examine the movements of various groups, some dangerous and some, in spite of appearances and prejudices, not. The tourists in *Guy Mannering* have gypsies and smugglers as their "shadowy doubles," while the novel as a whole is a paean to rootedness. A more complex case is *Rob Roy*, in which government soldiers and commercial travelers share road and highway with *their* shadowy doubles, thieves and Jacobite plotters; in which traditional Scottish hospitality is contrasted with the many dangers and discomforts experienced by early eighteenth-century travelers; and in which there are touristic moments but no characters who have the "sketching" habits displayed by Waverley and Guy Mannering.

However, the most telling contrast of movements in *Rob Roy* is between the Highland journey undertaken by Frank Osbaldistone and Bailie Jarvie from Glasgow to retrieve the fortunes of the Osbaldistone family, and the migration to Glasgow of Highlanders "as wild, as shaggy, and sometimes as dwarfish, as the animals they had in charge":

> It is always with unwillingness that the Highlander quits his deserts, and at this early period it was like tearing a pine from its rock, to plant him elsewhere. Yet even then the mountain glens were over-peopled, although thinned occasionally by famine or by the sword, and many of their inhabitants strayed down to Glasgow—there formed settlements—there sought and found employment, although different, indeed, from that of their native hills.[24]

The movement of "uprooted" Highlanders to Glasgow foreshadows the later, large-scale migrations caused by the Highland clearances. The reverse movement of Frank and Bailie Jarvie, which introduces them to Loch Lomond and other Highland beauty spots, is driven mainly by commercial motives but is an ironic harbinger of tourist expeditions to the same areas. This twin movement to and from the city anticipates the still more conspicuous pattern in our own times of tourists traveling from the world's metropolitan centers to its impoverished "peripheries" and of migrant laborers moving from those same peripheries to the centers. In the process, as Dean MacCannell argues, centers and peripheries have become economically interdependent, but the centers have reaped most of the advantage.[25] Just how disadvantageous tourism has been to the colonized peripheries can be debated, but the larger pattern is an old one and

poignantly registered in *Rob Roy* as an early symptom of modernization.

But it is in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* that Scott makes his most profound statement regarding human mobility—in groups and alone, voluntary and involuntary—and also has occasion to play with several of the meanings of "transport" that were current when he wrote. To be sure, except for one crucial incident late in the novel, tourism does not figure significantly in its action or in the lives of its characters. They lack both the leisure and, most of them, the education prerequisite for the touristic sallies enjoyed by Waverley. But for other purposes they are constantly engaged in movement—on foot, by horse, by carriage, by boat, on the shoulders of a mob—and the *donnée* and central episode of the story is the heroine's courageous pedestrian journey to London to seek a pardon for her sister Effie. Building on his conception of Jeanie Deans's journey as a self-determined act by a person of great good faith and strong though limited understanding, Scott parallels her trek south with two other major purposeful actions involving travel and contrasting sharply with the essentially passive, other-determined movements typical of such characters as Effie, Effie's upper-class English seducer George Staunton, Jeanie's own beloved Reuben Butler, and the mob-victim Porteous.

The first of these deliberate actions is that of the Edinburgh mob, which in this instance—as Scott, no friend or romanticizer of mobs, repeatedly emphasizes—marches about the city with order, foresight, and singleness of purpose altogether uncharacteristic of such bodies. This mob transports, it is not transported. The second is that of the novel's unmoved mover, the Duke of Argyle, who secures Effie's pardon and then conveys the Deans family from Edinburgh to a safe haven in the west of Scotland. The actions of the mob, of Jeanie, and of the Duke are demonstrations of different kinds of power (of men *en masse*, of love and faith, of position and wealth) that are successful in achieving justice against the odds because they are at once actuated by generous motives and guided by a keen sense of the practical. Despite Scott's uneasiness about vigilante measures (as demonstrated later in the novel when another mob murders Madge Wildfire), he clearly expects us to share his admiration for these actions while compassionating the many characters in the novel who are acted upon.

The passive-active scheme of the novel is not a simple dichotomy, however, as we can see in the suggestive episode where the Duke of Argyle engages Jeanie in a discussion concerning Scottish agriculture: "his mind

was so transported back to his rural employments and amusements, that he sighed when his carriage stopped opposite to the old hackney-coach" (374).[26] The Duke is "transported back" to his rural home by the familiar Scottish topics and accent just as his fellow Londoner, Wordsworth's Poor Susan, is rapt back in reverie to her native vale by the sound of a caged thrush. This poignant experience of *re*-placement begins to appear in literature with increased frequency and prominence in the generation of Scott and Wordsworth, presumably as a result of the same economic, technological, and social forces that made modern tourism a possible and desirable activity. This form of transport is central to Wordsworth's poetics and strategy for personal survival; even contemporaries who were less distressed by the encroachments of urbanization, such as Scott and Coleridge, concurred with Wordsworth that this sometimes overwhelming mental and emotional experience of being "transported back to . . . " evidenced the imagination's power to annihilate, if only momentarily, the estranging distances of time and space.

But when Scott says that a character in this novel is "transported," the implications are often morally negative or, at best, neutral. Criminals (according to law or not) are the characters in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* who most often experience the emotional outbursts that Scott specifically labels "transports." So, when the grasping laird Dumbiedikes is on his deathbed, he falls into "transports of violent and profane language" (79). And when Effie's imprisoned son, the "Whistler," is cut loose from his bonds, he looks "round with a laugh of wild exultation" and springs from the ground "as if in transport on finding himself at liberty" (505). As Wordsworth so often does, Scott here associates "transport" with a rapturous release from frustrating constraints; but inasmuch as the Whistler is a "savage" and a killer, "transport" here signifies license, lack of rational control, which are dealt with (appropriately, as Scott saw it) by his being "transported . . . to America, sold . . . as a slave, or indented servant, to a Virginian planter" (506).

That the Whistler eventually finds his home among "a tribe of wild Indians" is a fictionally apt fate that reflects the interest many nineteenth-century conservative thinkers took in stories about white men reverting to savagery. But more than simple atavism or fictional justice is involved in this move. For in traveling through space, the Whistler is also being transported through time to an earlier era in human history that is more con-

sonant with his character than the gradually modernizing world where he encounters his parents. To move through time by moving through space was a concept that Scott himself had already popularized in *Waverley* and *Rob Roy* and that tourists had acted on in the previous century. When Johnson and Boswell traveled to the Hebrides, it was with the purpose of witnessing a feudal way of life of which only vestiges remained in England. When Scott himself toured the Northern Isles and Hebrides immediately after publishing *Waverley*, he encountered practices and attitudes that struck him as out of the Middle Ages. Although often distressed or amused when he actually came face to face with the islanders, he did not travel to these "remote" parts unprepared with a theory to account for what he would meet.

Scott and such early successors as Cooper and Pushkin subscribed to the Enlightenment thesis that the universal pattern of social development was up a series of stages (*stadia*), each with a cultural "character" (typical forms of worship, attitudes to property, treatment of women, etc.) determined primarily by its chief mode of subsistence (gathering, hunting and fishing, herding, etc.) and only secondarily by such factors as race or geography. The stadialist thinkers who influenced Scott conceived of this pattern as a progress from lower to higher forms of society but, in contrast with more radical progressivists, tended to believe that there were significant losses as well as gains en route and were mindful that earlier great civilizations had risen only eventually to fall. According to the stadialist scheme, such herding peoples as the Homeric warriors who conquered Troy and the Gothic peoples who destroyed Rome-and thus in each case brought a rival stadial series to an end-had more in common with each other and with eighteenth-century Scottish Highlanders than with their own racial descendants.[27] Thus, when Waverley journeys to Fergus MacIvor's feudal demesne in the fastness of the Highlands, he likewise journeys back through socio-historical stages to an era that might be more appropriately ruled over by Agamemnon than George II. This is likewise true of Frank Osbaldistone's travels in *Rob Roy* and, less obviously but more interestingly, of the Deans family's move from the outskirts of Edinburgh to the Isle of Roseneath in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian.*

When the novel opens, the Deanses live on the edge of the Scottish capital. Yet they are pastoralists whose values and interests closely resemble those of Wordsworth's Michael, and like him they are dangerously exposed

to the predations of a modern commercial society. When that "benevolent enchanter" the Duke of Argyle moves the historically (albeit not legally) dispossessed family to Roseneath and then to his "fancy farm" on the adjacent coast of Dumbartonshire, he effectively turns the clock back to a period appropriate to their pursuits and values. Situated not far from Glasgow and yet on the verge of the wild Western Highlands, the Duke's vast estate provides, all at the same time, a pastoral preserve suitable for the Deanses; a picturesque beauty spot attractive to sophisticated modern tourists; and a distinctively Scottish form of frontier territory where the mountainous terrain nearby offers refuge to outlaws and where the ancient practice of "blackmail," precursor of the modern urban "protection" racket, is still tolerated. It is thus a space where encounters are always possible between types of people who are culturally incompatible because of differences of nationality, social class, mode of livelihood, and education. Untoward meetings of this kind are what generate, sustain, and resolve the action throughout the novel.

One of the most memorable of these encounters occurs when Effie Deans, now Lady Staunton, has a terrifying brush with the Whistler, whom neither she nor the reader has any means of recognizing at the time as her long-lost son. The product of a moment of "wild" passion, the Whistler is not naturally vicious or criminal but is, rather, atavistically inclined to precivilized ways—a disposition reinforced by the nurture he has received from his adoptive father, the Highland bandit Black Donacha. Sharply contrasting with this pattern of social regression is Effie's progress from dairymaid to shop girl to fine lady. Fully to appreciate the complex art of the scene in which this hyper-civilized mother and her "savage" son meet, we also need to notice how the characters, especially Effie and Jeanie, view the landscape.

4

In Jeanie's eyes, Argyle's fancy farm "was a goodly and pleasant land, and sloped bonnily to the western sun; and she doubtedna that the pasture might be very gude, for the grass looked green, for as drouthy as the weather had been" (499). She views landscape through the lens of a dairy farmer whose aesthetic enjoyment is heavily conditioned by practical con-

siderations; her "taste for the picturesque, if she had any by nature, had never been awakened or cultivated" (434). In this instance, Scott leaves the question of "nature" or "nurture" unanswered, but earlier in the novel he explicitly states that Jeanie's fancy was "not the most powerful of her faculties" (385). In the absence of the requisite taste and imagination, scenery alone cannot inspire touristic transports. Yet Scott allows that where Jeanie's dearest concerns are involved, her imagination *is* "lively enough to transport her to a wild farm in Northumberland, well stocked with milk-cows, yeald beasts, and sheep; a meeting-house, hard by, frequented by serious presbyterians, who had united in a harmonious call to Reuben Butler to be their spiritual guide—Effie restored, not to gaiety, but to cheerfulness at least—their father, with his gray hairs smoothed down, and spectacles on his nose—herself, with the maiden snood exchanged for a matron's curch," etc., etc. (385–86). This transport, future- and home-oriented and full of generous wishes for others, is altogether in character. In the end, her wish-fulfillment fantasy of the best that life can now offer turns out to be, in all essentials, an accurate prevision of her situation in the west of Scotland.

Equally characteristic is the transport Effie briefly experiences when, despondent and bored with Jeanie's domestic routines, she goes off in search of touristic distraction. "Gifted in every particular with a higher degree of imagination than that of her sister, she was an admirer of the beauties of nature" (477). Jeanie's son David escorts Effie to the site of "a cascade in the hills, grander and higher than any they had yet visited" (478). Her desire to gain the perfect vantage point for experiencing the thrill of the waterfall in its full sublimity leads them step by dangerous step to a perilous situation:

> clinging like sea-birds to the face of the rock, they were enabled at length to turn round it, and came full in front of the fall, which here had a most tremendous aspect, boiling, roaring, and thundering with unceasing din, into a black cauldron, a hundred feet at least below them, which resembled the crater of a volcano. The noise, the dashing of the waters, which gave an unsteady appearance to all around them, the trembling even of the huge crag on which they stood, the precariousness of their footing, for there was scarce room for them to stand on the shelf of rock which they had thus attained, had so powerful an effect on the senses and imagination of Lady Staunton, that she called out to David she was falling . . . She now screamed with terror, though without hope of calling

any one to her assistance. To her amazement, the scream was answered by a whistle from above. (479)

Within a few minutes they are rescued by the Whistler, whose robber's hideaway is on a ledge immediately above them. Although in this instance cultivated tourist rapture gives way completely to primitive terror, we recognize what Effie experiences—the "powerful . . . effect on the senses and imagination"—as a manifestation of the Burkean sublime. Her pursuit of touristic escape has also transported her, all unknowingly, face to face with her own "wild" past in the person of her outlaw son. Thus, as often happens in Radcliffe's novels, a tourist transport signals a reunion. But Radcliffe's transports and reunions are joyous uplifting events, as welcome as unanticipated. Effie's transport more closely resembles those experienced by Victor Frankenstein which, in classic return-of-the-repressed fashion, bring him face to face with the terrifying consequences of his passionate past.

The Deans family's removal to Dumbartonshire, the meeting between Effie and her long-lost son, and that son's subsequent murder of Sir George Staunton, the man he has no way of knowing is his own criminal father—all involve realism-defying interventions in the normal and probable course of human affairs. All three developments draw attention to the fictionality of the narrative.[28] But the happy rescue of the worthy Deanses differs in more ways than one from the tragic but poetically just "reunions" of the Whistler with his mother and father. Like the good-fairy intervention of Lady Talbot at the end of *Waverley*, that of Argyle demands an exercise only of human will and power and does not differ fundamentally from the secular distribution of rewards and punishments at the conclusion of, for pertinent instance, *Measure for Measure*. It is no human agency, however, but either flagrant coincidence or Providence that causes their long-lost son to appear abruptly to save Effie and execute belated justice on Staunton. Our uncertainty as to which reading of these events is "right" is really an uncertainty—historically apt for a story being played out in the early 1750s—whether an Enlightenment or Pre-Enlightenment world-view prevails at this point in the narrative. The uncertainty allows for the provisional and temporary recovery of a Pre-Enlightenment world-view that, as I have argued, is a signature feature of Romantic novels. For while the text will support either causal explanation, Scott seems to tip the scales slightly in favor of Providence by ambiguously foreshadowing Staunton's death.

The depressed Staunton himself interprets a delay in the breaking of a storm as an ominous sign: "it seems as if it suspended its peal till it solemnized some important event in the world below" (495). Although Staunton's superstitious reading of natural "signs" is (somewhat surprisingly) disputed by Jeanie's Presbyterian minister husband, who asserts a Newtonian view of the workings of natural law, the "important event" soon occurs.

Scott's choice of a Highland cataract for the *rencontre* between Effie and her son immediately recalls both the cascade scene in *Waverley* and an equally climactic waterfall scene in *Rob Roy*, virtually inviting us to read them as a sequence. The *Waverley* episode is "scenic" both as theater and tourist attraction, with Flora Mac-Ivor playing the parts of dramatist, director, set designer, and performer. Enhancing the lighting effects of the afternoon sun, the cascade's sound and motion serve as mesmerizing adjuncts to her performance. The allusions to Claude, Boiardo, and Ariosto reinforce our sense of exquisite composition and artifice at work—both Flora's and Scott's. As a further refinement, Scott substituted "Poussin" for "Claude," an improvement perhaps debatable in itself but suggesting that, aside from local effects involving the play of light on Flora's features, the scene owes little to the great master of landscapes characterized by openness, luminosity, and blue distances. Instead, we are given a sharp focus on picturesque detail and the enclosure of a womblike entry and private theatrical space.

Three years after composing this scene, Scott returned to the same model—the cascade near Loch Lediart—for an analogous purpose. In Chapter 35 of *Rob Roy*, Rob makes a ceremony of Frank Osbaldistone's arrival at the encampment of the Clan MacGregor by having his men assembled in formal ranks on an open hillside near another waterfall. This cascade scene is Claudian insofar as it is spacious, ceremonial, serene. It is Claudian too in that, like Rob himself, Claude delights in grand entrance and exit scenes that lend themselves to large-scale tableaux. The scene that Rob stages is public, panoramic, and masculine in character, thus radically unlike the one Flora arranges. But he too aims for a stunning theatrical effect: "It has been said that a British monarch would judge well to receive the embassy of a rival power in the cabin of a man-of-war; and a Highland leader acted with some propriety in choosing a situation, where the natural objects of grandeur proper to his country might have the full effect on

the mind of his guests" (410). While not so transported as Waverley, Frank is struck with "admiration" by the natural setting and the feudal pomp and ceremony. He recognizes that a show is being put on for him but, like Scott, believes that this patriarchal culture is intrinsically performative, hence most truly and fully itself on such occasions.

The waterfall scene that Scott makes a climactic narrative event in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* appears to be a deliberate Romantic rescripting, calculated to darken the vision of both human and nonhuman nature. Although the narrator (or Providence) does of course employ the cataract to "stage" the adventure that returns Effie's child to the narrative, none of the characters is an active manager of scenic effects in the way Flora and Rob are. On the contrary, the focus of the episode is on these characters' lack of foresight and control. Neither is Effie the wide-eyed youthful spectator that, in quite distinct ways, both Waverley and Frank are. A major reason why we respond differently to Effie's transport is that it comes well on in her career and in the action of the novel, so that much more is implicated in the experience. For although Effie obviously shares traits with Waverley that make them both appreciative tourists, equally important for her character and this episode are the tragic past and false present she bears with her as an inescapable burden. Waverley and Frank have no such history of guilt and loss. Hence what Waverley finds (or thinks he finds) beside the "romantic water-fall" is his future. It is neither the first nor the last of the youthful illusions he will have to outgrow. In *Rob Roy*, however, the cascade scene comes near the end of the narrative as a ceremonial occasion that marks Frank's arrival not only at his Highland destination but also at manhood after his initiatory journey into the wild.

In contrast with the unthreatening settings of the waterfalls in *Waverley* and *Rob Roy*, which bear signs of cultivation for ornamental or agricultural purposes, the terrain confronting Effie is remote, wild, and precipitous like that surrounding Castle Udolpho. Although Salvator is not invoked by name, this is the landscape that Romantic literature and painting regularly associate with *banditti* and gypsies. That they will soon appear on the scene is, if not a given, then at least a fair expectation; hence a reader versed in the precedents and conventions of Romantic art would have been less amazed than Effie by the abrupt appearance of the Whistler and Donacha. The instructed reader would also have expected these menacing, if momentarily helpful, figures to play a sinister part in future

events. By such means the Romantic novelist was able to finesse flagrantly improbable events so that for responsive readers they gained an aura of plausibility and even inevitability.

More generally, the scene provides an abrupt reminder of forces that have been temporarily put out of mind by the details of the Deans family's happy new situation. Especially in the "black cauldron . . . which resembled the crater of a volcano" we are presented with an awesome symbol of the mutability and potential for sudden eruptions of violence in nature and human affairs that the action of the novel, particularly in its mob scenes, has repeatedly demonstrated. The power, noise, and fearfulness of the tremendous cataract echo the noise and emotions of the Edinburgh mob immediately before and after it learns that Porteous's execution has been "respited." At first, "the hitherto silent expectation of the people became changed into that deep and agitating murmur, which is sent forth by the ocean before the tempest begins to howl" (42). Then the oceanic murmur of the crowd becomes the "roar of . . . a tiger . . . [that] seemed to forbode some immediate explosion of popular resentment" (42–43). Although the Edinburgh mob later achieves its revenge with cool deliberateness, Scott's images of animalistic fury and ungovernable, subrational force remind us of other occasions (including the massacre of citizens that leads to the Porteous riot) when control is lost and a murderous rampage ensues.

Cataract, volcano, ocean, tiger: each is at once a natural locus of awe-inspiring force and energy in whose presence an imaginative tourist could know the sublime and also a metaphor that expresses the touring classes' fearful yet fascinated sense of the revolutionary power of the mob. The metaphorical usage translates persons into a collective thing and thus supplies the common denominator—untamed "nature"—between the touristic and revolutionary sublime. It is impossible to know whether Scott himself was conscious of the connections between the waterfall episode and the early crowd scenes, but it seems likely that he was and that he recalled very similar connections which Burke made in his discussion of the sublimity of sound: "Excessive loudness alone is sufficient to overpower the soul, to suspend its action, and to fill it with terror. The noise of vast cataracts, raging storms, thunder, or artillery, awakes a great and aweful sensation in the mind . . . The shouting of multitudes has a similar effect; and by the sole strength of the sound, so amazes and confounds the imagination, that in

this staggering, and hurry of the mind, the best established tempers can scarcely forbear being borne down, and joining in the common cry, and common resolution of the croud."[29] Whether or not Scott recalled this description of individual human reason, will, and morality overwhelmed, what seems clear both early and late in the novel is an ironic disjuncture between the tremendous forces he evokes and the puny, inept efforts of the human actors to comprehend or manage them. In the case of Effie's deliberate courting of a transporting experience, there is more than a hint of trifling with sacred powers and even—as she and young David work their way round to gain a view of the hidden face of the cataract—of a kind of voyeurism.

Although Scott never simply condemns tourism, he is ambivalent about it as he is about the Romantic novel and, more fundamentally, the imagination that enables fictions and transports. This ambivalence is played out variously in his novels and with unusual starkness in the contrasting characters of Jeanie and Effie Deans. Effie's lively imagination enables her not only to enjoy the pleasures of Romantic tourism but also to become such a brilliant actress that nobody suspects her humble origins. These accomplishments Scott could well appreciate, not only because his own mimetic art depended on them but because he wholeheartedly agreed that "all the world's a stage" and "all the men and women merely players." Despite its many somber features, *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* itself, besides incorporating a tourist sketch of Edinburgh Old Town, proliferates with playful carnivalesque impersonations, cross-dressings, aliases, and other forms of disguise that serve not only as traditional devices for generating suspense and surprise but also as foils for Jeanie Deans's conduct, which could be described by an unsympathetic observer as unimaginative, unplayful, indeed "Puritanical." Play had an important place in Scott's conception of the good, full life. But Jeanie is his heroine. True in word and deed, she is what she seems.

At stake in this fictional opposition of sisterly character are qualities Scott deemed essential to the preservation of civil society: most obviously, authenticity (of currency, paternity, citizenship, souvenirs) and stability (of family, social-class relations, political institutions), but also control (of criminal elements, political dissidents, one's own appetites). Effie does for a time join and ornament the social establishment, but early in the novel during her happy courting time, Scott likens her to Hebe, the goddess as-

sociated with the breaking of bonds—surely, in this novel, an association of sinister portent. In the end, like Flora Mac-Ivor, she chooses to conclude her days in a convent—a high-walled institution whose "unnatural" isolation from the world was no less appalling to the Protestant literary imagination than those of the penitentiary or madhouse. Effie's self-confinement is the more melodramatically apt (and disturbing) because it concludes a narrative in which journeys, transports, and the breaking of bonds are so prominently featured.

CHAPTER 6

Scott the Tourist: *Guy Mannering* and the Turner Illustrations

> Whatever withdraws us from the power of the senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona*.
> (Samuel Johnson, *A Journey to the Western Islands*, 1775)[1]

I

Scott's busy life afforded limited time for touring beyond the heart of his *patria*: Edinburgh and the Borders from Dumbartonshire in the west to the Lammermuir Hills in the east. But he did have occasional opportunities to travel beyond this homeland region—to various parts of England, Scotland's Highlands and islands, and the Low Countries and France. Often these trips were taken for business, sometimes chiefly for pleasure, while his last—to Malta and Italy—was principally for recovery of health. Yet nearly everything Scott did became grist for the literary mill, and his travels supplied material and inspiration for some of his most powerful fictions.

The works of tourist literature that I discuss in the present chapter reflect both his personal experience of touring and his literary and pictorial aesthetics. They show him traveling in order to observe and compare diverse cultures—what the ancient Greeks called "*theoria*."[2] They also reveal

him, his friends, and his fictional characters at play, enjoying a wide range of recreational activities including those especially associated with Romantic tourism. First came his "diary" of the 1814 voyage he took to Scotland's northern and western isles. This informal account has been mined by biographers and annotators (including Scott himself) but otherwise mainly ignored. Immediately following his return to Abbotsford, Scott completed *The Lord of the Isles* (1815), closely connected with the voyage; the novel *Guy Mannering* (1815), with which I am especially concerned here; and *Paul's Letters* (1816), the journalistic account of his visit to post-Waterloo Belgium and France. These four works were written during the brief period (1814–16) of Scott's transition from poet to novelist. A later novel, *The Pirate* (1821), also draws on Scott's memories of his Hebridean voyage; I comment on it briefly in relation to the voyage diary. The last text I discuss is Scott's review essay on landscape gardening of 1828. Scott himself was a keen gardener, and, as we have seen, the aesthetics and politics of landscape design are closely affiliated with, indeed inseparable from, the discourse of Romantic tourism. Much the same can be said of landscape design's sister arts of landscape painting and book illustration—arts of which the greatest master was J. M. W. Turner, chosen illustrator of Scott's works.

Of course, as Richard Altick points out, Turner was by no means the only artist to illustrate Scott: "from 1811 onward, no exhibition was without paintings representing Scott topography."[3] But besides being at the head of the profession, Turner was also one of the few artists able to discuss his illustrations of Scott's works with the author himself. He provided water-color "drawings" from which illustrations were made for *Guy Mannering*, *The Lord of the Isles*, *Paul's Letters*, and the essay on gardening. Although the commission could not extend to the unpublished voyage diary, it is entirely possible that Scott allowed Turner to read it. However this may have been, the illustrations that Turner made for *The Lord of the Isles* fit the diary more closely than the poem. I refer to the unique collaboration between these great figures at relevant points throughout the chapter.

2

In 1814, having already written some parts of a heroic poem on Robert the Bruce, Scotland's liberator from English rule, Scott hoped to

revive inspiration by revisiting scenes along the west coast that were associated with his hero and that he himself had viewed on a brief excursion in 1810. He therefore accepted an invitation to accompany the famous lighthouse engineer Robert Stevenson and his party on a far more adventurous trip, a six-week tour of existing lighthouses and possible locations for more along the coasts of mainland Scotland and its neighboring islands.[4] Scott recorded his impressions in an intimate travel "diary," as he called it, of nearly 50,000 words that remained largely in manuscript until James Gibson Lockhart incorporated it whole in his biography of his father-in-law.[5] Apparently Scott wrote it partly for his own future reference but mainly so that his family and close friends could share the experiences he enjoyed during a voyage that took him to some of the most scenic and historically evocative outposts in the British Isles. Scott responded by playing the part of Romantic tourist to the hilt, searching out and moralizing upon spots of historic interest, penetrating the interiors of labyrinthine caverns, deciding whether a scene was "sublime," "terrific," or "beautiful." Because of its informal and personal nature, the diary gives an unusually candid glimpse not only of what he observed but also of himself as observer.

On this voyage the lighthouse yacht housed what Herman Melville would have called a "Paradise of Bachelors"; it was a floating haven for middle-aged, like-minded male friends (notably his fellow sheriffs William Erskine and Robert Hamilton) who were enjoying escape from the responsibilities and anxieties of work and family. The company was therefore in a highly cheerful and receptive state of mind and, as the diary shows, ready for any tourist adventure that a liberally construed itinerary might offer. Like other tourists, Scott found his pleasure in the picturesque and sublime sights encountered during this voyage enhanced by that of equally appreciative companions. His responsiveness might also have been heightened by the startling contrasts between the snug comfort of the yacht and the rough seas, great spaces, and wild irregularities of the natural world through which it sailed.

I stress these elements of good humor and touristic appreciation at the outset because the diary likewise includes an important component of relatively somber social commentary. Scott's observations on the societies of the northern and western maritime regions of Scotland are informed by the deep-structuring dichotomies that might be expected of an educated Lowland Scot visiting there in the early nineteenth century: "improving"

civilization vs. barbarism; human ingenuity vs. brute nature; and the power, refinement, and comparative prosperity of the ruling classes (who are, of course, his hosts) vs. the ignorance, squalor, and poverty of the peasantry. Perhaps the role of "enlightenment" is especially at the fore because the author travels as the companion of those who are quite literally bringing lights to remote and perilous seas.

Like every sensitive observer of life in the Highlands and islands during the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, he is perplexed and distressed by the dilemma posed by a feudal agricultural economy that yields only a precarious subsistence to the majority of inhabitants but that can be made more productive and sustaining only by measures that had already forced many to emigrate.[6] Early in the voyage, Scott is impressed by the patient and thoughtful example of the local proprietors, concluding that "the means of gradual improvement" being attempted might prove successful even though the illiterate islanders were resistant to change of any kind, averring that "they will work as their fathers did, and not otherwise" (207, 204). Later, however, witnessing the overpopulation, lack of investment capital, and ruinous agricultural methods of the people on Fair Isle and the Orkneys, he becomes less optimistic: "how is the necessary restriction to take place, without the greatest immediate distress and hardship to these poor creatures? It is the hardest chapter in Economicks; and if I were an Orcadian laird, I feel I should shuffle on with the old useless creatures, in contradiction to my better judgment" (276).

To go on working in this way, however, means not only a permanent cycle of prolonged want and temporary plenty but living conditions of sometimes appalling filth and squalor. On Fair Isle, Scott finds the inhabitants "a good-looking race," "sober, good-humoured, and friendly" (236, 233), and the island fertile and ruled by an indulgent *tacksman* (a lessee who himself pays rent to the laird). Yet the islanders live in "the basest huts, dirty without, and still dirtier within; pigs, fowls, cows, men, women, and children, all living promiscuously under the same roof, and in the same room—the brood-sow making (among the more opulent) a distinguished inhabitant of the mansion. The compost, a liquid mass of utter abomination, is kept in a square pond of seven feet deep; when I censured it, they allowed it might be dangerous to the *bairns*; but appeared unconscious of any other objection" (234). Obviously Scott's nostrils were offended, even though the Lowland environment where he usually lived was itself suffused with the

reek of urban slops and odors of the barnyard. But the living habits that shock and distress him do so mainly because he views them as symptomatic of moral and spiritual deficiencies on the island. No principle of selection or sense of privacy prevails in this household: hence the "promiscuous" character of these undignified lives where the sow is granted equal status with the human inhabitants. Although there is a church building on the island, a clergyman attends only "for a week or two during summer," and the schoolmaster who is supposed to read scriptures on the remaining Sundays is a drunkard, "unfit for this part of his duty" (235). Scott does not say how well he performs his primary duty as schoolmaster.

More disturbing, however, is the way that scarcity, lack of education, and constant exposure to death make the northern islanders indifferent to the value of lives not their own. He mentions a Shetland superstition "that he who saves a drowning man will receive at his hands some deep wrong or injury . . . It is conjectured to have arisen as an apology for rendering no assistance to the mariners as they escaped from a shipwrecked vessel, for these isles are infamous for plundering wrecks" (209) and, Scott goes on to explain, for cutting the rope that would have saved the crew or, in one instance, the individual's own father and brother. On the Orkney island of Sanda (Sanday), a farmer complains that he would have had new sails for his boat if the Northern Lights Commission "'hadna built sae many lighthouses hereabout' . . . Thus do they talk and think upon these subjects; and so talking and thinking, I fear the poor mariner has little chance of any very anxious attempt to assist him" (240). On the island of Graemsay the shipwrecks are called "*God-sends*," and their frequency is said "to have doubled the value of the land" (277).

Scott was to turn these self-serving and inhumane attitudes to good account in *The Pirate* by making the rescue of a drowning man one of the events that generates the intricate main action of the novel. Scott's hero, Mordaunt, rescues an unknown shipwreck victim, Cleveland, in defiance of the island superstition and the urgings of a scavenging peddler to abandon the man and save the cargo. Cleveland turns out to be a pirate who does indeed become Mordaunt's enemy and would-be murderer. This is a powerful *donnée* for a Romantic novel that Scott interweaves with another souvenir of his tour with Stevenson—the story of Gow the Pirate which suggested the character and conduct of Cleveland. Shortly before he was captured and taken to London for trial, Gow assumed a disguise and be-

came engaged to an Orcadian woman who, writes Scott in the diary, "pledged her faith to him by shaking hands, an engagement which, in her idea, could not be dissolved without her going to London to seek back again her 'faith and troth,' by shaking hands with him again" (273). In Scott's retelling of the tale, she does not reach him before his execution, but she "had the courage to request a sight of his dead body; and then, touching the hand of the corpse, she formally resumed the trothplight which she had bestowed."[7] Scott's fictional pirate likewise becomes engaged only to be captured by the authorities and brought before a tribunal, but there the parallel ends. Upon discovering the criminal nature of Cleveland's past, Scott's dark heroine Minna, still in love with him, renounces marriage in favor of a life of chastity and charitable deeds; Mordaunt marries Minna's sister, the domestically inclined light heroine of the novel; and a reformed Cleveland, who turns out to be Mordaunt's half-brother, receives a last-minute pardon and later dies honorably in the service of his country.

Perhaps Scott never seriously considered giving *The Pirate* the same ending as that of the Gow story, for what is strange and affecting in a simple tale might have proven macabre or ludicrous in a novel. Nor would the fiancée's retrieval of her troth have been consonant with the romantic, one-great-love-in-a-lifetime character of Minna, since its purpose was to ensure that Gow's ghost would not visit the woman if she married another man. Still, bearing in mind how successfully Scott had reincarnated equally simple and powerful histories in *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, it is hard not to feel that he bypassed an opportunity when he opted for romance templates in shaping the characters and fates of his dark heroine and dark hero. The story of Gow and his betrothed, taken as true by the Orcadians, more faithfully and poignantly represented the hard lives of the islanders. No doubt most readers much preferred and, like Scott's nineteenth-century editor Andrew Lang, admired the "magic" of the "transfigured" version (xi). Scott knew what his public craved, which might also be why he reassures readers of *The Pirate* that "the exhortation and example of the proprietors have eradicated even the traces of this inhuman belief" that a drowning man would do his rescuers "some capital injury" (113–14). Another reason for not going public with the more pessimistic conclusions recorded in the diary is that he did not wish thus to repay the hospitality of the islanders.

Throughout the Northern Lights diary, the issue of good governor-

ship—a central preoccupation of all Scott's writings—is much on his mind. Few pages pass by without our being reminded how much power, privilege, responsibility, and opportunity not only for improvement but also for abuse and mismanagement the feudal system had vested in its chieftains, and also how much were still available to them. Among the proprietors and tacksmen that he meets, he cites many who, while maintaining traditional Highland hospitality and ceremony, employ their superior (if usually quite modest) resources wisely, gradually introducing improvements in agriculture and education and restraining inhumane practices. But the diary is shadowed by memories of a long-dead oppressor of the people, Patrick Stewart, Earl of Orkney.

At Scalloway, near Lerwick in Shetland, Scott and his friends view the ruins of a gothic castle built by Earl Patrick in 1600. "He was so dreaded, that upon his trial one Zetland witness refused to say a word till he was assured that there was no chance of the Earl returning to Scalloway" (213–14). A little later, the travelers view the ruins of the Earl's palace in Kirkwall on the Orkney mainland. Although full of praise for a structure that might provide "excellent hints" for a "modern architect, wishing to emulate the real Gothic architecture, and apply it to the purposes of modern splendour" (248), the gothicizer of Abbotsford comments: "To accomplish these objects, he oppressed the people with severities unheard-of even in that oppressive age, drew down on himself a shameful though deserved punishment, and left these dishonoured ruins to hand down to posterity the tale of his crimes and of his fall. We may adopt, though in another sense, his own presumptuous motto: *Sic Fuit, Est, et Erit* [Thus has it always been, is now, and shall forever be]" (249).[8]

Despite the vein of pessimism that runs through the diary, Scott concludes with the comment that "I have enjoyed as much pleasure as in any six weeks of my life" (370), and the narrative does show him mainly reveling in vigorous health and high spirits. Stimulated by the bonhomie of companionable tourism, constant changes of scene, new objects of curiosity, and the—to a degree—improvisational and exploratory nature of the itinerary, he is in a playful mood much of the time, tickled by superstitions and views of the world that seem risibly outlandish—to an outlander—and also by the awkward spectacle that the visitors themselves sometimes make. As evidence of the frequent ebullience and unguarded nature of the diary, I cite a passage from his account of a visit to the summit of Sum-

burgh Head on Shetland, where the height of the cliff and the raging seas beneath are so inspiring that he jests he might "have written and spoken madness of any kind in prose or poetry. But I gave vent to my excited feelings in a more simple way; and sitting gently down on the steep green slope which led to the beach, I e'en slid down a few hundred feet, and found the exercise quite an adequate vent to my enthusiasm. I recommend this exercise (time and place suiting) to all my brother scribblers" (227).

In Stromness, Scott and his friends "paraded . . . like turkeys in a string" up a steep hill overlooking the town to the cabin of an ancient hag named Bessy Millie who made her living by "selling winds. Each captain of a merchantman, between jest and earnest, gives the old woman sixpence, and she boils her kettle to procure a favourable gale" (273). Scott adds his donation and not long afterwards finds "Bessy Millie a woman of her word, for the expected breeze has sprung up, if it but last us till we double Cape Wrath" (274–75). The story of Bessy Millie and her winds is but one of many amusing tales that Scott recounts in the diary, and, while it is doubtless true that they are primarily at the expense of the superstitious islanders, we must bear in mind that Scott was a humorist with a sharp but tolerant eye for absurdity in any quarter, high or low. What makes the islanders interesting and sympathetic as well as sometimes amusing to him is that they do not see the world as he and other educated mainlanders do. Nothing is more characteristic of Scott the heir of the Scottish Enlightenment than this fascination with cultural difference. Along with the laughter is mingled much sadness on behalf of people whose old-fashioned loyalties no less than their ignorance make them and their culture very vulnerable.

Scott the scholarly collector of old ballads and historical mementos of all kinds was always on the alert for survivals of ancient superstitions and legends—for the sake of their poetry and for the insights they sometimes gave into the minds of peoples long since vanished. Perhaps the most charming folklore recorded in the diary derives from Castle Dunvegan on Skye, whose "hospitality and elegance" Johnson and Boswell enjoyed forty-one years earlier. Most amusing and suggestive of Dunvegan's relics is "a fairy flag, a pennon of silk, with something like round red rowan-berries wrought upon it . . . Produced in battle, it multiplied the numbers of the Macleods—spread on the nuptial bed, it ensured fertility—and lastly, it brought herring into the loch" (304, 305). It would be difficult to find a

more compact and vivid summation of the chief be-fruitful-and-multiply desiderata of a feudal overlord: overwhelming superiority of numbers in battle, abundance of food to feed them, and a quiver full of sons to inherit. Presumably the red dots that Scott associates with the berries of the native Rowan tree also represent blood, from the dead and wounded in warfare, from the bridal bed (and birthing couch), and from the shoals of fish when caught and gutted.

Obviously Scott was no ordinary tourist. As a prominent citizen, he traveled as guest of the Scottish Lighthouse Commission; as a literary celebrity, he was entertained by the leaders of any community he visited; and as a well-known authority on the history and folkways of Scotland, he was volunteered an abundance of local lore. With the guidance of their hosts, Scott and his companions enthusiastically inspected ancient Pict fortifications, prehistoric standing stones, and the remains of medieval cathedrals, castles, and funerary monuments. On Dunvegan, he was delighted to "learn that most of the Highland superstitions, even that of the second-sight, are still in force" (305). On Iona—where Johnson had written so eloquently in defense of the emotions inspired by sites once important in the history of human endeavor and, by extension, of those tourist-pilgrims who traveled far to view them—Scott too was moved by the ruins of the cathedral and cemetery:

> Of these monuments, more than of any other, it may be said with propriety,
>
> "You never tread upon them but you set
> Your feet upon some ancient history."
>
> . . . Macbeth is said to have been the last King of Scotland here buried; sixty preceded him, all doubtless as powerful in their day, but now unknown . . . A few weeks' labour of Shakspeare, an obscure player, has done more for the memory of Macbeth than all the gifts, wealth, and monuments of this cemetery of princes have been able to secure to the rest of its inhabitants. (325–27)

This elegiac reflection, though perhaps recalling Thomas Gray's in another and distant cemetery, we recognize as characteristic of Scott, providing additional evidence that he was normally more responsive to places with strong human-historical associations than to those celebrated only for natural beauty or grandeur. However, the circumstances on this tour were special, and I believe that during its six weeks he was exposed to the sheer

magnitude and power of nature as on no other occasion. On the one hand, he describes himself enjoying the supreme pleasure of sitting on deck with a companion in squally weather "like two great bears, wrapt in watch-cloaks, the sea flying over us every now and then" (278). On the other, he responds to some uncommonly high seas by commenting that although he felt safe in the yacht, "he must have a stouter heart than mine, who can contemplate without horror the situation of a vessel of an inferior description caught among these headlands and reefs of rocks, in the long and dark winter nights of these regions" (229). He appears already to be imagining some of the perilous voyages he will describe in the opening cantos of *The Lord of the Isles.*

Among the most memorable events of the trip were a series of excursions into caverns on the Hebrides and the west coast of the mainland. One such cavern, on the isle of Egg (Eigg), was famed not for its grandeur but for being the "scene of a horrid feudal vengeance" (320) where the two hundred inhabitants of the island, trapped in their place of refuge, were suffocated by a fire lit at the entrance on the orders of the Laird of Macleod. Over the protests of the yacht's crew, who feared it would bring bad luck, Scott pocketed the skull of one of the victims as a grisly souvenir. Although he censured "the senseless rage of appropriation among recent tourists" who broke off stalactites in Macallister's Cave to keep as souvenirs (317), he seems unconscious that his own tourist behavior could be considered a violation of ground made sacred by the massacre.

After visiting Fingal's Cave on the island of Staffa, Scott summarizes the aesthetic characters of "the three grandest caverns in Scotland, Smowe, Macallister's Cave, and Staffa" which he identifies as respectively "terrific," "beautiful," and "sublime." Especially interesting is his account of the "savage gloom" of the cave at Smowe (Smoo) where "the difficulties which oppose the stranger are of a nature so uncommonly wild as . . . convey an impression of terror" (332). The summary terms he uses are reminiscent of Radcliffean gothic. "Terror" was the emotion that Radcliffe's contemporaries especially associated with the experiences of her heroines and of themselves as readers, but even more Radcliffean is the ready interchangeability of manmade structures, natural objects, and persons ("savage gloom"). The distinctions Scott draws betwéen the leading features of the Smowe cavern and Fingal's Cave (which is majestically high and fully visible in daylight) introduce a contrast that is likewise reminiscent of Rad-

cliffe's fiction between what might be called the sublime of terror (incarcerating, suffocating, ravishing) and the sublime of transport (liberating, elevating, awe-ful). While it is hard to believe that Scott could have described the cave at Smowe as he does without being conscious of parallels with Radcliffean gothic, specific influence is not at issue here. Scott shares his aesthetic conventions, vocabulary, and schematizing impulse not with a single predecessor but with the age.

Far less convention-ridden and (so it appears) far more deeply felt is his description of Loch Coriskin [Coruisk] on the isle of Skye.[9] According to Erskine, he and Scott's other companions on the tour "all perceived him, when inspecting for the first time scenes of remarkable grandeur, to be in such an abstracted and excited mood . . . pacing the deck rapidly, muttering to himself . . . at Loch Corriskin, in particular, he seemed quite overwhelmed with his feelings" (181–82). Erskine's account corroborates the internal evidence provided by the descriptions in the diary and *The Lord of the Isles* that the Coriskin excursion was the climactic moment of Scott's Northern Lights voyage:

> Advancing up this huddling and riotous brook, we found ourselves in a most extraordinary scene: we were surrounded by hills of the boldest and most precipitous character, and on the margin of a lake which seemed to have sustained the constant ravages of torrents from these rude neighbours. The shores consisted of huge layers of naked granite, here and there intermixed with bogs, and heaps of gravel and sand marking the course of torrents. Vegetation there was little or none, and the mountains rose so perpendicularly from the water's edge, that Borrowdale is a jest to them. We proceeded about one mile and a half up this deep, dark, and solitary lake, which is about two miles long, half a mile broad, and, as we learned, of extreme depth. The vapour which enveloped the mountain ridges obliged us by assuming a thousand shapes, varying its veils in all sorts of forms, but sometimes clearing off altogether . . . It is as exquisite as a savage scene, as Loch Katrine is as a scene of stern beauty . . . Stones, or rather large massive fragments of rocks . . . lay upon the rocky beach in the strangest and most precarious situations . . . some lay loose and tottering upon the ledges of the natural rock, with so little security that the slightest push moved them, though their weight exceeded many tons. (312–14)

As if echoing Gilpin's comment on the sinister look of a landscape near Grasmere,[10] he remarks, "This is said, in ancient times, to have been the abode of banditti." (313). Probably he already anticipated making use of

the site and some of its legendary associations in his unfinished poem on the Bruce.

Scott's visit to Coriskin was one of the last great moments of the expedition for him. Not long afterwards, an impromptu detour to the Giant's Causeway on the Irish coast was spoiled by news of the death of Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, wife of the head of his own clan and the woman in the world whom Scott most admired. While visiting the Causeway, he wrote, "The traveller is plied by guides, who make their profit by selling pieces of crystal, agate, or chalcedony, found in the interstices of the rocks. Our party brought off some curious joints of the columns, and, had I been quite as I am wont to be, I would have selected four to be capitals of a rustic porch at Abbotsford. But alas! alas! I am much out of love with vanity at this moment" (363). After his return to Abbotsford, the death of the Duchess was still much on his mind and may well have cast a shadow on *The Lord of the Isles* and *Guy Mannering*, both of which he completed during the remaining months of 1814.

3

In 1810, after reading *The Lady of the Lake*, Coleridge remarked contemptuously in a letter to Wordsworth that "a man accustomed to cast words in metre and familiar with descriptive Poets & Tourists, himself a Picturesque Tourist, must be troubled with a mental Strangury, if he could not lift up his leg six times at six different Corners, and each time p—— a canto."[11] Had their contemporaries known Coleridge's negative opinion of Scott's metrical romances and Wordsworth's of Gilpinian principles,[12] they might have suspected a degree of envy in this dismissal of poems that were then hugely popular, and might also have suspected that Coleridge was catering to the prejudices of his audience. The history of taste has turned out to be on Coleridge's side, but Scott could rise to the occasion as a poet when moved imaginatively by a particular scene or situation. The song he wrote for Lucy Ashton in *The Bride of Lammermoor*—"Look not thou on beauty's charming"—could hardly be bettered as a lyric or as a dramatic revelation of character and portent of fate. Similar claims might be made for other short poems in the Waverley novels and for some extended passages in his metrical romances. The powerful scene in *The Lord of the Isles*

that takes place beside Loch Coriskin is one of the finest in Romantic narrative.

Scott's original plan for *The Lord of the Isles* probably included an incident based on the account in Barbour's *The Bruce* (c. 1375) of how three men pretending to be allies attacked the Bruce and his foster brother when the latter fell asleep on his watch. This legendary action, in which the foster brother died and the Bruce slayed the murderers, epitomized the perilous situation in which the King then found himself: a disputed title to the throne of Scotland, a host of enemies, few friends and those not always reliable, and the rest of his countrymen of uncertain and changeable allegiance. Scott certainly knew that the incident was supposed to have occurred in the Bruce's own Ayrshire *patria*, much closer than Skye to where he must either win or lose the throne. Clearly, however, because there was no reason to trust in the historicity of this episode, Scott felt free to adapt it as best suited his own quasi-historical narrative or as served to bring out its latent force and significance. The Loch Coriskin setting was the absolutely right setting, the precise "objective correlative," for Scott's version of a perhaps apocryphal incident that much more plausibly happened elsewhere.[13]

The overall action of *The Lord of the Isles* need concern us only insofar as it bears on the Coriskin episode. Apparently believing that some love interest was necessary to the commercial success of his poem, Scott departed from Barbour by inventing a tale of the frustrated, off-and-on, but at last successful love between the Bruce's ally Ronald, the eponymous Lord of the (Western) Isles, and Edith, sister of Bruce's inveterate enemy Allaster of Lorn.[14] By giving Ronald a prominent role in the action, Scott lends some credibility to Bruce's choice of Skye as a temporary refuge and thus to an astonished discovery of Loch Coriskin that anticipates Scott's own five centuries later:

> For rarely human eye has known
> A scene so stern as that dread lake,
> With its dark ledge of barren stone.
> Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
> Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way
> Through the rude bosom of the hill,
> And that each naked precipice,
> Sable ravine, and dark abyss,

Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,
And copse on Cruchan-Ben;
But here,—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.[15]

The diction is spare and fitted to the scene; the rhythm is measured and yet subtly varied in concert with the syntax; and the syntax, although sometimes cramped and rugged like the landscape itself, is wonderfully effective in disposing the images so that each is clearly presented in its turn. On the surface, this passage is but a verse paraphrase of the description of Loch Coriskin in the Northern Lights diary, but there is a major difference. For while a reader bent on discovering sexual imagery could unearth it in the diary description, here it is inescapable and charged with the violence of an assault that has left the ground sterile and seemingly accursed. So far as the scene itself is concerned, this is a powerful and apt conceit, but it is also an effective adjunct to the narrative.

While Bruce, Ronald, and Ronald's page Allan muse on this sublime desolation, five strangers—"Men were they all of evil mien"—abruptly appear as if out of the earth, "underneath yon jutting crag" (III, xix, xvii). In Scott's reworking of the episode, the suspicious-looking strangers are increased from three to five, presumably because including Ronald has increased the Bruce's party to three—Allan standing in for the foster brother who falls asleep and is murdered. As in Barbour's account, Bruce and his companions are given refuge in the strangers' makeshift shelter but maintain a distance and decline to disarm. Once inside, they find a captive:

A slender boy, whose form and mien
Ill suited with such savage scene,
In cap and cloak of velvet green,
  Low seated on the ground.
His garb was such as minstrels wear,
Dark was his hue, and dark his hair,
His youthful cheek was marr'd by care,
  His eyes in sorrow drown'd. (III, xxii)

There is no such captive in Barbour's version. Readers familiar with the conventions of Romantic fiction would have immediately recognized that the captive boy whose "dark neck with blushes burn'd" is a woman in disguise and most probably Edith of Lorn. Indeed, Scott is not only reworking Barbour here but borrowing love intrigue from *Twelfth Night*.[16] As in Shakespeare's play the audience's knowledge, or here suspicion, that the boy is really a woman invests the situation with a potential for erotic titillation and comedy. But the mood in this canto is anything but comic. The brutal character of Edith's captors and the correspondingly "savage" nature of the setting, itself the product of a kind of geological rape, make the threat of sexual violation in this scene no less present and terrifying than the threat of murder.

Much as Barbour does, Scott concludes the Coriskin episode with the death of the drowsy watchman and (with Ronald's aid) the Bruce's triumph over the treacherous hosts. Scott's description of the page drifting off to sleep includes images of Macallister's Cave—the wonderful cavern whose pristine beauty had already been marred by souvenir-hungry tourists. But neither this nor the canto's numerous other allusions to Hebridean sites visited during Scott's Northern Lights voyage is so well developed or powerfully imagined as his description of the Coriskin setting.

4

Like Scott's description of Loch Coriskin, Turner's austere image of the same scene (Figure 4) can be considered one of the masterpieces of Romantic tourist fiction. Engraved as a frontispiece for *The Lord of the Isles*, Turner's image of the loch and its surroundings was but one of a series of illustrations that the publisher Robert Cadell commissioned for the *Poeti-*

cal Works and other collections of Scott's writings during the 1830s.[17] What distinguishes this commission from later ones is that Turner was able to stay at Abbotsford and even to travel in Scott's company to places nearby. Thus he had access not only to the poems and notes that Scott added in 1830 but also to Scott's oral glosses and suggestions, perhaps even to the Northern Lights diary. Scott took a keen interest in this project and exercised considerable control over the choice of sites to be illustrated. Turner, for his part, was more than willing to let Scott and the poems themselves decide his itinerary—especially when they steered him towards the land and seascapes of the Western Highlands and Hebrides.

The genesis of Turner's image involved three stormy voyages: Bruce's in 1307 from Ireland to the west of Scotland; Scott's in 1814 with the Northern Lights expedition; and Turner's own in 1831, northwest by land and sea from Stirling to Skye and Staffa (Fingal's Cave being the subject of the other illustration in *The Lord of the Isles* volume). Scott imagines the Bruce's vessel to have been a small skiff, open to the elements and struggling in the strenuous seas off the Hebrides. Scott's own trip was aboard a well-outfitted and manned naval cutter, while Turner's was on a steamship that he afterwards pictured in "Staffa: Fingal's Cave" (1832), in which the ship is shown enveloped in a tremendous storm and laboring against a high sea.[18] To judge from this painting, from Turner's illustrations for *The Lord of the Isles*, and from Scott's accounts of Coriskin, the wild seas and sometimes wilder landscapes they experienced lost nothing in sublimity by the contrast between them and the remarkable technological advances in sea-travel safety, speed, and comfort embodied in the new lighthouses and ships. For impressive as the latter assuredly were (harbingers of as well as major contributors to a new era in maritime transportation and thus, among many other developments, in tourism), they were nonetheless dwarfed by the mighty forces of nature.

In the engraved image of Coriskin,[19] we are presented with what appears to be a kind of natural analogue of a battlefield some years after a great conflict. It is a scene of devastation, the aftermath of a huge convulsion that has left neither vegetation nor arable ground. The human figures appear not only puny but discordant with the ravaged scene upon which they gaze. By perching these exposed figures well above the loch but well below both the surrounding mountains and the point from which they are viewed, Turner gives the composition a sublime verticality and more than

Figure 4. Loch Coriskin. J.M.W Turner, illustration for *The Lord of the Isles* in *Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott* (Edinburgh, 1832–34), Vol. X, courtesy of Tate Britain Gallery.

a hint of menace. For the almost wave-shaped peaks in the distance seem arrested in a process that, although frozen for millennia, might erupt at any moment.

Another possible influence on Turner's expectations regarding Coriskin may have come from John Macculloch's *The Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland* (1824), the avocational byproduct of the geologist's many field trips throughout the Highlands and Western Islands.[20] John Gage speculates that Scott directed Turner to Macculloch's description of the tremendous impression Loch Coriskin made on him when, like Scott a few years later, he stumbled on the scene largely by chance:[21]

> Not a blade of grass seems ever to have grown here "since summer first was leafy." . . . So suddenly and unexpectedly does this strange scene break on the view, so unlike is it to the sea bay without, so dissimilar to all other scenery, and so little to be foreseen in a narrow insulated spot like Sky, that I felt as if transported by some magician into the enchanted wilds of an Arabian tale, carried to the habitations of Genii among the mysterious recesses of Caucasus. (III, 474–75)

The Caucasus mountains were then a byword for the sublimely wild, remote, and, as Macculloch says, "mysterious." So gigantic is the scale of things within the Coriskin basin—especially the "huge insulated rocks,

which, in any other place, might be thought hills"—that he likens himself to an insect or Gulliver in Brobdingnab. Gage comments that Turner "caught this feeling perfectly, and . . . included himself among the insect-like figures" (220). Whether or not Turner ever read Macculloch's further meditation on the sublimity of the silence at Coriskin, his picture conveys an impression of silence by placing the tiny human figures in a state of eerie isolation and stillness.

Turner's picture is a comparatively free representation of Loch Coriskin, but of what exactly is it an *illustration*? The collaboration between Turner and Scott was based on an understanding that the watercolor drawings from which the engravings were to be taken would not be of the characters or events in the poems but of the sites of the action as these appeared in the early nineteenth century. Of course the distinction between present and past appearances mattered less in the case of Loch Coriskin and Fingal's Cave than it did in regard to, say, Norham Castle or Melrose Abbey, since the former had presumably changed little over the intervening centuries. But Turner underscores the contemporaneity of the Coriskin scene by outfitting the human observers in nineteenth-century dress, one of them (presumably, as Gage suggests, Turner himself) making a sketch of the loch. He obviously could have omitted human figures entirely or tied the illustration more closely to the medieval narrative. The decision to depict the scene as if from the viewpoint of a contemporary tourist-artist sketching a tourist-artist sketching, draws attention to the acts of seeing and imagining: of creating a narrative or pictorial image in response to the powerful impression made by a particular site. Thus the narrative episode that Turner's image illustrates is to be found not in Scott's poem but in the Northern Lights diary and in Turner's later comment that he nearly broke his neck while clamoring up a rocky slope "to attain the best position" for making his sketches of this, "one of the wildest of Nature's landscapes."[22]

5

In contrast with the historical "high and perilous enterprise" of Jacobite rebellion in which Waverley becomes involved, Scott's second novel, *Guy Mannering* (1815), is "a tale of private life"[23] principally concerned with the fictional loss and recovery of an ancestral estate and title. Sacrificing the

romantic glamour of a Highland setting and an already legendary era in British history, Scott shifts the time of the main action to the recent past (the early 1780s) and the place to the Border regions of Galloway and Dumfriesshire in Scotland and briefly to the more imposing landscapes of Cumberland in England. Although the novel does touch on some historical events and figures, such as Britain's imperialist wars in India and various Scottish Enlightenment luminaries whom Colonel Mannering meets in Edinburgh, the shift from the public theater of political and military history to the private sphere is decisive. Scott is free to improvise an almost Radcliffean wandering narrative that mixes murder, smuggling, robbery, legal chicanery, kidnapping, thwarted young love, astrological prediction, and gypsy fortunetelling with sharply contrasting scenes of life in sophisticated Edinburgh and the remote Borders countryside.

Even though the novel's main male protagonists, Mannering and Harry Bertram, are both unwavering veteran soldiers, and though the chill autumn weather and bleak landscapes make the characters think more of food and shelter than of charming glens and picturesque cascades, *Mannering* is more explicitly concerned than *Waverley* with travelers who are declaredly tourists and with experiences characteristic of Romantic tourism. Opening the narrative two decades before the main action, Scott introduces "a young English gentleman, who had just left the university of Oxford" arriving at nightfall in the vicinity of an estate named Ellangowan after spending much of the day sketching "monastic ruins in the county of Dumfries."[24] Scott usually provides plausible reasons for his English visitors coming so far north, and in Mannering's case the pretext is that he is spending the interval between completing his university education and embarking on his military career by making a tour of the Lake District which he decides to extend "into the adjacent frontier of the sister country." Since his first visit to Dumfriesshire must be shortly after 1760, Mannering is a relatively precocious tourist in these regions but not anachronistically so.

In one of Scott's best openings, Mannering, after a compact series of humorous touristic misadventures, at last arrives at Ellangowan New Place just hours before the birth of the heir to the estate. In partial recompense for Godfrey Bertram's hospitality, Mannering, an amateur astrologist, provides a nativity chart for newborn Harry Bertram, discovering by the stars that the boy's fifth, tenth, and twenty-first years will be hazardous. This

prediction is soon paralleled in the fortune told by Meg Merrilies, an aged gypsy-woman living on the estate, who foresees that the thread of the boy's life will be "thrice broken, and thrice to *oop* (i.e. unite)" (24). As in *Waverley*, the narrator (who translates "*oop*") expresses skepticism about such glimpses into the future, but the predictions made at Ellangowan not only give the narrative a strong future-orientation but also establish the Borders as a strange liminal space where events dimly foreseen might come uncannily to pass.

Mannering takes his leave and disappears from the action for twenty-odd years but not before being greatly impressed by nearby "Ellangowan Auld Place," a ruined castle overlooking the Solway Firth that has been the Bertrams' property, and once their stronghold, time out of mind. In the ruin Mannering perceives "the striking remnants of ancient grandeur" (22); contrasting with the prophecies that foretell the family's future, it speaks of the Bertrams' heroic past. Ellangowan New Place, on the other hand, speaks of the family's recent fortunes. Constructed by Godfrey's father Lewis in the early eighteenth century out of stones from the uninhabitable old building, this homely product of needful economy boasts "a front like a grenadier's cap" and invites mock-heroic treatment (9).[25] Yet despite the gentle ridicule and a hint of misgiving about cannibalizing the "venerable ruins" to erect a new house, Scott clearly approves of Lewis Bertram's energetic efforts to rebuild not just the family's living quarters but also its economic base, the agricultural estate that his ancestors have largely squandered or encumbered with debt. His son Godfrey inherits the estate but not his energy and business acumen.

Ellangowan Auld Place becomes a silent witness to many key events involving the fate of the Bertram family: most notably, a battle between smugglers and excisemen during which young Harry (now in his fifth year) is abducted and generally presumed to have been killed; the death, nearly seventeen years later still, of the improvident Godfrey Bertram just before the sale of the estate to his false steward, Gilbert Glossin; a second visit by Mannering, retired as a colonel after twenty years of service in India, that coincides with Godfrey's death; and finally, the return of Harry Bertram, now known as Captain V. Brown. Unaware of his own true identity and of his connection with the place, Harry comes to Dumfriesshire in pursuit of Mannering's seventeen-year-old daughter Julia.

We are introduced to Julia, the novel's next important tourist,

through a series of letters from the Lake District to her dearest friend and confidante Matilda. The epistolary convention is perfectly suited to Scott's lively and romantic heroine who thinks, feels, and writes like the heroines of late-eighteenth-century sentimental epistolary novels:

> If India be the land of magic, this, my dearest Matilda, is the country of romance. The scenery is such as nature brings together in her sublimest moods . . . All the wildness of Salvator here, and there the fairy scenes of Claude. I am happy, too, in finding at least one subject upon which my father can share my enthusiasm. An admirer of nature, both as an artist and a poet, I have experienced the utmost pleasure from the observation by which he explains the character and the effect of these brilliant specimens of her power. I wish he would settle in this enchanting land. (93)

Julia's testimony that her father shares her "enthusiasm" for nature reminds us that it was Mannering's absorption in the quintessential tourist activity of sketching ruins that led to his introduction to Ellangowan and the Bertram family. And it is his passion for touring that causes him to miss buying the Bertram estate when it is auctioned after Godfrey's death. But it must be allowed that his passion is, on the whole, rather asserted by the narrator and Julia than convincingly shown. In his daughter's case, however, we see and hear a tourist sensibility as Romantic as that of Emily St. Aubert, likewise an "admirer of nature, both as an artist and a poet."

Since Julia's vocabulary and allusions borrow heavily from the common currency of mid- and late-eighteenth-century nature appreciation, it is impossible to say precisely which poets or novelists she has been reading. For Julia's articulated responses to the Lake District scenery are as purely conventional as possible—which is not to say that her raptures are insincere but only that, like young Waverley, she is earnestly, romantically literary. Aware of the expectations of her epistolary audience, she is also inclined to play parts. In her letters to Matilda, she is both responding intensely to the magnificent scenery *and* consciously playing the part of a Romantic tourist. For unlike Waverley, Julia is blessed with a fund of mischievous wit and self-awareness. Jogging along with her host, a portly gentleman farmer in Cumberland, she tells Mathilda: "I delight to make him scramble to the top of eminences and the foot of water-falls, and am obliged in return to admire his turnips, his lucerne, and his timothy grass. He thinks me, I fancy, a simple romantic Miss, with some—(the word will

be out) beauty, and some good nature; and I hold that the gentleman has good taste for the female outside, and do not expect he should comprehend my sentiments farther" (93–94). Julia's amused awareness of the ironic gap between "outside" and "inside" and of the equally ironic incongruity between turnips and waterfalls makes her one of Scott's most engaging heroines and also a spirit kindred to Scott himself, who delighted in masks and in abrupt and often ludicrous contrasts between the sublime and the homely or downright vulgar. A pertinent example of this kinship is Scott's opening portrayal of Julia's father as a young man spending the day sketching monastic ruins and nearly spending the night in a malodorous "jaw-hole" such as the author had seen on Fair Isle only a few months before writing *Guy Mannering.*

Although Harry Bertram's interests are more in Julia than in cascades or Border antiquities, he is the third important tourist in *Mannering.* Obliged because of a quarrel with Julia's father to remain temporarily at a distance while she and Mannering move to the vicinity of Ellangowan,[26] Bertram explores the Lake District with a friend who is a professional landscape artist. Writing to a Swiss comrade in arms, Delasere, Harry describes an inexplicable sense of familiarity and belonging that he also felt in the mountains of India:

> while most of the others felt only awe and astonishment at the height and grandeur of the scenery, I rather shared your feelings and those of Cameron, whose admiration of these wild rocks was blended with familiar love, derived from early association. Despite my Dutch education, a blue hill to me is as a friend, and a roaring torrent like the sound of a domestic song that has soothed my infancy . . . Some drawings I have attempted, but I succeed vilely . . . I labour and botch, and make this too heavy, and that too light, and produce at last a base caricature. (114)[27]

In this passage Scott lets the discourse of Romantic tourism take charge of the narrative. In order to complete the assemblage of sublime mountainous regions that were being toured or tamed by Europeans towards the end of the eighteenth century, Scott simply improvises Scottish and Swiss fellow soldiers. The improvisation has a degree of plausibility inasmuch as the garrisoning of Britain's empire created employment opportunities for, among others, displaced Highlanders such as Cameron and Swiss mercenaries such as Delasere. Plausible or not, the passage rein-

forces the connection Scott previously established in *Waverley* between tourism and imperialism.

Another touristic link with *Waverley* is Harry's attempt at sketching, but his ineptitude is a personal touch. Scott himself had no talent for drawing and professed not to be a good judge of paintings. Nonetheless, he counted many artists among his friends; and it was with one of them, the antiquarian and topographical artist James Skene, that he made a tour that provided the settings for one of the most memorable sequences in the Waverley novels, Harry's pedestrian journey to Dumfriesshire through the roadless and then comparatively lawless region of Liddesdale.[28]

When Harry leaves Skiddaw and Saddleback behind, he sets out with a "volume of Shakespeare in one pocket, a small bundle with a change of linen in the other, an oaken cudgel in his hand," traveling "along that *blind road*, by which I mean a tract so slightly marked by the passengers' footsteps, that it can but be traced by a slight shade of verdure from the darker heath around it" (117). The road less traveled takes him, as planned, to a section of Hadrian's Wall that is sufficiently intact to prompt a decidedly unoriginal meditation on the Romans and their empire: "'What a people! whose labours, even at this extremity of their empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon such a scale of grandeur! . . . all their public works, bear the grave, solid, and majestic character of their language; and our modern labours, like our modern tongues, seem but constructed out of their fragments.' Having thus moralized, he remembered he was hungry, and pursued his walk to a small public-house" (118). The cudgel, the Shakespeare, the change of linen, the abrupt transition from lofty moralizing over ruins to remembering an empty stomach—all of these details bring us close to the actual experience of a solitary tourist who delights in finding out-of-the-way sites of picturesque or historical interest. Scott clearly writes from personal experience when he comments on Bertram's tour: "Dr Johnson thought life had few things better than the excitation produced by being whirled rapidly along in a post-chaise; but he who has in youth experienced the confident and independent feeling of a stout pedestrian in an interesting country, and during fine weather, will hold the taste of the great moralist cheap in comparison" (118).

However, Scott did share "the taste of the great moralist" when it came to public accommodations for tourists and other travelers—a topic of no small importance in *A Journey to the Western Islands* and many of

Scott's novels. In *Mannering* Scott's hungry visitor to Hadrian's Wall takes his lunch at a primitive country alehouse, "Mump's Ha," one of three representative inns in the novel. The others are a village "local," the "Gordon Arms" near Ellangowan, and a city tavern, "Clerihugh's" in Edinburgh. In each case, Scott shows how the British institution of the public house can be adapted functionally to serve the practical and social needs of the locality. Mump's Ha is little more than a way station providing oats for the traveler's horse and ale and cold beef for its rider, while the Gordon Arms offers a comfortable gathering place for the community and "everything very agreeable for gentle-folks" (61). In contrast, Clerihugh's offers an urban retreat for Edinburgh professional men to make merry while feasting on oysters and claret. An allusion to Falstaff later in the novel reminds us that, in making taverns the site of meetings and exchange of news critical to the progress of the narrative, Scott in this and subsequent novels is carrying forward a tradition of literature in English that goes back to Chaucer's Tabard Inn. By grouping later novels under the title "Tales of My Landlord" and creating introductory frame narratives set in the fictional "Cleikum Inn," Scott not only proclaimed his delight in the idiosyncrasies, utility, and social and physical warmth of British inns but also suggested that his fictions themselves housed a similarly mixed company.

At the same time, he knew his subject too well to turn a blind eye to the liabilities of eighteenth-century public houses. The "miserable entrance" to Clerihugh's has a window "which admitted a little light during the day-time, and a villainous compound of smells at all times" (203). Even the comfortable Gordon Arms has a public room filled with "the tobacco-reek" (61–62). As for Mump's Ha, Scott explains in a note to the Magnum edition of the novel that he based it on a hedge alehouse of the same name which was notorious as a hangout for "banditti" who, supplied with information by the landlady, robbed the travelers while they were still digesting their food. This fate is narrowly escaped by Bertram and an acquaintance made at Mump's Ha, a prosperous Borders farmer of heroic heart and stature named Dandie Dinmont. Dinmont soon makes up for the false hospitality of Mump's Ha by entertaining Harry with great warmth and generosity at his Liddesdale farm "Charlieshope."

The welcome Bertram receives here parallels that which launched the main narrative, when the young Mannering found an open door at Ellangowan, or that which later keeps the action digressively in motion, when

an older Mannering is given letters of introduction to the Edinburgh philosophers by Lawyer Pleydell. As Scott underscores, these kindly welcomes have special importance and value in places ill-supplied with "civilized" amenities or protection for travelers. Traditional Scottish hospitality is implicitly counterpointed to a number of signal acts of inhospitality, of which the most fully and movingly depicted is Godfrey Bertram's expulsion of the band of gypsies which for generations had found refuge on the Ellangowan estate. In spite of their outlandish garb and rituals, pilferings, and likely involvement in more serious crimes, Scott mounts an argument in favor of tolerating the gypsy settlement, an argument based partly on fellow feeling for anybody unroofed (as is literally the case here) and partly on his recognition that these seemingly useless and unassimilated vagrants have, like Wordsworth's old Cumberland beggar, a valuable social function.[29] A reader of the Northern Lights diary is reminded here of Scott's comment that if he were an Orcadian laird faced with retaining or dismissing uneconomical tenants, he would "shuffle on with the old useless creatures, in contradiction to my better judgment."

The expulsion of the gypsies and the Bertrams' own forced departure from Ellangowan are clearly linked thematically (although not causally) in the novel's scheme of retribution and expiation. However, Scott represents Godfrey's actions as an aberration in the history of a family that over the centuries has demonstrated that rootedness is a fundamental social good by offering a roof to travelers, be they shabby gypsies or upper-class tourists like Mannering. Mannering himself later takes in Harry's homeless sister Lucy and helps the Bertrams recover Ellangowan because he remembers the kindness they once extended to him.

To return to Harry at Charlieshope: during a week spent as the Dinmonts' guest, he enjoys a series of Homeric chases of which those for fox and salmon are the most memorably described. While obviously reveling in the energy and skill of the hunters, Scott leaves no doubt that these are blood sports. He is careful to distance both the narrator and Bertram from the violence of the kill. In the case of the fox hunt, the narrator distinguishes between the all-out approach of the Scottish farmers and the "fair play" exercised by an English hunt when "poor Reynard" is "pursued in form through an open country" (134). Whose side the narrator is on is hard to tell since he expresses sympathy for the personified fox, a hint of approval for the chivalric "courtesy" of an English hunt, and powerful attrac-

tion to the wild spectacle of the Liddesdale chase. But Scott's hero remains a distant spectator, riding along a ridge with his host and other farmers and their dogs while beaters and more dogs drive the fox along the bottom of the deep ravine:

> The scene, though uncouth to the eye of a professed sportsman, had something in it wildly captivating. The shifting figures on the mountain ridge, having the sky for their back-ground, appeared to move in air. The dogs, impatient of their restraint, and maddened with the baying beneath, sprung here and there, and strained at the slips, which prevented them from joining their companions. Looking down, the view was equally striking. The thin mists were not totally dispersed in the glen, so that it was often through their gauzy medium that the eye strove to discover the motions of the hunters below. Sometimes a breath of wind made the scene visible, the blue rill glittering as it twined itself through its solitary and rude dell. They then could see the shepherds springing with fearless activity from one dangerous step to another, and cheering the dogs upon the scent, the whole so diminished by depth and distance, that they looked like pigmies. Again the mists close over them, and the only signs of their continued exertion are the halloos of the men, and the clamour of the hounds, ascending, as it were, out of the bowels of the earth. (135)

And so to the kill. The panoramic scene has many of the earmarks of the sublime: the great distances, the precipitous ravine, the shifting mists that give play to the imagination, the strong suggestion of an atavistic return to the savage origins of humankind. At the climactic moment the narrator shifts to the present tense—an ancient rhetorical ploy especially apt in this context. All below is immediacy and release while all above is distance and restraint: an emblem, surely, of the ascent from savagery to civilization. But the gap between the two is momentarily closed for observers transported by the "wildly captivating" spectacle while their "maddened" dogs struggle to join the chase.

The salmon leistering brings Bertram too close to the bloody action for comfort. Dandie's fellow Borderers spear the salmon at night with the aid of "fire-grates, filled with blazing fragments of tar-barrels . . . while others, like the ancient Bacchanals in their gambols, ran along the banks, brandishing their torches and spears" (136). As in the fox-hunting scene, Scott depicts a temporary breach of civilized restraint, this time drawing an analogy to the myth of King Pentheus, torn to pieces by the maddened Bacchae. (Many of Scott's readers, sensitive to the antirevolutionary rheto-

ric of the period, would have recognized in this allusion a submerged reference to the excesses of the French Revolution.) After ineptly trying his hand at the sport, Harry pulls back from the slaughter: "Nor did he relish, though he concealed feelings which would not have been understood, being quite so near the agonies of the expiring salmon, which lay flapping about in the boat, which they moistened with their blood." He asks to be put ashore and, from the vantage of the bank, "enjoyed the scene much more to his own satisfaction." By distancing himself physically, Bertram also distances himself socially as a genteel tourist with fine feelings and educated tastes which enable him to enjoy the picturesque "effect produced by the strong red glare on the romantic banks under which the boat glided" (136–37). Although Scott perhaps pokes a little fun at this veteran soldier's fastidiousness, he nonetheless clearly endorses touristic spectatorship as a valuable and suitable recreation "for gentle folks."

Scott's patently warm approval extends to the other recreational activities depicted in the novel. In addition to the hunting scenes, we witness urban professional men playing "High Jinks" during their "hebdomadal carousals" at Clerihugh's and an entire community enjoying ice-skating on a lake near Ellangowan. Scott's contemporaries thought of these and the hunting scenes as like Dutch "genre" paintings, and so they are. But they, as well as the several passages describing students, soldiers, and lively young women sketching and otherwise enjoying the pleasures of Romantic tourism, also have a heuristic function: to encourage readers to think well of innocent amusements, recognizing that people of all sorts and conditions had need of recreation and that a life without play was not a full or even necessarily a virtuous life.

The hunting scenes illustrate the importance of imaginative play in Scott's poetics. James Skene reports Scott contending that the powers of the mimetic arts "rested not in furnishing the subjects of imagination, ready dressed and served up, so much as in those happy and masterly touches which give play to the imagination, and exerted the fancy to act and paint for itself by skilfully leading it to the formation of lofty conceptions and to the most pleasing exercise of its own attribute. Hence the superior effect to most minds of an ingenious sketch, where a dexterous and clever hint gives being to beauties which the laborious details of painting could never portray."[30] Anything but original, as we have seen, this principle applies not just to sketches but to all kinds of "hints" including ruins

and partial views. Scott's description of the fox hunt in *Guy Mannering* perfectly exemplifies how just the right balance between the seen and unseen can draw the observer into the action as an imaginative participant.

In addition to their inviting fragmentary quality, ruins often have the powerful adjunct of historical associations. Scott was keenly aware that a mind unfurnished with these associations or untaught to "give play to the imagination" would be dead to the romance of, for example, Iona's ruins. It would likewise be dead to a literary art built, as was his and Byron's, on the power of associations to move memory and imagination in concert. His literary project from the *Border Minstrelsy* collection through the Scottish Waverley novels can be viewed as a vast educational effort meant to supply that deficiency. In what is virtually a textbook demonstration, *Guy Mannering* shows how the process works when a tourist, interested in a ruin because of a striking drawing or verbal description, goes in quest of the "real thing"—often unaware how much any pleasure in the encounter will depend on what he or she brings to it. When Harry visits Hadrian's Wall, we are provided with no description of the site, presumably because Scott considered the remains of slight visual interest. Yet while they might offer little to the eye, they are riches to the moral and historical imagination. A glimpse of what survives stirs Harry's imagination to a sweeping meditation on the wonderful achievements of the ancient Romans and the comparative insignificance of the efforts of modern peoples. Hackneyed though his sentiments are, it is a matter of no small significance that a heap of stones on a barren moor—if they be endowed with the right historical associations—can thus expand and transport the mind.

When Harry eventually reaches Dumfriesshire and glimpses Ellangowan Auld Place for the first time since his abduction as a child, he does not consciously recognize it as having a connection with himself, but his buried memories of the place compel him to interrupt his pursuit of Julia. "Perhaps," speculates the narrator, "some early associations, retaining their effect long after the cause was forgotten, mingled in the feelings of pleasure with which he regarded the scene before him" (241–42). When the ferryman asks whether he would like to be put ashore immediately below the ruin, Bertram answers as if in the grip of a greater passion: "I should like it of all things. I must visit that ruin before I continue my journey" (242). And so Harry is led by the most farfetched of concatenated events and his own subconscious recognitions back to Ellangowan.

Then, in a bold narrative move much more characteristic of this novel and *The Bride of Lammermoor* than of the novels discussed in the previous chapter, Scott crowds the site and moment with ironic "chance" *rencontres* between the present and past. As Harry stands viewing the ruined castle, the new owner of the Bertram estate (the Bertrams' former steward Gilbert Glossin) approaches, unaware of Harry's presence:

> It happened that the spot upon which young Bertram chanced to station himself for the better viewing the castle, was nearly the same on which his father had died. It was marked by a large old oak tree . . . which, having been used for executions by the barons of Ellangowan, was called the Justice-Tree. It chanced, and the coincidence was remarkable, that Glossin was this morning engaged with a person . . . concerning some projected repairs, and a large addition to the house of Ellangowan, and that, having no great pleasure in remains so intimately connected with the grandeur of the former inhabitants, he had resolved to use the stones of the ruinous castle in his new edifice. (245)

Glossin remarks to his companion that "the old place is a perfect quarry of hewn stone, and it would be better for the estate if it were all down." Overhearing this, Bertram abruptly emerges from beneath the tree and protests against the projected demolition: "His face, person, and voice, were so exactly those of his father in his best days, that Glossin . . . almost thought the grave had given up its dead!" (245). Affected as much by the place as by the person, Glossin is momentarily terrified by what he guiltily takes to be the ghost of his victim—apt punishment for his earlier sins against the family and for those he now contemplates.

Why, as the narrator strongly suggests, was it acceptable for Harry's grandfather to use part of the ruin to build a new house but unacceptable for Glossin to dismantle the remainder in order to extend Ellangowan New Place? Of the several explanations that come to mind, two seem especially pertinent. Whereas Lewis Bertram's construction project was dictated by the basic human need for shelter, a need repeatedly foregrounded in this novel, the bachelor Glossin—insensitive aesthetically as well as morally—seems motivated solely by vanity. And whereas Lewis was obliged to use such building materials as were at hand, Glossin is motivated by a destructive urge to demolish this monument of former times and reminder of its former owners—an act than which, on Scott's reckoning, few sins against the spirit of Scotland could be worse.

The effects of the Auld Place on Harry are just the opposite, prompting an effort of restoration rather than of erasure. Observing the Bertram family motto carved over the doorway of the castle—"*Our Right makes our Might*"—suffices to "awaken . . . the slumbering train of association," recalling a ballad whose tune and references to Bertram and nearby Warroch-Head contain the clues to his identity (246–48). Harry is seized by Glossin's men before being able to follow up these hints, but we may note that his experience corresponds closely to what William Gilpin had noticed concerning the associative effects of Border places. Almost every river in the region, he wrote, was "the subject of some Scotch ditty, which the scene [raised] to the memory of those . . . versed in the lyrics of the country."[31]

Because Glossin knows that Godfrey's son and heir is alive and in the vicinity, he quickly recovers and makes the correct identification. Unfurnished with this information, other locals fail to discern Godfrey's well-known features in the face of "V. Brown"—even though we are told these have been reproduced in Harry's face with almost perfect fidelity. The collective nonrecognition of the hero on his return reflects Scott's awareness as sheriff and aesthetician of the way interpretive cues could activate associations which have the power to modify the imputed value or meaning of a thing or person. One reason why "V. Brown" is not readily recognized (except by the preternaturally acute Meg Merrilees) is that his "plain and simple" traveling costume gives nothing away (117). As for the young man's family name, the snobbish Mannering sums up the "value-added" significance of being Bertram rather than Brown: "I should also be glad to see his birth established. Not that I am anxious about his getting the estate of Ellangowan, though such a subject is held in absolute indifference no where except in a novel. But certainly Henry Bertram, heir of Ellangowan, whether possessed of the property of his fathers or no, is a very different sound from Vanbeest Brown, the son of nobody at all" (317). Julia Mannering, who has loved "Brown" solely for his personal excellences, indulges a "secret smile" when her father explains that, after all, the Bertrams have a heroic history almost comparable to that of the Mannerings. But Scott would have agreed that such a genealogy added value to the person now recognized as Henry Bertram on much the same principle that the known history of Hadrian's Wall conferred value—indeed, in that case *alone* conferred value—on its rubble remains.

As to the "property" Harry might inherit, Scott would have drawn a

distinction between the Ellangowan estate as a marketable commodity and Ellangowan as family home. The wealth represented by the estate might be of less consequence than "high" birth, but as their centuries-old home it is conjoined with the family as if by a mystic bond. That Harry Bertram is drawn to the ruined castle at what he supposes to be first sight can be accounted for on the realistic psychological ground of subconscious memory. But the series of unlikely encounters that lead him there and eventually make possible his authentication as the heir so fly in the face of probability that the only available explanation is a just Providence's unwillingness to permit Ellangowan and the Bertrams to be kept asunder. Glossin reveals his guilty intuition of this bond by his almost comical anxiety to be known as "Ellangowan"; however, "the common people . . . would neither yield him the territorial appellation of Ellangowan, nor the usual compliment of *Mr* Glossin;—with them he was bare Glossin" (171). Hence his desire to demolish the Auld Place, a structure whose rugged medieval design and heraldic detail memorialize the ancient link between estate and family. The centrality of the castle to *Guy Mannering* is registered in Turner's illustration of an episode that occurs late in the action, when, as a frightening but ultimately futile threat to the new era now taking shape, the smugglers make their destined reappearance.

6

By the time Turner was approached in 1818 to contribute to *Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, he was a highly skilled and sought-after participant in publishing ventures that required engraved illustrations. To ensure that the prints were successful translations of his sketches or paintings, he worked closely with engravers and became the virtual founder of a school of British engraving distinguished for its renderings of landscape art. Engaging Turner as an illustrator was therefore to ensure the prestige and high quality of the illustrations and, not coincidentally, to boost sales of the book. As for Turner's interest in illustrating Scott's works, he had every reason to welcome an association with one of the giants of contemporary literature. Scott's metrical romances had enjoyed great critical and popular success and made him the most cordially admired literary figure in the English-speaking world. Although his au-

thorship of the Waverley novels was still unacknowledged in 1818, it was widely suspected while being taken for granted by sophisticated readers.

Besides writing verse himself, Turner was a sensitive reader of (among others) Scott, Byron, Thomas Moore, and Samuel Rogers—all of whose collections he would go on to illustrate.[32] Like Scott's, his landscape aesthetic owed much to an early immersion in Gilpin's picturesque tours. Above all, perhaps, he saw how wonderfully well Scott's works of both fiction and nonfiction lent themselves to topographical illustration because their actions typically roved from one visitable and picturesque site to another. While the choice of places to represent would be suggested by Scott or his publisher and normally limited by specific references in the works to be illustrated, the range of possibilities was enormous. Thus Turner enjoyed great freedom in how he fulfilled his commissions and a good excuse for indulging his own taste for Romantic tourism.

In addition to *Provincial Antiquities* (1819–26), Turner made sketches or watercolors that were rendered as engraved prints in Scott's *Poetical Works* (1832–34) and *Miscellaneous Prose Works* (1834–36), G. N. Wright's *Landscape-Historical Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverley Novels* (1836–38), and the second edition of John Gibson Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott* (1839). Out of this magnificent trove I have chosen—to complement my discussion of Turner's illustration for *The Lord of the Isles*—just three examples: one from, and in the context of, *Guy Mannering*; *Paul's Letters to His Kinsfolk*; and Scott's essay "On Landscape Gardening."

Scott and Turner himself preferred that, where feasible, the painter make on-site sketches. For the purpose of illustrating the *Poetical Works* Turner spent two months in 1831 visiting sites in the Lake District, Northumberland, the Borders, Edinburgh, the Western Highlands, and the Inner Hebrides. Among the many castles whose features he recorded that summer was Caerlaverock, a grand Dumfriesshire ruin overlooking the Solway Firth that was deemed appropriate for *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Volume IV of the *Poetical Works*. He must have known that Caerlaverock was the "original" of Ellangowan Auld Place and taken a special interest in it on that account. We are lucky to have his illustrations for *Guy Mannering*, because a later plan for him to illustrate the collected Waverley novels was never brought to fruition.[33]

Like his image of Loch Coriskin for the *Lord of the Isles* volume, Turner's *Minstrelsy* volume image of Caerlaverock (Figure 5) pictures it as a

Figure 5. Caerlaverock Castle. J.M.W Turner, illustration for *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott* (Edinburgh, 1832–34), Vol. IV, courtesy of Tate Britain Gallery.

contemporary tourist site and has only a general appropriateness to its "subject." In contrast, the image that he developed in illustration of *Guy Mannering* represents a particular incident and employs various pictorial strategies to suggest a reading of the larger action of the novel. "Col. Mannering, Hazlewood & the Smugglers" (Figure 6) illustrates Julia's letter describing how her father and his household repulsed a band of smugglers who attacked the Mannerings' residence. To communicate her sense of peril and lend the incident an aura of sublimity, Julia refers to the smugglers as "banditti" and draws on her earlier experiences as a tourist in the Lake District: "to witness scenes of terror, or to contemplate them in description, is as different . . . as to bend over the brink of a precipice holding by the frail tenure of a half-rooted shrub, or to admire the same precipice in the landscape of Salvator" (162). Although the episode she then describes rather struggles to live up to Julia's billing and is peripheral to the main action of the novel, Turner manages to picture it in a way that suggests what *is* central and sublime in the novel.

In the left foreground of his illustration, we see the smugglers, an exotic band of ruffians, just at the moment when two of them are struck down. To the right we see gunfire issuing from Mannering's house, creating a powerful horizontal thrust which counters that of the attackers. Oc-

Figure 6. Col. Mannering, Hazelwood, and the Smugglers. J.M.W. Turner, illustration for *Guy Mannering* in G.N. Wright's *Landscape-Historial Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverley Novels* (London, (1836–38), courtesy of Tate Britain Gallery.

cupying the center of the picture, and placed in the middle distance, is Ellangowan Auld Place with the Solway Firth beyond. Here Turner takes liberties with the novel, for it is clear from the narrative that the castle and firth are farther away than he shows them and that neither would be visible from the grounds of Mannering's house. But the comfortable house and grounds described by Scott and duly represented by Turner are of limited pictorial interest. By expanding the view to include the castle, Turner transforms the scene into one that is sublime in the true Salvatoran mode. What this composition plainly tells us is that while the action in the foreground is of immediate interest, the old castle is at the center of what the novel is about.

The contrast between the medieval fortress, built to withstand assault, and the modern house with its ground-level windows and unwalled garden implies that the smugglers are an atavistic survival out of the lawless past. More particularly, the Auld Place is the ancient seat of the Bertram family, whose loss and recovery of their estate is the main story to which all other stories in the novel, including the attack on Mannering's house, are tributary. Besides serving as a temporary prison and meeting place, the castle is landmark, emblem, witness, and mnemonic all

rolled into one, and Turner emphasizes its centrality by illuminating it with a diagonal shaft of light. In the background, the tumultuous waters of the firth are themselves sublime, and they recall several important events associated with the sea, including the abduction and return of Harry Bertram.

Paul's Letters was the product of Scott's first trip to the Continent, a mere two months after Napoleon's army was so decisively defeated at Waterloo that the battle—on June 18, 1815—was immediately recognized as a turning point in history. The battlefield quickly became a tourist attraction, and Scott was among the first British visitors. Belgian farmers had already ploughed and replanted the ground where as many as 45,000 French and British soldiers had perished, but a stench from shallowly buried corpses still lingered.

Before leaving home, Scott contracted to write up his impressions of the Low Countries and post-Waterloo Paris in "a series of letters on a peculiar plan, varied in matter and style, and to different suppositious correspondents."[34] What makes the plan of *Paul's Letters* peculiar is not the widely used epistolary convention nor the associated strategy of tailoring the reportage to suit the particular interests of diverse correspondents. The peculiarity resides, rather, in Scott's decision to characterize his narrator—indistinguishable most of the time from the author writing *in propria persona*—as a provincial "cross old bachelor brother" normally resident on an estate in rural Scotland.[35] Since Scott was in fact a devoted husband with four adult children, this persona seems, as John Sutherland says, decidedly odd.[36] "Bachelor Paul" may have been a self-caricature adopted as a jocular apology to his deserted family, for this and the previous summer's Northern Lights tour were both trips in the company of male companions that took him away from home for many weeks.

During his tour Scott sent daily letters to his wife which were already shaped as if for the bachelor's fictional correspondents. Most of the letters that appeared in the book, according to Scott's publisher John Ballantyne, were "identical" with those "that had successively reached Melrose through the post" (V, 62). Others, however, were "somewhat cobbled" by Scott after the tour: products of further reflection and, perhaps, embroidering. Lockhart believed that, in spite of the assumed bachelor persona, *Paul's Letters* were, on the whole, "a true and faithful journal of this expedition" and that "The whole man, just as he was, breathes in every line" (V, 57).

Donald Sultana concurs with this judgment.[37] But there are moments in the narrative when one must hope that Lockhart has misread either Scott's intent or his character.

The first half of the book provides a "retrospect" of political and military events from Napoleon's temporary deposition through his return and final defeat. The second half consists of eyewitness reportage on economic, political, and military conditions in Belgium and France in the wake of Waterloo interspersed with a first-time, staunchly British sightseer's commentary on Parisian sites and customs.[38] The distinct bias in Paul's narrative of Napoleon's last campaign, amounting at times to sheer jingoism, is undoubtedly Scott's own and such as no British author writing in 1815 need have feared would estrange many readers. The real usefulness of the bachelor mask comes later when the focus shifts to the narrator's personal responses to the field of Waterloo—i.e., when he becomes chiefly a tourist rather than a historian. Although the responses doubtless are, again, mainly Scott's own, they are sometimes given an evasive ironic inflection by being channeled through the bachelor persona.

In Letter IX, Paul describes his own participation in the obscene harvest still taking place on the Waterloo battlefield. Regretfully, so he implies, the tourists' gleaning of souvenirs comes late in a process that began with the local peasants recouping some of the damage their fields and houses had suffered from the opposing armies. "They had," explains Paul, in a passage that recalls the plundering of "God-sends" by the Shetlanders, "the greatest share of the spoils of the field of battle, for our soldiers were too much exhausted to anticipate them" (156). What follows this scene of lower-class scavenging reverses and normalizes class relations as wealthy British tourists hastily arrive to collect such souvenirs as they can pick up from the battlefield themselves or buy from enterprising locals. Some are content to purchase fruit and nuts from grounds of the destroyed chateau of Hougoumont "with the pious purpose of planting, when they returned to England, trees, which might remind them and their posterity of this remarkable spot" (155). Others rather more crassly buy from the local poor "such trinkets and arms as they collect daily from the field of battle; things of no intrinsic value, but upon which curiosity sets a daily increasing estimate . . . Almost every hamlet opens a mart of them as soon as English visitors appear" (157).

Paul reports on his purchases (a cuirass cheap at six francs but four times as much for "a very handsome inlaid one, once the property of a French officer of distinction"), but he is embarrassed when a British vet-

eran accompanying him is "rather scandalized" by the proceedings, reacting "with a feeling that I believe made him for the moment heartily ashamed of his company" (158). Paul mollifies him by arguing "that as he had himself gathered laurels on the same spot, he should have sympathy, or patience at least, with our more humble harvest of peach-stones, filberts, and trinkets." Paul concludes this account of tourist souvenir-hunting with translations of three songs found in "a manuscript collection of French songs, bearing stains of clay and blood, which probably indicate the fate of the proprietor" (159). He moralizes: "the gallantry and levity of the poetry compels us to contrast its destined purpose, to cheer hours of mirth or of leisure, with the place in which the manuscript was found, trampled down in the blood of the writer, and flung away by the hands of the spoilers, who had stripped him on the field of battle" (163).

Does Scott concur with the soldier who is scandalized by "the zeal with which we picked up every trifle we could find upon the field"? Paul is sure this veteran of many campaigns sees the mementos sought after so avidly by tourists only as "mere trumpery upon . . . a field of victory"; it does not occur to him that, more feelingly and creditably, the officer might regard the debris of battle as relics sacred to the memory of those cut down in their prime. But even if Paul reads his companion's reaction correctly, does not Scott understand that the parallel Paul draws between his own "humble harvest" and the laurels gathered by a soldier in combat is transparently fallacious and charged with an irony that must either expose Paul's insensitivity or greatly diminish the heroic aura surrounding those who fought beside Wellington on that momentous day? When we think of Scott pocketing the skull of a girl as a souvenir of mass murder in the cavern on Eigg, and when we confirm from other sources that Scott did indeed buy or accept as gifts the objects mentioned by Paul, we might well conclude that the irony here is unintended and that Scott and Paul are one and the same.

Even the ironic contrast between the bloodied manuscript and its romantic songs does not show us where exactly Scott stands in relation to Paul, since the irony seems a trifle easy and sentimental. Perhaps the irony is itself undercut by irony; perhaps not. And yet Letter IX is packed with what appear implicit hints that there is little to choose between peasants and tourists in their battlefield pillaging—and much to choose between this scavenging and the gathering of military laurels on the same site. In other words, we seem to have here a fairly obvious instance of "Romantic

irony" in which, as Anne K. Mellor explains, the artistic process "must be one of simultaneous creation and de-creation: a fictional world must be both sincerely presented and sincerely undermined, either by showing its falsities or limitations or, at the very least, by suggesting ways of responding to it other than wholehearted assent."[39] Are there grounds other than treacherous internal evidence to persuade us that Scott is here sincerely undermining what he sincerely presents through his "Paul" persona?

A partial confirmation that Romantic irony is at work here can be found in Lockhart's *Life*. In a letter to the Duke of Buccleuch written shortly after his visit to Waterloo, Scott mentions the Belgian peasants' mart for souvenirs, but the account of his own battlefield visit and purchases is brief, straightforward, and unembarrassed.[40] Clearly, Scott assumed that the head of his clan would understand, approve, and welcome one of these objects as a gift. Although there may have been some basis in fact for Paul's account of how his passion for the detritus of the battle "scandalized one of the heroes of the day" who guided him over the field of Waterloo, there is no hint of this in Scott's letter to the Duke or in the account of this visit given years later by one of the two officers who accompanied Scott, Major Pryse Lockhart Gordon. Not only did this old acquaintance act as Scott's host during the tour of the battle site, but it was his wife who gave the author the blood-stained manuscript of songs, a gift that, the Major proudly recollected, Scott declared "the most valuable of all his Waterloo relics."[41] In the absence of evidence to the contrary, it seems a fair inference that Letter IX is one of those "somewhat cobbled" parts of *Paul's Letters* where Scott had the opportunity to reflect critically on his own actions and, the novelist taking charge of the narrative, to ironize the account of his Waterloo visit by presenting Paul and his fellow tourists in a light sufficiently grotesque to raise questions about their behavior, but not so glaring as to make his readers wish for a different guide to this "glorious" field of battle.

When Paul tours the battlefield, he is accompanied part of the time by "Honest John de Coster [also De Coster or Costar], the Flemish peasant, whom Bonaparte has made immortal by pressing into his service as a guide . . . It was . . . with no little emotion that I walked with De Coster from one place to another, making him show me, as nearly as possible, the precise stations which had been successively occupied by the fallen monarch" (148). Writing years later, Major Gordon confirmed that the "sagacious Walloon" prospered on the money he gained every summer by

showing British tourists over the battlefield and relating anecdotes of the Emperor's dress and conduct. Alas, the results of Scott and his fellows' quest for authentic details and authoritative sources were merely more fictions of Romantic tourism. For Gordon also reports that "Honest John" was eventually exposed as a charlatan who had been hiding ten miles from Waterloo on the day of the conflict.

Just under a year after Scott's visit, in the spring of 1816, Byron was also able to tour Waterloo in the company of Major Gordon. Like Scott, Byron took more than common care to familiarize himself with the topography and to locate places especially associated with particular individuals or turning points in the battle. Having already visited several great battlefields, including Marathon, and excoriated Lord Elgin and other collectors who violated sacred sites, he was well prepared to pass judgment on the field as well as on what had happened there both during and after the battle:

> As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination: I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chaeronea, and Marathon; and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except perhaps the last mentioned.[42]

This topographical note is obviously colored by Byron's belief that the enormously costly defeat of Napoleon had merely replaced one imperialistic tyrant with several less intelligent and more repressive ones. Yet despite strong disagreements with Scott regarding the meaning and morality of the battle, he concurred in one respect. Viewing the battle of Waterloo and its "relics" in an entirely different light than the battle of Marathon and the monuments of ancient Greece, Byron purchased a quantity of helmets, sabres, and the like as souvenirs for friends.[43] For although not a collector himself,[44] he was a great giver of presents in the form of tourist mementoes: crystals from Chamounix, pieces of granite from the alleged site of Juliet's tomb in Verona, a strand of Lucrezia Borgia's hair filched from Milan's Ambrosian Library archives.

By the time Turner inspected the site in 1817, it had been repeatedly traversed by armies of foreign visitors and memorialized in countless patriotic poems, including Scott's "The Field of Waterloo" (1815), Robert Southey's lengthy "A Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo" (1816), several sonnets and two

odes by Wordsworth (1816). Byron's stanzas in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto III (1816) spoke for the party of dissent and are the only verse memorial of the battle still widely read. Visual memorials were likewise plenty and their fate the same. In 1816, the British Institution for Promoting the Fine Arts sponsored a competition with a premium of a thousand guineas for the best depiction of the British triumph, stimulating a flood of paintings and, in Turner, a wish to try his own hand at a canvas worthy of the mighty occasion.[45] As usual, he made detailed topographical sketches and notes and even included data on the numbers killed in particular locations. With these records and his extraordinary visual memory, he had no need to revisit the site in the early 1830s when he prepared his sketches for the illustration of Byron's poetry in *The Works of Lord Byron* (1832–34) and Scott's *Paul's Letters* and *The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte* in the 1834 *Prose Works.*

The earliest finished results of Turner's battlefield sketches were two paintings simply entitled "The Field of Waterloo": one a watercolor done in 1817, the other a large oil shown at the Royal Academy's 1818 exhibition.[46] Although picturing different parts of the field, both show it on the evening after the massacre with piles of bodies in the foreground, French and British colors intermingled, and an immense plain sweeping back to a horizon so low that a stormy sky occupies nearly half of each painting. Although no verbal explication of mood or intent can have been needed, Turner had the following lines from *Childe Harold* printed against the number given to the oil in the R.A. exhibition catalogue:

> Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
> Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
> The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
> The morn the marshalling of arms,—the day
> Battle's magnificently-stern array!
> The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
> The earth is covered thick with other clay,
> Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
> Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent![47]

Turner's horrific image of the battlefield carnage cannot have been what the British Institution had in mind, and he must have anticipated the mixed reception that it, like Byron's lines on the battle, received from reviewers.[48] Certainly the spirit of this painting contrasts ironically with the

Figure 7. The Field of Waterloo, from Hougoumont. J.M.W. Turner, illustration for "The Age of Bronze" in *The Works of Lord Byron* (London, 1832–34), Vol. XIV, courtesy of Tate Britain Gallery.

euphoria and nationalist swagger that the victory inspired in so many of his countrymen, Scott included. Nor do Turner's three later images of Waterloo suggest "a field of glory."

The images that concern us here are the "before and after" views of the Hougoumont chateau and adjoining fields that Turner made to illustrate, respectively, *Paul's Letters* and Byron's *The Age of Bronze* ("Oh, bloody and most bootless Waterloo!").[49] As Scott explains, Hougoumont was a crucial strong point in the British line and the scene of some of the fiercest and bloodiest French assaults; the chateau was the only major building totally destroyed during the battle. The 1818 oil shows it aflame but largely masked by night and by smoke from the fire. In the illustration for Byron's *The Age of Bronze* (Figure 7), as David Blayney Brown observes, "Turner has brilliantly condensed the horrific imagery and documentary truth of his Byronic painting of 1818 . . . within the small space of a vignette": the vantage point and time of day are essentially the same in both renderings, but in the course of simplifying the detail for a greatly reduced image, Turner has given the blazing chateau more prominence and definition.[50] The title of the engraved version, "The Field of Waterloo/From Hougoumont," draws further attention to the specific site represented. In returning to this powerfully imagined (and also carefully documented)

Figure 8. Hougoumont. J.M.W. Turner, illustration for *Paul's Letters* in *The Miscellaneous Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott* (Edinburgh, 1834–36), Vol. V, courtesy of Tate Britain Gallery.

scene for his Byron commission, Turner was likewise preparing for the illustration he would do just months later for *Paul's Letters.*

The illustration he designed for Scott's tour book (Figure 8) pictures the same part of the field but shifts the time to the evening before the battle, thus tactfully avoiding comment on the tremendous price that will be paid for the Allied victory or on the subsequent conduct of tourists and lo-

Figure 9. Rhymer's Glen. J.M.W. Turner, illustration for "On Landscape Gardening" in *The Miscellaneous Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott* (Edinburgh, 1834–36), Vol. XXI, courtesy of Tate Britain Gallery.

cal entrepreneurs. But this eve-of-battle scene, although bathed in summer evening sunshine, is loaded with frightening portents. In the distance, a tremendous storm is approaching from the south, the direction from which the French enemy likewise approaches, and a plume of smoke in the same quarter suggests the imminent fate of the Hougoumont chateau. Overhead, the waning moon is, as usual in Turner, a mute symbol of mortality. As Eric Shanes points out, Turner must have known from *Paul's Letters* and other sources that soldiers bivouacked at Waterloo on June 17 did not enjoy a pleasant dry evening because the weather was already stormy and remained so until late the following afternoon.[51] Turner takes liberties with Paul's narrative and meteorological history in order to enforce a mood of drowsily expectant calm: the soldiers face in the right direction, but their relaxed postures suggest that they do not anticipate the magnitude of what is to come. And is there not something naively childlike about the neat pile of cannon balls, the weapon itself dwarfed by its wheels, and the whimsical cant of the tents? Turner must have thought of this "before" scene as half of a diptych completed by the "after" scene of destruction he recently created for *The Age of Bronze*. Although Turner's aesthetic and practice as a maker of engraved illustrations differed radically from William Blake's, there is a complex "Innocence" and "Experience" relationship as well as a simple "before" and "after" connection between these two images.

Despite his fascination with things military, Scott also had strong interests in and opinions about the arts of peace, among them the domestic art of landscape gardening. Like Ann Radcliffe—and for basically the same aesthetic and social reasons—he was a disciple of Uvedale Price, seeking to preserve the *genius loci* while introducing such minimal changes as would add to convenience and comfort. These are the principles of landscape design that he invokes when, visiting his friend Mrs. Maclean Clephane at her house on the island of Mull, he comments that "the grounds around have been dressed, so as to smooth their ruggedness, without destroying the irregular and wild character peculiar to the scene and country."[52] This, we recall, was the practice both of Adeline in *The Romance of the Forest* and Flora Mac-Ivor in *Waverley*, and the praise that Scott's narrator bestows on Flora's "cautiously" managed "dressings" of nature might equally be paid to Rhymer's Glen as improved by Scott and imaged by Turner (Figure 9). Gerald Finley is surely right to suggest that this picture was chosen as the title-page vignette of Vol.

XXI of *Prose Works* because this volume contains Scott's essays on reforestation and landscape gardening and because Turner may have wished it to be a "tribute to Scott as a gardener and practitioner of the Picturesque" (208–9).

Turner's oval design emphasizes how nestlike—indeed, womblike—is this wooded retreat and suggests the need Scott sometimes had to revive his energies through communion with mother nature. Scott might have been thinking of this favorite spot when, writing in 1828 about modern developments in landscape gardening, he contended that "the spade and shovel have been less in use—the strait-waistcoating of brooks has been less rigorously enforced . . . and the artist holds himself discharged, if he consults and observes her [nature's] movements without affecting to dictate to or control them."[53] At the same time, the hand of the improver is evident in the inviting walk that curves in a gradual, stepped descent to a level place of repose, at once balancing and sharply contrasting with the tumbling, sinuous stream to the left that runs down and out of the picture plane. Consulting human comfort, the artist of Rhymer's Glen has placed a rustic seat in a spot convenient for reading or for watching the brook. Although an artificial addition, its simplicity and homemade style are in keeping with the setting. At a more personal level, the walking stick and book in Turner's illustration allude specifically to the recently deceased author's love of learning and his active life in spite of age and physical disability. Together with the unoccupied seat, they draw attention to their owner's absence, making Rhymer's Glen a humble sylvan shrine to the memory of Scott that in its understated way is more eloquent than the monument in Edinburgh.

Scott's horticultural labors had practical and political as well as aesthetic and recreational objectives, and all were interrelated. He hoped by his own example and exhortation to encourage other landowners to be active preservationists *and* improvers and thus manifestly to deserve status and power that once seemed theirs by right but were now under challenge because of their own delinquencies and the leveling spirit of the age. In "On Landscape Gardening" he contends that the pleasures of practicing this art are among the strongest inducements for country gentlemen to "dwell in their own houses, be the patrons of their own tenantry, and the fathers of their own children" (78).[54] Although Scott's novels tend to attribute the decay of the rural gentry to their inertia, ineptitude, or suicidal political partisanship, in this apologia for landscape gardening he, like Maria Edgeworth, more traditionally identifies absenteeism as the root problem.

The topic of absenteeism again raises the issue of Scott's ambivalent attitude to that form of absenteeism known as tourism. He clearly believed that it was natural and right, especially for the young, to wish to "see something more of the world" than the local neighborhood.[55] From youth onwards, he was himself driven to see with his own eyes whatever in Britain, especially Scotland, was famed for its scenic grandeur, social difference, or importance in history. Although he was an opportunistic tourist who traveled with the expectation of eventual artistic and financial profit, no one who has read the Northern Lights diary or even dipped into the Scottish Waverley novels can doubt that for him touring was also an important source of education, aesthetic pleasure, and recreative play—all of which he valued highly as components of a full and successful life. Ironically, however, one of the rewards he enjoyed as a practitioner of *theoria* during the Northern Lights tour was a sharpened awareness of the crucial importance of good governorship at the local level—which meant that those who had estates should mainly live on them and look after them, their tenants, and the local community. Ever resourceful, Scott found ways to ease the tension between this fettering patriarchal role and his "childish delight in being somewhere else."[56] By bringing home trophies from his travels and lending nature a gardener's artful hand, he aimed to enjoy many of the benefits of tourism without leaving home more than occasionally. The novels he wrote did the same favor for millions of people.

CHAPTER 7

Mary Shelley and the Fictions of Companionable Tourism

> What should I have done if my Imagination had not been my companion? (Mary Shelley, December 1834)[1]

1. Generations

In an 1826 review of several new books on "The English in Italy," Mary Shelley recalls the exhilarating sense of release, the "incarnate romance," of her first Continental tour in 1814: "When peace came, after so many long years of war, when our island prison was opened to us . . . it was the paramount wish of every English heart, ever addicted to vagabondizing . . . to imitate our forefathers in their almost forgotten custom, of spending the greater part of their lives and fortunes in their carriages on the post-roads of the continent." With further tongue-in-cheek hyperbole, she describes how the "whole" generation (i.e., the moneyed and leisured) that had grown up unable to visit the Continent "poured, in one vast stream, across the Pas de Calais" like "Norwegian rats." In spite of often miserable conditions, "in those early days of migration . . . every inconvenience was hailed as a new chapter in the romance of our travels." Touring itself "was acting a novel."[2]

Although initially denied opportunities for Continental travel except through tour books and novels, Mary's generation enjoyed many advantages including early access to the brilliant new literature produced by the

generation of Radcliffe and Scott. This generational difference was only one of many factors that made her a person and writer profoundly unlike the older novelists. Most obvious is the contrast between the unimpeachable domestic lives of Radcliffe and Scott and the scandalous one that Mary embraced at age sixteen.[3] Despite a relatively conventional upbringing, the girl who ran away with Percy Shelley well knew that her mother and father had once held very unconventional social and political opinions and had acted on them.[4] Thus her own elopement with a self-professed disciple of "the author of *Political Justice*" not only partly recapitulated her parents' behavior but demonstrated that under Percy's spell she too was a protégé of the 1790s "experimental" party in British politics—a party of reform more extreme than Radcliffe's Whigs and fiercely opposed by Scott's Tories. Among the consequences of her union with Percy were a few years of extensive tourist travel in Europe and extraordinary opportunities for cultural education; the friendship of many leading members—most notably Byron—of the liberal literary intelligentsia and the Italian and Greek revolutionary movements; and, after Percy's death in 1822, two decades of financial struggle as a widowed and, in many quarters, stigmatized single parent. Nothing in Scott's or Radcliffe's lives has such a strong cosmopolitan flavor or quite corresponds to the rich cultural opportunities Mary briefly enjoyed as a young woman or the hardships she suffered afterwards. Then, too, her stunning success with *Frankenstein* at age twenty followed by decades of little-noticed and poorly remunerated work contrasts sharply with the careers of Radcliffe, who developed more slowly but retired after a few years of fame and profit, and of Scott who in his mid thirties became, and for over two decades remained, by far the most productive and popular writer of the age.

But in many respects she was of one mind with her more conventional elders. She felt implicated in Harriet Shelley's suicide and was distressed by the ostracism she and Percy suffered and by the breach with her beloved father. *Frankenstein* can be read as a paean to domesticity and a critique of Enlightenment scientific (and, by analogy, political and social) experimentalism. Although Scott's appreciative review finds other reasons for praising the novel, he may well have sensed its conservative leanings.[5] A few years later she repaid the compliment by structuring her historical novel *Valperga* (1822) after the Waverley model of a contest between the forces of progress and reaction. But where her fiction most resembles his

and especially Radcliffe's is in the relentless travel in which her characters engage, usually because they are driven to it but often with touristic payoffs en route. As *Valperga* and *The Last Man* demonstrate, she too was deeply responsive to "ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue."[6] Of the sublime in nature she had a different experience and different views than either Scott or Radcliffe, but I will suggest that she modeled the transports in *Frankenstein*, albeit with an ironic twist, after Radcliffe's in *A Sicilian Romance* and *The Italian.*

Mary's affiliations with Scott and Radcliffe warrant attention at the outset not only because they were important to her as a fictionalist but also because the emphasis of my discussion in the present chapters will fall elsewhere: on the intellectual companionship that she, Percy, and Byron enjoyed on or near Lake Geneva during the summer of 1816 and intermittently in Italy in 1818–22. So complex and far-reaching were their interchanges that many stanzas of *Childe Harold*, III and IV, seem to ventriloquize Percy's ideas, while the debate over his contributions to *History of a Six Weeks' Tour* and *Frankenstein* has been ongoing since those books first appeared.[7] His influence on the text of *Frankenstein* and on the "philosophy" in *Childe Harold* may have weakened both in certain passages. But there are various ways that *Frankenstein* is subtly anti-"Shelleyan" in tenor, and it is striking how firmly Mary staked her claim to its authorship after the anonymously published novel was well received but assumed by many to be her husband's work. A struggle for independence and recognition was doubtless part of her *bildung.* How could it have been otherwise? Yet I believe that the collaborative spirit and nonpossessive attitude toward intellectual property that prevailed between these writers during their happiest years together mainly broadened and enriched their work and can be partly attributed to the experiences they shared as tourists. They spent long hours together not just as fellow writers and political liberals but likewise as companionable tourists for whom the activity was inherently collaborative.

This chapter and the next focus on a handful of works that illustrate the range, variety, and interaction of tourist writings by Byron, Percy and especially Mary Shelley between 1814 and 1826. This chapter concentrates on two works: Mary's account of companionable tourism in *History of a Six Weeks' Tour* (1817) and *Frankenstein* (1818). The former was based on the travel journal she and Percy kept during their elopement tour, taken with Claire Clairmont through France to Lucerne and then back along the

Rhine to England. When published three years later, the heavily reworked version of this journal included a preface by Percy and "Four Letters from Geneva," written in 1816 by notably more mature observers and destined from the beginning for publication.[8] The longest and most interesting of the Letters from Geneva, III and IV, contain Percy's descriptions of the cruise he took with Byron around Lake Geneva and his excursion with Mary and Claire to Chamounix. Besides being among his finest prose works, they serve as glosses on parts of *Childe Harold*, III, and on several episodes in *Frankenstein*, a book also deeply embued with tourism.

Chapter Eight continues the story of companionable tourism, concentrating on two works that reflect the experience of Byron and the Shelleys in "discovering" Italy: *Childe Harold*, IV, and Mary's novel *The Last Man* (1826), written in England after both Byron and Percy were dead and very much shaped by her longing for those companions and for Italy. The chapter also touches on Staël's *Corinne, or Italy* once more, on Percy's play *The Cenci* (1819), on Mary's *Valperga*, and, in passing, on *Rambles in Germany and Italy* (1844), her most mature and distinguished tour book but written well after the period with which I am concerned.

2. *History of a Six Weeks' Tour*

So far from telling the whole story, the anonymously authored *History of a Six Weeks' Tour* is notable for its biographical elisions and the preface's ambiguous identification of the three travelers as "the author, with her husband and sister" (13). Readers are told nothing about the occasion of the 1814 tour or the tragedy-laden interval between it and the second visit to Switzerland.[9] The effect of Percy's fib and the suppression of personal detail or identifying information is to highlight the typicality rather than the specialness of the young travelers' experiences. Indeed, the preface suggests that the book's most sympathetic readers will be those who have likewise spent some of their youth "pursuing, like the swallow, the inconstant summer of delight and beauty which invests this visible world" (13). As in many a Romantic novel, readers are invited to identify with the "characters," and there is even a tantalizing mystery: who is the aristocrat with whom the author's "husband" cruises Lake Geneva?[10]

Shortly after their arrival in Paris, the three runaways fix on a plan

"eccentric enough, but which, from its romance, was very pleasing to us. We resolved to walk through France" (19). Limited funds very likely played as large a part as "romance" in the decision to embark on a pedestrian tour through a countryside recently ravaged by war and still traversed by bands of demobilized soldiers. Along the way, they fortunately encounter nothing worse than filthy sleeping quarters, coarse and sometimes putrid fare, fatiguing heat, stretches of boring countryside, villages recently destroyed by Cossacks, and peasants who cannot or will not understand their imperfect spoken French. Rather than dwell on the difficulties of the road, her companions improvise picnics ("we ate our bread and fruit, and drank our wine, thinking of Don Quixote and Sancho"), and adapt to constantly changing circumstances with romantic readiness for the next adventure (20). The omission of any reference to their intended destination adds to the sense of spontaneity and guileless trust in luck to see them through. The impression of high-spirited kids playing an imperfectly understood game requiring frequent improvisation may again remind us of Freud's pleasure in tourism that stemmed from his "childish delight in being somewhere else" and of his interpreter Harvie Ferguson's description of the ideal holiday as "a playful interlude to be enjoyed from moment to moment."[11]

Their small collection of books included a volume of Shakespeare, Tacitus's *Histories*, and Mary Wollstonecraft's *Letters from Norway* from which they read aloud to each other as occasion permitted. While in Switzerland, Percy was inspired by a passage in Tacitus to begin *The Assassins*, a prose romance about a heretical sect of Christians who establish a Godwinian utopian community in an uninhabited paradisal valley in the mountains of Lebanon. This fiction is a public version of the fantasy of escape and guiltless appropriation of another's property that tourists—notably Mary later in life—frequently entertain. In the present case, a fond hope of the threesome was to "seek in that romantic and interesting country [Switzerland] some cottage where we might dwell in peace and solitude" (29). Like themselves, Percy's Assassins are a misunderstood and persecuted people, and further parallels with their situation are present in his descriptions of the Alp-like mountains surrounding the "happy valley" and the Assassins' tourist-like responses to them: "The epidemic transport communicated itself through every heart with the rapidity of a blast from heaven. They were already disembodied spirits, they were already the inhabitants of Paradise. To live, to breathe, to move was itself a sensation of immeasurable transport."[12]

As time goes on, the Assassins lose some of their enthusiasm and reverence for the "benignant spirit" that brought them to the "happy valley": "Not therefore did it cease to be their presiding guardian, the guide of their inmost thoughts . . . They learned to identify this mysterious benefactor with the delight that is bred among the solitary rocks and has its dwelling alike in the changing colours of the clouds and the inmost recesses of the caverns" (130). As imagery and phrasing suggest, the developmental stages of the Assassins' community parallel those of the individual psyche in "Tintern Abbey." Evidence of Wordsworth's contagious influence on Percy's early work, the borrowing is as likely to be conscious as not. For, as already indicated, the Shelleys were not disposed to possessiveness about intellectual property. Although Mary herself claimed no authorial role in *The Assassins*, E. B. Murray suggests that she may have been a "creative editor" at times.[13] Whatever her role beyond amanuensis (and muse), she too was an admirer of "Tintern Abbey" who later adapted some of its lines to her own ends in *Frankenstein*.

The Assassins was soon abandoned, and so was a scheme to cross the St. Gothard Pass to Italy when the travelers realized they were running out of money. Of apprehensions about going home there is no hint, but Mary displays a new awareness of economy when she rationalizes returning by way of the picturesque Rhine as a way of saving money: "water conveyances are always the cheapest" (32). Despite having to share space with fellow travelers "of the meanest class, [who] smoked prodigiously, and were exceedingly disgusting" (32), she recalls the riverside landscape as paradisiacal but acknowledges that her memories of the 1814 voyage may have been revisioned, as it were, through the lens of *Childe Harold*, III:

> The part of the Rhine down which we now glided, is that so beautifully described by Lord Byron in his third canto of *Childe Harold*. We read these verses with delight, as they conjured before us these lovely scenes with the truth and vividness of painting . . . craggy cliffs crowned by desolate towers, and wooded islands, where picturesque ruins peeped from behind the foliage, and cast the shadows of their forms on the troubled waters, which distorted without deforming them. We heard the songs of the vintagers, and if surrounded by disgusting Germans, the sight was not so replete with enjoyment as I now fancy it to have been; yet memory, taking all the dark shades from the picture, presents this part of the Rhine to my remembrance as the loveliest paradise on earth. (36)

The image of the ruins reflected on the "troubled water, which distorted without deforming them" serves as a trope for the processing that memo-

ries go through over the years. Certainly Mary had had her share of troubled water during the years between her Rhine journey and the 1817 revisions of *History*.

Her recollections may have been reshaped not only by *Childe Harold* but also by conversations with Byron in 1816 when he was fresh from his own Rhine journey and still composing Canto III. The "verses" to which Mary refers are most likely the Drachenfels lyric (lines 496–535) and Stanzas 59–61, which respond to the extraordinary picturesqueness and Edenic fertility of the Rhine Valley above Bonn:

> The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
> Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
> The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
> The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
> The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
> In mockery of man's art; and these withal
> A race of faces happy as the scene,
> Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
> Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires near them fall.
> (III, 61)

There is a noteworthy contrast between Byron's cheery picture and Radcliffe's suspicion twenty years earlier that the bounties were monopolized by the aristocracy. Immediately following these lines the scene shifts abruptly to Switzerland, where Byron devotes a conventionally Burkean stanza (62) to the Alps and refers reverently to the surrounding mountains from time to time as he explores scenes rich with beauty and human associations on and beside Lake Geneva. But the latter are clearly more congenial to his imagination than the sublime heights that so enraptured Percy.

Although Mary had mixed and changeful feelings about Byron's character and never ceased to reverence Percy's genius, her own response to landscape was more akin to Byron's. Anne K. Mellor identifies "the characteristic movement, in her descriptions of the landscape, from images of turbulence to images of calm" and comments that "Mary seeks out experiences, not of sublime exhilaration but rather of beautiful tranquility."[14] At times in *History* Mary and Percy engage in a kind of aesthetic tug-of-war, as in the following passage describing the mountain pass they crossed on their 1816 trip to Geneva. I have italicized clauses that Jeanne Moskal identifies as borrowed or paraphrased from Percy:

The prospect around, however, was sufficiently sublime to command our attention—*never was scene more awfully desolate. The trees in these regions are incredibly large, and stand in scattered clumps over the white wilderness*; the vast expanse of snow was chequered only by these gigantic pines, and the poles that marked our road: no river or rock-encircled lawn relieved the eye, by adding the picturesque to the sublime. *The natural silence of that uninhabited desert contrasted strangely with the voices of the men who conducted us*, who, with animated tones and gestures, called to one another . . . creating disturbance, where but for them, there was none. (43)

Characteristically, Mary's eye searches a landscape not just for the beautiful, picturesque, or tranquil but for the humanized or at least inhabitable. Arriving in Geneva, she revels in the "bright summer scene": "the budding flowers, the fresh grass of spring, and the happy creatures about me that live and enjoy these pleasures, are quite enough to afford me exquisite delight, even though clouds should shut out Mont Blanc from my sight" (44).

Although Percy no doubt would have preferred to have Mont Blanc in sight, his Letter III from Geneva does demonstrate his responsiveness to the smaller, more immediate, and living things that so delighted Mary. It likewise exhibits a Byronic sensitivity to the powerful human associations that cast a spell over many places on the shores of Lake Geneva and would soon be augmented by stanzas 76–109 of *Childe Harold*, III. The poets' visit to sites connected with Rousseau's *Julie*—Vevey, Meillerie, and especially Clarens—was an ecstatic experience for both men, who searched for locations mentioned in the novel and imagined that Rousseau's fictional lovers had actually "walked on this terrassed road, looking towards these mountains which I now behold; nay, treading on the ground where I now tread. From the window of our lodging our landlady pointed out 'le bosquet de Julie.' At least the inhabitants of this village are impressed with an idea, that the persons of that romance had actual existence" (218). Percy, who was then reading the novel as well as directly experiencing the places Rousseau describes, was himself able to enter fully into the fiction that "the persons of that romance" once had "actual existence."

The opening to Letter III sums up the significance of the lake expedition for Percy: "This journey has been on every account delightful, but most especially, because then I first knew the divine beauty of Rousseau's imagination, as it exhibits itself in Julie. It is inconceivable what an enchantment the scene itself lends to those delineations, from which its own

most touching charm arises" (212). This "enchantment" neatly registers the reciprocal nature of the contribution that association makes to place and *vice versa.* At the same time, both Shelley and Byron take pains to underscore that (unlike Marathon or Waterloo) the region where the main action of *Julie* is imagined to take place would be wonderful even without the associations: "Meillerie is the well known scene of St. Preux's visionary exile; but Meillerie is indeed inchanted ground, were Rousseau no magician. Groves of pine, chesnut, and walnut over-shadow it . . . In the midst of these woods are dells of lawny expanse, inconceivably verdant, adorned with a thousand of the rarest flowers and odourous with thyme" (215). Byron, still more overwhelmed by the beauty of the area, wrote six rapturous stanzas (III, 99–104) in celebration of Clarens and vicinity as the very throne and dwelling place of Love, adding in a note to Stanza 102 that "If Rousseau had never written, nor lived, the same associations [with love] would not less have belonged to such scenes. He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption; he has shewn his sense of their beauty by the selection; but they have done that for him which no human being could do for them."[15] For Byron, as Jerome McGann says, "it is a sacred place, 'full of life' . . . and represents the radically generative powers of the naturalized god."[16]

In paraphrasable content the Clarens stanzas are distinctly Shelleyan, as is Byron's note. In contrast, even though Meillerie is "inchanted ground, were Rousseau no magician," Percy's claim that the scene's "most touching charm arises" from Rousseau's "delineations" seems Byronic. Elsewhere in the third Letter from Geneva and *Childe Harold,* III, the authors' predominant differences of taste and range of sympathies reassert themselves, as in their accounts of the visit to Edward Gibbon's house at Lausanne that effectively concluded the lake tour. Byron pairs Lausanne with Ferney, home of Voltaire, and contrasts the two figures associated with them: Voltaire all "fire and fickleness," Gibbon "hiving wisdom with each studious year" (III, 105–8). The four stanzas devoted to the great Enlightenment ironists have a compactness, wit, and generosity of spirit worthy of Dryden and are among the finest accomplishments of *Childe Harold.* Byron describes Lausanne and Ferney as having been "the abodes/ Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name" (III, 105), suggesting that, unlike Clarens, neither would be a place of note but for the distinguished writers who chose to live there. But the visit to Gibbon's house inspires contradictory emotions in

Percy, who is still so imaginatively engaged with Rousseau that he cannot find a place in his heart for Gibbon's "cold and unimpassioned spirit" (220). Yet the site of Gibbon's labors moves him to these humane sentiments:

> We were shewn the decayed summer-house where he finished his History, and the old acacias on the terrace, from which he saw Mont Blanc, after having written the last sentence. There is something grand and even touching in the regret which he expresses at the completion of his task. It was conceived amid the ruin of the Capitol. The sudden departure of his cherished and accustomed toil must have left him, like the death of a dear friend, sad and solitary. (219)

Here, in a manner more like that of his last and maturest work, Percy Shelley temporarily escapes the egotistical sublime.

More characteristic of this period, yet still informed by humane feeling, is the radiant conclusion to Letter III:

> When we returned [from visiting Gibbon's house], in the only interval of sunshine during the day, I walked on the pier which the lake was lashing with its waves. A rainbow spanned the lake, or rather rested one extremity of its arch upon the water, and the other at the foot of the mountains of Savoy. Some white houses, I know not if they were those of Meillerie, shone through the yellow fire. (220)

The physical facts are all registered precisely. Yet to Percy's mythopoeic imagination the rainbow is not only or merely a familiar optical phenomenon; it is also the sign of a covenant between the divine principle of the universe and the fortunate inhabitants of a very firmly located terrestrial paradise. Travel writing rarely gets better than this.

3. The Transports of *Frankenstein*

Travel takes several forms and has many purposes in *Frankenstein*, beginning with the explorer Walton setting out by dog sled from St. Petersburg to Archangel and concluding with the Creature's departure from Walton's ship on an ice-floe raft, "borne away by the waves, and lost in darkness and distance."[17] In between are Walton's voyage of discovery in the Arctic Ocean; Victor's trips by horse-drawn chaise to and from Ingolstadt; excursions on foot and mule in the countryside near Ingolstadt and to the Vale of Chamounix; the Creature's stumbling then purposeful

progress on foot from Ingolstadt to Geneva and an Alpine hideaway; Victor and Clerval's leisurely boat journey down the Rhine and thence by carriage and ferry to London; their five-month tour of "Windsor, Oxford, Matlock, and the Cumberland lakes" (118) followed by a brief period in Edinburgh and Perth before Victor's departure to "one of the remotest of the Orkneys" (121)—but not alone since the Creature has been shadowing the two friends throughout their circuitous itinerary; Victor's storm-driven detour to Ireland in a sailboat, followed by the sad return journey with his father to Geneva; Victor and Elizabeth's wedding trip across Lake Geneva to Evian; and then Victor's long (although swiftly narrated) pursuit of the Creature through the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, Tartary, and Russia to the Arctic wastes where pursuer and pursued at last arrive aboard Walton's ship. In the travels undertaken in this novel, Mary Shelley out-Radcliffes Radcliffe.

Although Victor is a prisoner of his own temperament who is constantly driven or manipulated to act against his own and his family's best interests, the extraordinary mobility that he and the Creature exercise is an expression of male freedom that Elizabeth Lavenza understandably envies: "Elizabeth approved of the reasons of my departure," Victor remarks, "and only regretted that she had not the same opportunities of enlarging her experience, and cultivating her understanding" (114). Whether her sentiments reflect not only Mary Shelley's Wollstonecraftian concern for the plight of other women but also her own frustrations at the time is unclear, but certainly the novel itself answers the question implicitly raised by Victor's offhand report of Elizabeth's expression of regret: what might a young woman achieve who is lucky enough to enjoy the opportunities that young men of a certain social class take for granted?

Frankenstein is a novel by such a young woman, keen to demonstrate that she knows her way around. It abounds with quotations from a host of ancient and modern writers, with learned and sometimes parodic references to scientific theories current and outmoded, and with knowledgeable allusions to tourist routes and destinations currently in vogue. Take, for instance, Victor's response to the Lake District only a few pages after "Tintern Abbey" is quoted and identified in a footnote (116): "I could now almost fancy myself among the Swiss mountains . . . Here also we made some acquaintances, who almost contrived to cheat me into happiness. The delight of Clerval was proportionally greater than mine; his mind ex-

panded in the company of men of talent, and he found in his own nature greater capacities and resources than he could have imagined himself to have possessed while he associated with his inferiors" (119). Clerval is the model companionable tourist: his mental expansion "in the company of men of talent" is what readers of Wordsworth's poetry experienced and what Mary herself knew while traveling with Percy and Byron.[18]

Of the many travels undertaken in *Frankenstein*, three are ambitious tourist expeditions. In two of the three journeys the initiative is taken by others on Victor's behalf, and all are at least partly for the sake of his health. "Scenic tourism," comments Elizabeth Bohls, "is part of Victor's therapy."[19] It is a very large part indeed. After the Creature's "birth" and disappearance, Victor is nursed back to health by Clerval, who proposes as a final therapy "a pedestrian tour in the environs of Ingolstadt that I might bid a personal farewell to the country I had so long inhabited" (52). The affective phrasing here is characteristic of Clerval's (and Mary Shelley's) impulse to humanize landscapes and prize those that are hospitable. "We passed a fortnight in these perambulations," Victor relates,

> my health and spirits had long been restored, and they gained additional strength from the salubrious air I breathed, the natural incidents of our progress, and the conversation of my friend. Study had before secluded me from the intercourse of my fellow-creatures, and rendered me unsocial; but Clerval called forth the better feelings of my heart . . . I became the same happy creature who, a few years ago, loving and beloved by all, had no sorrow or care. When happy, inanimate nature had the power of bestowing on me the most delightful sensations. (52)

In the Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* Wordsworth had distinguished between the natural sociability of the poet, who sings "a song in which all human beings join with him," and the scientist who "seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor" and who "cherishes and loves it in his solitude."[20] Clerval, who "was no natural philosopher" and had an imagination "too vivid for the minutiae of science" (51), is very much the ideal Wordsworthian poet and sunny antithesis of the scientist Victor, "cramped and narrowed" by a "selfish pursuit" (52). Yet, despite his salvific role, Clerval does not know all that Wordsworth came to know. In Victor's portrait of Clerval, this beloved friend forever remains, like the "dear, dear Sister" of "Tintern Abbey," the "image of my former self" (117). It is Victor who acquires the sad Wordsworthian (and Radcliffean) knowledge that it was only when

a person was already happy that "inanimate nature had the power of bestowing . . . delightful sensations."

Knowing nothing about the real causes of Victor's depression but aware of his former delight in natural scenery, Alphonse Frankenstein prescribes recreational mountain travel as the best remedy. "My father . . . thought that an amusement suited to my taste would be the best means of restoring to me my wonted serenity. It was from this cause that he had removed to the country; and, induced by the same motive, he now proposed that we should all make an excursion to the valley of Chamounix" (70). Victor allows that in other circumstances "this excursion would certainly have had the effect intended by my father," but, because of his depression, he was only "somewhat interested in the scene." The day after their arrival, he is more enthusiastic: "These sublime and magnificent scenes afforded me the greatest consolation that I was capable of receiving. They elevated me from all littleness of feeling; and although they did not remove my grief, they subdued and tranquillized it" (71).

Since he is accompanied on the journey and on his first day in Chamounix by his father, brother Ernest, and Elizabeth, Victor's enlivened responses to the scene are shared with his family: "During this journey, I sometimes joined Elizabeth, and exerted myself to point out to her the various beauties of the scene" (71). Or: "I returned in the evening, fatigued, but less unhappy, and conversed with my family with more cheerfulness than had been my custom for some time. My father was pleased, and Elizabeth overjoyed. 'My dear cousin,' said she, 'you see what happiness you diffuse when you are happy; do not relapse again!'" (71). Thus far, then, Alphonse's prescription of a family tour accomplishes its complex purpose of contributing to the education and pleasure of Elizabeth and Ernest, taking his manic-depressive son out of himself, and making the family group whole again. The elder Frankenstein's wisdom consists especially in recognizing that, therapeutic though "elevating" scenery and exercise might be, companionship in the experience compounds its remedial value.

Such was to be Mary Shelley's thesis when she set out in 1840 on her "rambles" in Germany and Italy in the company of her son Percy Florence and two of his university friends: "Now a new generation has sprung up; and, at the name of Italy, I grow young again in their enjoyments, and gladly prepare to share them."[21] Mary's anticipation of shared pleasure reminds us that her happiest touring experiences as a young woman, includ-

ing her visit to Chamounix, had been in the company of others. But as Victor courts a fate other than loving domesticity, the idyll cannot last. The following day, he is again depressed and sets out to climb Montanvert: "I determined to go alone, for . . . the presence of another would destroy the solitary grandeur of the scene" (72). This excursion will lead to his first and only extended colloquy with the Creature.

One of the most significant alterations Mary made when she revised the novel in 1831 was to turn the carefully planned family tour to Chamounix into an impulsive solo expedition. Although Victor no longer moves passively at the instigation of his father, neither does he act as a rational self-determining agent:

> sometimes the whirlwind passions of my soul drove me to seek, by bodily exercise and by change of place, some relief from my intolerable sensations . . . My wanderings were directed towards the valley of Chamounix. I had visited it frequently during my boyhood. Six years had passed since then. *I* was a wreck—but nought had changed in those savage and enduring scenes . . . Some turn in the road, some new object suddenly perceived and recognized, reminded me of days gone by, and were associated with the light-hearted gaiety of boyhood. The very winds whispered in soothing accents, and maternal nature bade me weep no more.[22]

The consequence of this and other revisions is to intensify the lyrical self-centeredness of Victor's narrative and to eclipse his family and its influence. In 1818 relatively little is made of his recollections of his earlier visits to Chamounix, but in 1831 his final journey there is recast as a half-conscious attempt to return to his innocent and happy boyhood. The phrasing with which Victor introduces the contrast between the unchanging scene and his greatly changed self—"Six years had passed"—suggests "Tintern Abbey" as again the model, but the imagery of the winds whispering in soothing accents also recalls Gray's "An Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College." Because it serves to develop a theme already present in the 1818 text, this particular addition might be considered an improvement. But Mary's decision to transform what had been a family excursion into a solitary "wandering" impoverishes the novel by removing scenes that show how Victor's shifting moods affect those closest to him and how these friends and relatives, baffled and distressed, try a series of remedies to rescue him and the family group itself from his isolation.

As has been apparent ever since the authorship of *Frankenstein* and

History of a Six Weeks' Tour became known, the Chamounix episode in the novel was based on the 1816 visit that Mary, Percy, and Claire paid to the same sublime setting. In the fourth Letter from Geneva, Percy views Montanvert not only as a tourist in search of "terrific chasms" and "a scene . . . of dizzying wonder" but also as an amateur scientist careful about exact measurements and informed about the Comte de Buffon's theories regarding glacial catastrophe:

> The vale . . . has an ascent sufficiently gradual even to the remotest abysses of these horrible desarts . . . as if frost had suddenly bound up the waves and whirlpools of a mighty torrent . . . The waves are elevated about 12 or 15 feet from the surface of the mass, which is intersected by long gaps of unfathomable depth, the ice of whose sides is more beautifully azure than the sky. (227)

This distinctly "cool" description contrasts strongly with the vatic grandeur, extended rhythms, and complex syntax of Percy's poem "Mont Blanc" and equally with Victor Frankenstein's mournful subjectivity. Victor's gaze oscillates uncontrollably between the external scene and his own emotional response: "I remembered the effect that the view of the tremendous and ever-moving glacier had produced upon my mind when I first saw it. It had then filled me with a sublime ecstacy . . . The sight of the awful and majestic in nature had indeed always the effect of solemnizing my mind . . . rain poured from the dark sky, and added to the melancholy impression I received . . . My heart, which was before sorrowful, now swelled with something like joy" (72–73). At this moment, Victor glimpses the Creature rapidly approaching.

After promising to create the Creature's mate, Victor concludes that recent discoveries by an English scientist make either a trip to England or a long correspondence necessary. Averse as always to telling the truth to those most affected by his secret as well as to writing (his narrative is recorded by Walton), he is "delighted with the idea of spending a year or two in change of scene and variety of occupation, in absence from my family." And so he proposes the trip to his father "under the guise of wishing to travel and see the world before I sat down for life within the walls of my native town" (113). Alphonse, ever concerned about his son's education and health, "hoped that new scenes, and the amusement of travelling, would restore my tranquillity" (113). Father and son work out a plan for a two-year tour in which Victor would be accompanied by Clerval. When Mary

revised these predeparture arrangements in 1831, she eliminated Elizabeth's lament that "she had not the same opportunities" and made her, rather than Alphonse and Victor himself, responsible for the inclusion of Clerval in the tour. An unexpectedly percipient and appreciative Victor exclaims: "a man is blind to a thousand minute circumstances, which call forth a woman's sedulous attention" (219). The effect of these changes is both to feminize and domesticate Elizabeth, emphasizing her difference from that blind being "man," and to reinforce the characterization of Victor as a misanthropic loner, who now accepts Clerval's company principally because it will deter "intrusion" by the Creature (218–19).

These alterations also heighten the already night-and-day contrast between Victor and Clerval which in both major editions of the novel structures Victor's account of their responses to the scenery of the Rhine that had so delighted Mary in 1814 and Byron in 1816. Clerval comments that

> The mountains of Switzerland are more majestic and strange; but there is a charm in the banks of this divine river, that I never before saw equalled. Look at that castle which overhangs yon precipice; and that also on the island, almost concealed amongst the foliage of those lovely trees; and now that group of labourers coming from among their vines; and that village half-hid in the recess of the mountain. Oh, surely, the spirit that inhabits and guards this place has a soul more in harmony with man, than those who pile the glacier, or retire to the inaccessible peaks of the mountains of our own country. (115)

Clerval here echoes Byron's sentiments and Mary's own recollection in *History* of "this part of the Rhine . . . as the loveliest paradise on earth" (36). Victor does not demur, and concedes that "even I was pleased . . . and, as I gazed on the cloudless blue sky, I seemed to drink in a tranquillity to which I had long been a stranger" (115). But we know that the "majestic and strange" mountains deemed inhospitable to humanity by Clerval are the very ones whose "sublime and magnificent scenes afforded" his friend "the greatest consolation that . . . [he] was capable of receiving" (71). As Anne K. Mellor observes, "By valuing the picturesque and beautiful above the sublime, Clerval affirms an aesthetic grounded on the family and the community rather than on the individual."[23]

Proceeding with his portrait of Clerval as a Rhineland tourist who "felt as if he had been transported to Fairy-land, and enjoyed a happiness seldom tasted by man" (115), Victor draws heavily on Wordsworth, slightly misquoting "Tintern Abbey":

> The sounding cataract
> Haunted *him* like a passion: the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to him
> An appetite; a feeling, and a love,
> That had no need of a remoter charm,
> By thought supplied, or any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye. (116)

But the fortunate Clerval is not subject to the developmental scheme of "Tintern Abbey," in which "the still sad music of humanity" is heard only after the "dizzy raptures" of adolescence can no longer be felt. Balancing a "wild and enthusiastic imagination" and ecstatic pleasure in the "scenery of external nature" on the one hand with "the sensibility of his heart," "ardent affections," and "human sympathies" on the other, he more closely resembles the ideal poet of the preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, whom Wordsworth describes as "a man . . . endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind."[24]

It is important that Clerval's "wild and enthusiastic imagination" is "chastened by the sensibility of his heart," for this beneficent restraint assures that his joyous transports remain within human bounds. Lacking or losing this moral mechanism, Victor is subject to emotional outbursts, moments of euphoria and moments of rage, that signal the advent of the Creature. Although not restricted to them, the pattern is especially clear in situations where Victor experiences the sublime in nature. The contrast between his responses and the visionary God-discovering transports of Radcliffe's heroine Adeline when she visits the same Alpine scenes in *The Romance of the Forest* could scarcely be greater. This contrast is the more instructive because in other Radcliffe novels—*A Sicilian Romance* and *The Italian*—transports in response to the natural sublime are immediately followed by the heroine's reunion with her mother or mother figure.

The transports-cum-reunions experienced by Radcliffe's characters are at once closely similar to and yet radically different from Victor's on the Montanvert glacier where the "wonderful and stupendous scene" causes his heart to swell "with something like joy" and prompts him to invoke the "wandering spirits" either to allow him this happiness or to take him, "as

your companion, away from the joys of life" (73). At once, the Creature appears in the distance—thus granting Victor's ambiguously phrased alternative wish but not as he intended. For he does not die, but he is taken away from the joys of life to become a "companion" of the spirits of the dead. The transport on Montanvert that seems to summon the Creature works a variation on two earlier occurrences. One takes place when, upon his return to Geneva from Ingolstadt, Victor witnesses a mighty storm closely resembling those described by Mary Shelley in the second Letter from Geneva and by Byron in *Childe Harold*, III, 92–95. All three descriptions stress the tremendous noise, energy, and illumination released by the thunder and lightning; all three emphasize the elated response of the observers. Aroused, transported, Victor rushes onward through the pelting rain: "This noble war in the sky elevated my spirits; I clasped my hands, and exclaimed aloud, 'William, dear angel! this is thy funeral, this thy dirge!'" (56). And immediately Victor perceives through the gloom the figure of the Creature.

Earlier still, during the months preceding the "birth" of the Creature, Victor is possessed by extreme emotion: "No one can conceive the variety of feelings which bore me onwards, like a hurricane, in the first enthusiasm of success . . . a resistless, and almost frantic impulse, urged me forward . . . I could not tear my thoughts from my employment, loathsome in itself, but which had taken an irresistible hold on my imagination" (40–41). Near the end of his life, in a passage that more clearly links the transports on the Montanvert glacier with those in his laboratory, Victor recalls his exalted state during the genesis of the Creature in language that belongs to the discourse of the sublime: "Even now I cannot recollect, without passion, my reveries while the work was incomplete. I trod heaven in my thoughts, now exulting in my powers, now burning with the idea of their effects" (156). Thus driven and ecstatic, Victor is shattered in health both mentally and physically as he applies the finishing touches to his creation: a circumstance so crucial to Mary's conception of Victor's condition prior to appearances of the Creature that after the initial publication of the novel she twice augmented the sentences immediately preceding the moment of the Creature's "birth" so as to leave no doubt about Victor's debilitated, out-of-control state. In the 1831 version, Victor's nerves are so bad that "the fall of a leaf startled me" (201). But a more telling addition, probably dating from late 1818 but never included in an edition of the novel until 1996,

reads as follows: "my voice became broken, my trembling hands almost refused to accomplish their task; I became as timid as a love-sick girl, and alternate tremor and passionate ardour took the place of wholesome sensation and regulated ambition."[25] Soon afterwards he sees "the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs" (42).

Although Victor says that he approached the task of creating a mate for the Creature "in cold blood," his nerves begin to fray again: "my spirits became unequal; I grew restless and nervous . . . Sometimes I sat with my eyes fixed on the ground, fearing to raise them lest they should encounter the object which I so much dreaded to behold" (122). In this state of morbid apprehension, Victor imagines a catastrophic future in which the Creature and his mate propagate a "race of devils" that might threaten "the very existence of the species of man" (122–23). Overcome by the apocalyptic vision and feelings of guilt, "I trembled, and my heart failed within me; when, on looking up, I saw, by the light of the moon, the daemon at the casement" (123). The placement of the semicolon leaves it ambiguous whether Victor glimpses the Creature before or after he trembles and his heart fails, hence whether the sight of "the wretch" is cause or effect of his powerful emotion. The pause made by the punctuation mark, together with the sequence in which the actions are presented, strongly suggests either that Victor's excited emotion precedes the apparition of the Creature or that they occur simultaneously. This kind of subtly wrought ambiguity is a hallmark of Romantic novelists who venture into the realm of the fantastic. Radcliffe, Scott, and Hawthorne later on are all highly skilled at creating mental, atmospheric, and verbal conditions that leave the reader temporarily or permanently in doubt about the reality (or the nature of the reality) of the visitations experienced by the fictional characters.

When Alphonse brings him back to Geneva, Victor is haunted by the Creature's terrifying promise, "I shall be with you on your wedding-night," and his mental condition steadily worsens: "when I thought on what had passed, a real insanity possessed me; sometimes I was furious, and burnt with rage, sometimes low and despondent. I neither spoke nor looked, but sat motionless, bewildered by the multitude of miseries that overcame me" (140). He might be describing an inmate in Bedlam rather than a man about to marry his childhood sweetheart; indeed, it is difficult for a present-day reader not to discover sexual panic in Victor's delays of

his wedding and blind concern only for his own safety. (Alphonse sees merely the "diffidence of a bride" in the melancholy of Elizabeth, who is about to unite herself to a man subject to manic-depressive mood swings and prone to veiled auguries of disaster; but the diffident partner is the bridegroom, not the bride.) Nonetheless, with Clerval dead, "Elizabeth alone had the power to draw me from these fits; her gentle voice would soothe me when transported by passion, and inspire me with human feelings when sunk in torpor" (140). So far from marking his attainment of adulthood and assumption of its responsibilities, his marriage to Elizabeth is the culminating moment of a regressive pattern in which, as George Levine observes, Victor's "characteristic illnesses . . . return him to the helplessness of infancy and to the care of his father and family."[26]

Like many another honeymoon trip, that of Victor and Elizabeth across Lake Geneva to Evian is also a scenic tour, and Mary Shelley, through Victor, devotes several pages to the delightful summer weather and affectionately remembered sights. Victor's description of the Jura range as "mighty" and "an almost insurmountable barrier to the invader" (142) is but a fleeting ironic reminder of destructive masculine powers in a passage that otherwise represents nature at "her" most beautiful and serene. In this mood, even Mont Blanc appears "beautiful" and is gendered female; as if emulating Ellena, the heroine of *The Italian*, Elizabeth exhorts her lover to "Observe . . . how the clouds which sometimes obscure, and sometimes rise above the dome of Mont Blanc, render this scene of beauty still more interesting." The construction of this scene as beautiful and female is an astonishing departure from well-worn conventions of the discourse of Romantic tourism; for, as Mary well knew, Mont Blanc, especially when partially obscured by clouds, was an unrivaled locus of the sublime. Elizabeth's framing vision is able to integrate Mont Blanc into a composition that, in defiance of all recipes for sublimity, includes such minutiae as these: "Look also at the innumerable fish that are swimming in the clear waters, where we can distinguish every pebble that lies at the bottom. What a divine day! how happy and serene all nature appears!" (142). But the power of Elizabeth's vision evaporates as soon as the daytime water-idyll is over.

Mary Shelley's own vision is so powerful and sustained that she is able to incorporate a host of intertextual references into this novel without losing her way or seeming merely to ventriloquize. Even among Romantic novels *Frankenstein* is notable for its close affiliations with contemporary

poetry and poetics, especially those of the early Wordsworth. Perhaps the congeniality of Wordsworth's example helped save her from being overwhelmed by the views and examples of the older, immensely gifted, and confident male poets who were her closest associates at the time? There is no wholly satisfactory way of accounting for such independence in such circumstances, but another saving (while also challenging) factor must have been pride in her parents' achievements as writers of prose, especially Wollstonecraft's *Letters from Norway* and Godwin's *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon.* But from the perspective of the present study her most important novelistic precursor was Ann Radcliffe.

No doubt scenic tourism is a less conspicuous feature of *Frankenstein* than it is of *Udolpho* or *The Italian,* and Mary's descriptive passages are more economical as well as less stylized and predictable than Radcliffe's. After all, the places she describes in any detail are ones she had seen with her own very good eyes, aided by those of Percy, Claire, and Byron. Yet while she perhaps had little to learn about scenic description as such from Radcliffe's novels, they would have shown her how tourist excursions could be used in a novel to vary narrative pace, mood, and scene; to exhibit the characters' taste, education, sensibility, physical and mental health, and (in the Radcliffean-Wordsworthian scheme of things) their state of grace; and, more humbly and commercially, to satisfy the reading public's craving for the vicarious pleasures provided by tour books. Mary was a student of genius. Three of the scenic excursions in *Frankenstein*—the tour of Chamounix, the Rhine journey, and the brief but wonderfully effective honeymoon cruise—are crucial to the development of the narrative and among its finest moments.

CHAPTER 8

Fictions of Pilgrimage: Italy's "Magical and Memorable Abodes"[1]

> "But my letter would never be at an end if I were to try [to] tell a millionth part of the delights of Rome—it has such an effect on me that my past life before I saw it appears a blank & now I begin to live."
> (Mary Shelley, 1819)[2]

1. Port of Entry

Circumstances permitting, Italy was ever the favored and virtually required destination of Grand Tourists because of its comparative proximity to Britain, its genial climate, its superior amenities for visitors, and the fame, quality, and sheer quantity of its antiquities and its masterpieces of Renaissance art and architecture. According to Joseph Addison, "There is certainly no Place in the World where a Man may Travel with greater Pleasure and Advantage than in *Italy*."[3]

The fictionalization of Italy ensured that the country retained its allure during periods when it was inaccessible to British tourists. Beginning with the Roman poetry and history read by British schoolboys, literature and visual arts conspired to make nearly the whole of Italy a storied ground. Gray described his trip from Rome to Naples as "through the most beautiful part of the finest country in the world; and every spot of it, on some account or other, famous for these three thousand years past."[4] One of the legacies of the Grand Tour was an abundance of paintings of Italian scenes brought home, or purchased through agents, to adorn the

halls and picture galleries of great houses. Prominent among these were the idealized landscapes (always with figures from biblical or classical mythology) by the seventeenth-century masters Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorrain. Later painters favored by British travelers were the Venetians Canaletto (1697–1768) and Giovanni Tiepolo (1696–1770). And of course Italy was where British painters such as Richard Wilson (1714–82) and Paul Sandby (1731–1809) learned their trade as landscape artists.

Coexisting with this glowing image of Italy in the imaginative geography of English-speaking readers was a composite shadow image of Italian society created by generations of Protestant-nationalist writers ranging in distinction from Shakespeare to the crudest Roundhead polemicists: Papal corruption, medieval superstition, Inquisitorial torture, murderous intrigue, corrupt sensuality, incestuous passion, and aristocratic arrogance. Add to this lurid mixture the harsh mountain landscapes and fierce human figures depicted by Salvator Rosa, and most of the principal ingredients of the early British gothic novel are assembled. Had any further stimulus for the Romantic-gothic imagination been needed, it was provided, as Kenneth Churchill suggests, by a comparatively late arrival on the Italian scene: the nightmarish baroque images of ruins and prisons in Piranesi's *Vedute di Roma* and *Carceri d'Invenzione* (c. 1745).[5] Thus "Italy" became an imaginative locus as threatening as it was seductive.

For high-cultural tourists of the immediately post-Waterloo period, Italy continued to be the country, Rome the city, of their pilgrim-heart's desire. And so, having revived the interrupted travels of Childe Harold in Canto III, Byron was compelled almost as much by the intrinsic logic of his narrative as by his own wishes to proceed in late 1816 from Switzerland to the true holy land of the Grand Tour. In turn, Byron's presence was one of the many reasons why the Shelleys followed in the spring of 1818. Few visitors can have arrived so well prepared for a Romantic tourist experience of Italy. For such educated travelers, it was still the case that "our memory sees more than our eyes in this country." Horace Walpole's epigram of 1740 draws attention to the multiple layers of artistic and historical associations that had effectively created two Italys: an often disappointing post-Renaissance Italy that in times of peace foreigners could visit in person and another, in some ways much more satisfactory, fictionalized Italy they could visit in imagination. Best of all was to enter into "those magical and memorable abodes" both in person and imagination while screening out as much as possible of the degenerate present.

Preeminent among early nineteenth-century literary works that elicited the memories and magic of an older Italy and increased the magnetism of the country at a time when British access was difficult or impossible was *Corinne* (1807). Enabled by her French nationality to travel to Italy in 1804–5, Staël created a novel that, perhaps more clearly and comprehensively than any other, in any language, exemplifies the close relationships between Romantic tourism and the Romantic novel. As Staël's full title suggests, *Corinne, or Italy* is a study in companionable tourism in which the heroine takes her lover on visits to the major attractions of the country. People, she believes, "become dearer to each other when they share admiration for monuments whose true greatness speaks to the soul!"[6] Corinne's lectures on those monuments are likely to strike present-day readers as excessively long and digressive, but Staël's contemporaries were delighted consumers of tour books as well as novels and, as the enormous international vogue of *Corinne* argues, rejoiced in getting both for the price of one. Inevitably, *Corinne* had a powerful shaping influence on future visitors to Italy, who now could not fail to discern an underlying sadness in Venice or neglect to view the Coliseum by moonlight when the magic of partial disclosure most favored an imaginative response. Readers familiar with Staël's novel will recognize its ghostly presence in all the major Italian tourist writings of Byron and the Shelleys.

In Staël herself Mary Shelley would have seen an accomplished fellow woman author whose courage and candor rivaled those of her own mother. In Staël's novel she would have found a liberal politics that corresponded closely with that of the Byron-Shelley circle; an irresistible enthusiasm for all the sites (especially those in Rome) that were required stops on the Grand Tour; and a love story that—like Mary's own—begins in almost instantaneous overwhelming passion and, after a host of vicissitudes packed into a relatively short period, ends in misunderstandings, tragedy, and desolation. Mary Shelley read *Corinne* three times before attempting something closely analogous, and yet ironically contrastive, in the closing sequence of *The Last Man*, where the narrator cites both Staël's novel and Radcliffe's *The Italian* as contributing to his own early fictionalization of Italy.

Byron, who found a model in *Corinne* and a friend in its author, was a guest at Staël's family home "Coppet" during the summer of 1816, enjoying conversations that surely reinforced the lessons of her novel. Her death the following year prompted Byron to add a note to *Childe Harold*, IV,

paying tribute to Staël's great personal charm and kindness while declaring that judgment of her literary productions properly belonged to "the latest posterity, for to the latest posterity they will assuredly descend."[7] This elegant appeal to neoclassical principle enables him to withhold critical evaluation yet handsomely to acknowledge the historical importance of her work. Whatever reservations might be implied, he clearly alludes to *Corinne* in several passages of *Childe Harold*, IV, and responds to many of the same sites in the same spirit.

Although Staël's portrait of Venice as a place of melancholy, silence, and death cannot have encouraged Byron to make it his first residence in Italy, her decision to make it the site of Corinne's emotional farewell to her faithless lover must have increased the romance of a city that Byron said "has always been (next to the East) the greenest island of my imagination."[8] Another reason for his settling there was the relative fewness of British visitors, who still treated Venice as a secondary destination, flocking as in times past to Florence, Naples, and especially Rome.[9] Now under Austrian rule, the Venice he found was no longer the proud independent republic that it had been since medieval times—a development that helped confirm a tendency dating from the very late eighteenth century to view the city's pageantry and carnival gaiety as chiefly a mask hiding its more fundamental melancholy decay and fallen state. The result was an appealing combination of festivity and what could now be perceived as the poignant beauty of the sea-born city.

Canto IV opens with a phrase borrowed from a famous description of Venice in *The Mysteries of Udolpho*:

> I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
> A palace and a prison on each hand:
> I saw from out the wave her structures rise
> As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand.

As is typical of Cantos III and IV, the "I" of the poem makes no gradual entry to his principal station but introduces himself as already there, positioned at the center of historical and scenic interest. This economical procedure would have appealed not at all to Radcliffe, for whom leisurely impression-gathering approaches were crucial:

Nothing could exceed Emily's admiration on her first view of Venice, with its islets, palaces, and towers rising out of the sea, whose clear surface reflected the

tremulous picture in all its colours . . . As they glided on, the grander features of this city appeared more distinctly: its terraces, crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics, touched, as they now were, with the splendour of the setting sun, appeared as if they had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an enchanter, rather than reared by mortal hands. (174–75)

In the context of the novel, the "tremulous picture" reflected in the water is at once beautiful and sinister, an illusion of solidity with undisclosed depths beneath. Within a few days Emily comes to know that this "fairy scene" masks a cynical world of aristocratic vice, sensuality, intrigue, patriarchal marriage arrangements, and finally murder. Although Emily seems never to have heard anything to the disadvantage of Venice and Venetians, Radcliffe's is the melodramatic version of the city inherited from Shakespeare and Otway, and supported by the findings of modern liberal political thinkers who reviled its form of republican government as ruthlessly expedient, secretive, and controlled by and for the aristocracy. Byron himself draws on this tradition in the "historical tragedies" *Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice* (1820) and *The Two Foscari* (1821). Like the Shelleys in *The Cenci* and *Valperga*, he found medieval and Renaissance Italian history rich with parallels to the despotic political developments in post-Napoleonic Europe.

The Venice of *Childe Harold*, however, is mainly the magical city as first beheld by Emily St. Aubert. At the same time, it is the tragic analogue of contemporary Greece, "enslaved" by the Austrians as modern Greece is by the Ottoman Turks. On the showing of Canto IV and Byron's contemporaneous "Ode on Venice" (1818), nineteenth-century Venetians are, like their Greek counterparts, a degenerate race more interested in security and profit than in independence and freedom. Like the Shelleys and Staël, he wanted to believe in a potential for regeneration if only Italians (not merely Venetians) could throw off the chains of their oppressors. But, Byron seems to say, why dwell on the inhabitants' faults while they and their peerless city are the victims of imperial conquest? Besides, again like ancient Greece, Venice is associated with the poet's own early dreams:

> I lov'd her from my boyhood—she to me
> Was as a fairy city of the heart,
> Rising like water-columns from the sea,
> Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;

> And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,
> Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
> Although I found her thus, we did not part,
> Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
> Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show. (IV, 18)

So the Venice of *Childe Harold* is a place seen shimmering through a host of mediating influences that meld with the city's magnificent visual presence to create one of the supreme experiences registered in this poem that wanders from one tourist highlight to another.

2. Rome

Among the reasons for the Shelleys' departure from England were Percy's health, social ostracism, calumnies in the press, and sheer love of new—or rather, by them, previously unvisited—places. During their four years in Italy, they moved restlessly from town to town in search of congenial society, healthful conditions, and, as always, historical and scenic grandeur. Soon after their arrival they resumed their cordial and mutually productive companionship with Byron, and Percy began two poems—"Julian and Maddalo" and "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills"—that contain tributes to Byron and superb descriptions of Venice and its environs that demonstrate what he might have done in this vein if his ambitions in poetry had been less transcendental and visionary than they generally were. But in the autumn of 1818 the Shelley party followed the example of more conventional British tourists and headed south in order to winter in Naples and enjoy the spring in Rome. During those months, Percy began writing *The Cenci* while Mary conceived the plan for *Valperga* and gathered impressions that would be crucial to *The Last Man*. These works are linked in many ways: *The Cenci* and *Valperga* by their sources in medieval and Renaissance Italian history and all three by their connections with the Shelleys' experiences as tourists.

Their 1819 visit to Rome seems to have inspired Percy to act on an intention formed the previous year to write a play based on the lurid and, in English eyes, characteristically Italian Renaissance story of the Count Cenci's rape of his own daughter Beatrice, her desperate retaliation, and her execution for parricide. As Percy's preface makes clear, he sought to in-

vest the play with authenticity by getting personally in the presence of, or in direct contact with, the physical relics associated with the historical personages and events. "I endeavoured whilst at Rome to observe such monuments of this story as might be accessible to a stranger. The portrait of Beatrice at the Colonna Palace . . . was taken by Guido during her confinement in prison."[10] The stories told about this portrait obviously lent it a talismanic power for Percy. After a lingering description of it, Percy takes the reader on a short tour of the Cenci Palace in which architectural details are precisely observed and, in the best fashion of guidebooks, "you" are privileged to gaze "from the upper windows" and "see the immense ruins of Mount Palatine."

Percy had no reason to doubt that the portrait he saw was Guido's likeness of the condemned Beatrice, nor would he have had any inclination to question its authenticity. Indeed, his preface to *The Cenci* suggests why this or some other picture of a pensive and beautiful young woman *had* to be found and identified as her portrait—and if by the revered Guido, so much the better. "All ranks of people [in Rome] knew the outlines of this history, and participated in the overwhelming interest which it seems to have the magic of exciting in the human heart. I had a copy of Guido's picture . . . and my servant instantly recognized it as the portrait of *La Cenci*" (239). Already something of a tourist attraction in the early nineteenth century, it would become a "must-see" for English-speaking tourists by the time Charles Dickens visited Rome in 1844.

As relic and visual validation of the saddest and most appealing version of the Cenci story, the portrait was a gift to writers such as Mary Shelley who were disposed to question patriarchal structures of power and to delve into the nature of criminality and moral taint. She describes the dark heroine of *Valperga*, also named Beatrice, as resembling "a picture such as Guido has since imagined, when he painted a Virgin or an Ariadne, or which he copied from the life when he painted the unfortunate Beatrice Cenci."[11] The rapid conflation of references to these several women makes two points: first, that Renaissance painters often employed the same model for portraying diverse degrees of virtue and sanctity; second, that one could be at once innocent and yet ineradicably tainted. Mary's Beatrice is tainted by her illegitimate birth and, in the eyes of the Inquisition, by her heretical prophecies. She is, as Stuart Curran notes, a literary descendant of Scott's dark heroine Rebecca, whose taint is racial.[12]

Valperga: or, The Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca is set mainly in Tuscany and chronicles the life of its fourteenth-century protagonist from childhood through idealistic youth and military success to political ascendance and acts of tyranny. This is not the method of Scott, who typically allots thirty or forty pages to his protagonist's parentage, education, and youthful expectations in life, and then, plunging *in medias res*, gives over the remainder of the novel to a critical transition period in history lasting a few years or less. Moreover, the main "heroes" of Scott's novels—as opposed to those of his narrative poems-are usually mediocre and entirely fictional characters who tag along with the great men of their time. In contrast, Mary's Castruccio is based on a historical figure of sufficient note as a soldier and politician that he earned a biography by Machiavelli.[13] But Mary does follow Scott in creating a structure in which her light and dark heroines are allied with opposed factions of Guelphs and Ghibellines that are made to represent, respectively, progress and reaction. The historical grounds for these alignments are more dubious than is usually the case in Scott's Scottish novels, although *Valperga* too is the product of much historical research.[14]

Again like Scott, Mary enjoyed a firsthand familiarity with the routes and sites mentioned in the narrative. At times, indeed, the journeys in the novel seem to be taken almost as much for the author to revisit places that charmed or interested her while touring as for Castruccio to escape his enemies, destroy a garrison, or connive with fellow-Ghibellines. Thus early in the novel we are taken with Castruccio to a farm near the site of Percy's extraordinary prospect poem "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills" and to the canals of Venice: "Who knows not Venice? Its streets paved with the eternal ocean, its beautiful domes and majestic palaces? It is not now as it was when Castruccio visited it; now the degenerate inhabitants go 'crouching and crab-like through their sapping streets'" (37). The narrator's quotation from Byron's "Ode on Venice"—its frustrated and glumly ironic contrast between past and present inhabitants so characteristic of nineteenth-century visitors to Italy—seems unnecessarily intrusive and suggests a degree of impatience with the requirements of a truly historistic representation of the past.

The question "Who knows not Venice?" and the ensuing praise of the city as a physical space are introduced by the narrator, not by the character who is visiting the city. It would be anachronistic for Castruccio to

delight in sublime or picturesque scenery; nor is he the kind of character, like Clerval, to relish a delightful landscape or, like Victor, to be transported by a lightning storm. The hero of *Valperga* is a warrior and man of state affairs whose education has not prepared him to appreciate fine scenery or to be moved by historical associations. The novel's fair-haired heroine Euthanasia, however, supplies the necessary sensibility for such transactions between character and setting.

Euthanasia is a kind of idealized Mary Shelley of the fourteenth century—long-suffering, loving, intelligent, politically liberal, and exceptionally well-educated—who, when given a pretext to visit Rome, mimes the author's own excited response to the ancient seat of empire and culture:

> It was to Rome I journied, to see the vestiges of the mistress of the world, within whose walls all I could conceive of great, and good, and wise, had breathed and acted: I should draw in the sacred air which had vivified the heroes of Rome; their shades would surround me; and the very stones that I should tread were marked by their footsteps. (112)

Although perhaps sounding too much like a Byronic pilgrim's, sentiments such as these do not seem inappropriate to a fourteenth-century proto-Humanist.

A little later, though, Euthanasia does appear to be merely a mouthpiece for Mary's own rapturous experience of Rome:

> I loved to wander by the banks of the Tiber . . . and, if the scirocco blew, to mark the clouds as they sped over St. Peter's and the many towers of Rome: sometimes I walked the Quirinal or Pincian mounts which overlook the city, and gazed, until my soul was elevated by poetic transport. (113–14)

"Elevated by poetic transport"? While based on Mary's actual thrilled experience of walking the streets of Rome for the first time, its representation here seems doubly inauthentic because the phrasing—dictated, as it were, by the discourse of Romantic tourism—is at once hackneyed and anachronistic. Of course Romantic tourist literature inevitably repeats many of the same key words, but the lack of freshness becomes pronounced where the emotions or sentiments they are meant to convey are historically inappropriate as well. How closely related are the author's and the character's experiences is shown by the following passages, the first written in a letter to Leigh Hunt's wife Marianne:

it is a scene of perpetual enchantment to live in this thrice holy city . . . The other evening we visited the Pantheon by moon light and saw the lovely sight of the moon appearing through the round aperture above & lighting the columns of the Rotunda with its rays—[15]

In *Valperga* this becomes:

In my wild enthusiasm I called on the shadows of the departed to converse with me, and to prophesy the fortunes of awakening Italy. I can never forget one evening that I visited the Pantheon by moonlight: the soft beams of the planet streamed through its open roof, and its tall pillars glimmered around. It seemed as if the spirit of beauty descended on my soul, as I sat there in mute extasy. . . . (113)

Like Mary's, Euthanasia's ecstatic experience of moonlight streaming into an ancient Roman building occurs in the Pantheon, but few contemporary readers of *Valperga* can have failed to notice a parallel between this episode and scenes in *Corinne*, *Manfred*, and *Childe Harold* where the site of a similar experience is the Coliseum:

> the moonbeams shine
> As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
> Should be the light which streams here, to illume
> This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
> Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
> Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume
>
> Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
> Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
> And shadows forth its glory. (IV, 128, 129)

Since Mary Shelley rarely fails to quote apposite passages of poetry or acknowledge that other writers had been there before her, this seems an instance where not to mention Staël or Byron was implicitly to convey that the experience and description were in fact her very own—and, in fiction, those of her character.

If *Valperga* often seems to suffer from uncertainty of aim, the reason may well be that, despite her profound responsiveness to the European past, Mary did not find the historical novel a wholly congenial genre. Notwithstanding the triumph of *Frankenstein* and the psychological penetration of her novella *Mathilda*, begun the following year, she was still a comparative novice at her art when she began *Valperga*. Whereas in *Frank-*

enstein the setting in the recent past and Victor's need for travel therapy helped Mary to make the most of what she had read and seen, her choice of period and historical (as distinct from Gothic) fictional mode in *Valperga* limited her freedom to draw effectively on the personal experiences and political concerns that were then of most urgent interest to her. Her encounter with Rome was one of the most important experiences of her still-young life: hence its ventriloquistic inclusion in *Valperga* was perhaps inevitable but doomed to artistic failure. The contrast with Byron is striking and instructive.

Although Byron explained his reluctance to visit Rome by his attachment to his Venetian mistress and his wish to avoid British tourists, the deeper reason may have been that much was emotionally as well as artistically at stake. If Rome failed to live up to expectations, what direction would his poem take? But once there, he responded to the city and its environs with an intensity that anticipated Mary Shelley's two years later: "As a *whole—ancient & modern*—it beats Greece—Constantinople—every thing—at least that I have ever seen.—But I can't describe because my first impressions are always strong and confused—& my Memory *selects* & reduces them to order—like distance in a landscape—& blends them better—although they may be less distinct."[16] By 1817, and still not quite thirty years of age, Byron was already fully in possession of his aesthetic *modus operandi* and chosen genre.

Although *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* concludes with the narrator's address to the ocean, the pilgrimage ends, as if thus envisaged from the outset, in the city of the Caesars: "My pilgrim's shrine is won" (IV, 175). A little over half of Canto IV is devoted to "Rome! my country! city of the soul!" (IV, 78) and the diverse reflections that local historical associations inspire. (Like the previous canto, IV also incorporates passages expressing personal or political concerns unrelated to the place visited; but the narrative center is so obviously the peripatetic Byronic persona experiencing rather than the immediate scene experienced that these digressions are readily accommodated.) Although the Rome sequence covers essentially the same ground that Corinne traversed with her lover and expresses touristic sentiments very much in accord with Staël's, it makes a difference that the year of publication is 1818 rather than 1807 and that the earlier cantos were so often preoccupied with the evils of imperial conquest and particularly of Napoleon's. *Corinne* lauds British political liberty, but its au-

thor was obliged to mute direct criticisms of Napoleonic policies. Byron labored under no such constraints in either the earlier or later cantos of *Childe Harold.*

Napoleon and his legions had been an important presence in the poem all along and, in Spain and again at Waterloo, prompted the narrator's bitterest reflections on imperial conquest. Since Rome is the "mother of dead empires" (IV, 78), it is as fitting that Napoleon should receive his final judgment as that Byron's poet-pilgrim should reach his journey's end here. And so in Canto IV Napoleon meets in Julius Caesar the type of which he is the most recent imperfect, albeit greatest, imitation—"a kind/ Of bastard Caesar, following him of old/ With steps unequal" (IV, 90). It is likewise fitting in a poem that increasingly stresses cyclic patterns in history that Napoleon's judge should be a pilgrim, reincarnated as a high-cultural tourist. If we recall an earlier reference to how "the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee" (III, 110), we can register the full significance of "My pilgrim's shrine is won." The language figuratively acknowledges an ironic link between the invading Hannibals, Goths, and Napoleons who preceded him and the pilgrim-tourist arriving to take peaceful and reverential possession of the Roman cultural legacy.

3. The Last Man

In her third published novel Mary Shelley chose to employ a narrative convention that was "more wild & imaginative & I think more in my way" than a work of historical fiction like *Valperga.*[17] Broadly speaking, this convention can be called the fiction of the "sole survivor." Important Romantic-period examples are Robert Southey's narrative poem *Roderick the Last of the Goths* (1814) and Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans* (1825), one of the most popular novels of the century and evidence that "lastness" (especially of a "people") had great attractiveness to nineteenth-century readers if handled with the right infusion of Ossianic melancholy.[18] But to readers today the best-known example might be Melville's Ishmael and his story of Ahab's mad pursuit of Moby-Dick. Closing his tale, Ishmael quotes from the first chapter of Job—"and I only am escaped alone to tell thee"—which in its biblical context functions as a choral refrain repeated by a series of messengers announcing the devastating calamities that befall Job (Job 1:3,

15–17, 19). The words cited by Ishmael might be the motto for all sole-survivor fictions and for all bereft and long-suffering protagonists who live to tell the tale. That description certainly fits Mary Shelley's last man, sole survivor of a plague that—so his story goes—destroys the human race at the end of the twenty-first century.

During the early decades of the nineteenth century several prominent writers, most notably Byron in the 1816 poem "Darkness," worked with apocalyptic variants of the sole-survivor convention that portrayed the end of civilization and the plight of the last human survivor. Byron's poem and the "last man" idea itself became the topic of a minor intellectual property dispute when his friend and eventual editor-biographer Thomas Campbell responded to comparisons of his own "The Last Man" (1823) with "Darkness" by claiming that it was *he* who first suggested the *donnée* to Byron. Mary Shelley was familiar with both poems as well as with Percy's "Ozymandias" and *The Assassins*, works that exemplify the author's and the age's fascination with once-mighty empires or lost "high" civilizations now known only through ruins and "mystic" inscriptions. These and other precedents, most notably Jean-Baptiste Cousin de Grainville's novel *Le dernier homme* (1805), with which Mary was probably familiar, would have deprived her of any claim to the kind of originality that meant so much to Campbell. But then her understanding of the creative enterprise was less proprietary than his and more profound.[19]

According to her frame-narrative "introduction," the story of future catastrophe has been recovered thanks to a visit to the Sybil's cave near Naples where the unnamed frame narrator and "the selected and matchless companion of my toils," now deceased, unearth a trove of mysterious "leaves" covered with prophetic writings that include the last man's autobiography.[20] Since few of Mary Shelley's contemporaries would have credited the veraciousness of Sibylline prophecies, the frame narrative effectively declares its own and the main narrative's fictionality in the very act of "authenticating" the latter's provenance. However, if the wildly fictional premises are provisionally granted, there are no *prime facie* grounds for refusing to credit a narrative of an unprecedentedly virulent form of plague wiping out the human race.[21] It is significant that the alleged discovery of the "lost MS" occurs while the frame narrator is engaged in companionable tourism. For not only does it signal the importance that touring (or memories thereof) will have in the novel, but it likewise implicitly ac-

knowledges the collaborative nature of the project, which in its early stages owed something to many "sources" including especially "Darkness," a poem that belongs to Byron's and the Shelleys' Lake Genevan period.

Although the title page of *The Last Man* reveals only that it was written by "The Author of Frankenstein," relatively knowledgeable readers would have known who she was and seen that two of the major characters in the novel resembled her erstwhile companions Percy and Byron.[22] Indeed, the way Mary developed the "last man" *donnée* enabled her to relive in fantasy some of her happiest hours with Percy and to bestow on the characters Lord Adrian and Lord Raymond roles of brilliant and popular political and military leadership that their real-life counterparts never enjoyed. In the process, the latter are idealized, but the fictionalization is partial precisely because a major reason for writing the novel was to keep company with the dead. In a moving, much-cited journal entry, recorded on 14 May 1824 when she was just beginning the novel, Mary writes: "The last man! Yes I may well describe that solitary being's feelings, feeling myself as the last relic of a beloved race, my companions extinct before me" (476–77). The following day news of Byron's death reached her and evoked a flood of affectionate reminiscences of "dear capricious fascinating Albe" (478). As Jane Blumberg remarks, the news also "was succeeded by an access of creativity" that yielded a long and restlessly inventive novel.[23]

A work that suffers from prolixity and sentimental implausibility in the portrayal of Adrian-Percy, *The Last Man* is strongest where least autobiographical—in the representation of an entire society reacting to the ravages of an invisible, seemingly inescapable enemy that spares nobody. In this representation the prolixity is largely justified inasmuch as the panoramic inclusiveness for which Mary Shelley aims can be achieved only by amassing a host of particularized reactions. The public story of society's—mainly English society's—response to the plague intersects with the private story of the chief protagonists and their immediate circle partly through the leadership roles of Adrian and his friend Lionel, the first-person narrator of the novel and, at story's end, the "last man." Further, one of the lessons of the novel is that a contagion that infects society at large must eventually penetrate even the most exclusive domestic enclaves.

The story begins in the Lake District where Lionel and Perdita, children of a dismissed courtier who was once a bosom friend of the King, are rescued from a brutish peasant existence by Adrian, son of that King. Be-

friended, re-educated, and promoted by the peerless Adrian, they soon move in the highest circles of the land. The fairy-tale quality of this change of fortune takes the edge off its Coleridge-inspired critique of Wordsworthian educational schemes, but its unfulfilled promise that characters thus blessed will live happily ever after does serve Mary Shelley's larger narrative ends. Although the abdication of his father, now deceased, had created a republic, Adrian continues to live in Windsor Castle with his sister Idris, who marries Lionel while Perdita marries Raymond-Byron. Adrian-Percy (a gift to the speculative biographer) never marries and apparently remains celibate. For a time, all live contentedly together in the castle or close by in a flowery rustic cottage—a fantasy version of what Mary Shelley recalled as periods mainly of unclouded connubial and intellectual comradeship in cottages near Windsor and Lake Geneva.[24] The impulse at work in the novel is the same one that later in her career would—in imagination—appropriate Isola Bella and its castle for herself and "a few chosen spirits."[25] In the course of *The Last Man*, Lionel and his friends claim not a few other grand houses for their temporary residences.

From the perspective of the present study, much the most important reworking of personal material in the novel occurs when the advance of the plague prompts Adrian and Lionel to organize an exodus of the remnant of the population to the Continent in search of, in Lionel's words, "some natural Paradise, some garden of the earth, where our simple wants may be easily supplied, and the enjoyment of a delicious climate compensate for the social pleasures we have lost" (244). While this plan has been plausibly interpreted by Mary Poovey as an unrealizable regression "to the origin of the species, back beyond childhood, beyond the Fall, into the womb of humanity,"[26] Lionel's words are misleading about the kind of regression that will be enacted in the ensuing narrative. The third and final volume of the novel recounts the huge political and logistical effort required to set the English exodus in motion and the final journey of the constantly diminishing band first from Paris to Chamounix (where the plague mysteriously abates) and thence to Italy. After three of the four survivors who make the journey as far as Italy perish by other means (the Adrian-Percy figure by drowning), Lionel makes his way to Rome where he writes the history upon which the narrative composed by "the Author of Frankenstein" is ultimately based. At the end of the novel, Lionel sets off by boat on a course that will take him to many of the sites visited by Odysseus, hero of the

greatest of sole-survivor narratives. In Lionel's need for action and "fierce desire of change" (367), he certainly resembles the elder Odysseus (and a young Childe Harold), but Lionel's voyage is also urgently—if pessimistically—in quest of human companionship, again to "feel my heart beat near the heart of another like to me" (366).

The English exodus forms a powerful and well-sustained concluding narrative to *The Last Man*, realistically effective as an epic adventure of migration and symbolically apt as a final pilgrimage to "sacred and eternal Rome," the place that, for Mary Shelley, was the wellspring and most glorious monument of Western civilization (258). All the same, as Morton Paley has observed,[27] there is a glaring contradiction at the heart of the project. The destination of the English is a place wishfully envisaged as a "natural Paradise," a land of perpetual spring, sunshine, and plenty. Yet as Volume Two repeatedly and grimly shows, it is in winter that the plague loses its virulence only to return as "the companion of spring, of sunshine, and plenty" (250). To be sure, Adrian and Lionel develop a plan "to pass the hot months in the icy vallies of Switzerland, deferring our southern progress until the ensuing autumn" (300), but that precaution merely confirms the almost suicidal danger of proceeding to Italy. In the event, the remission of the plague renders Italy's once again the climate that promised health to British visitors with weak lungs, including Percy Shelley, and that beckoned increasingly to Mary, herself in ill health, lonely, and chained by financial necessity to England.[28]

If Lionel and Adrian's initial decision to lead an exodus to Italy is a desperate gamble, it is likewise one that conflicts with what might seem to have been the xenophobic and antitouristic logic of the narrative up to this point. For the preceding events can be read as a warning against contact with foreigners. The plague first appears just as Raymond is about to die in the act of securing Greek (read: "Western") freedom by taking Constantinople, capital of the Turkish empire. As several scholars have observed, Raymond's death, the philhellene triumph, and the advent of the plague are all associated with contact with "the East," which in Western medical mythology vies with Africa as the source of all epidemics.[29] That there was a xenophobic streak in young Mary herself must be obvious to anyone who reads her comments on foreigners in *History of a Six Weeks Tour* or her 1818–23 letters from Italy. Nonetheless, she was by inheritance and strong intellectual conviction a believer in Enlightenment universalism, and that is the doctrine preached by Adrian and Lionel.

What the progress of the plague relentlessly demonstrates is that no man, woman, or nation is an island. Those who seek safety in isolation, like Raymond's political rival Ryland, only gain the dubious privilege of dying alone. Those who look to God's grace for a special dispensation as surely die prematurely as do their sinning fellows. Although initially a force that exposes divisions in the human community, the plague ultimately unites the survivors as they shift from a siege to a migratory modality. Lest the obvious parallel with God's chosen people be misconstrued, the narrator unobtrusively but significantly notes that the English "tribe" is joined by French survivors (309). While this exodus can be judged a failure inasmuch as the few who reach Italy have been saved by the plague's remission rather than by their own efforts, the combination of purposeful action and sheer geographical expansion creates a sense of adventure and release from confinement that bears a distant, yet recognizable, resemblance to Mary's recollection of the joyous escape of the English to the Continent in 1814.

In the process of making fiction out of the journeys taken with Percy, Mary also recaptures the holiday mood and transports of those days in a way that stands in weird yet moving counterpoint to the devastation, loss, and suffering that are her major theme. A passage that especially invites comparison with her earlier travel writing in *History of a Six Weeks' Tour* and *Frankenstein* occurs when Adrian and Lionel reach the summit of the Jura range:[30]

> Below, far, far below, even as it were in the yawning abyss of the ponderous globe, lay the placid and azure expanse of lake Leman . . . But beyond, and high above all, as if the spirits of the air had suddenly unveiled their bright abodes, placed in scaleless altitude in the stainless sky, heaven-kissing, companions of the unattainable ether, were the glorious Alps, clothed in dazzling robes of light by the setting sun. (327)

Small wonder that "an enthusiastic transport, akin to happiness, burst, like a sudden ray from the sun, on our darkened life." On closer inspection, this passage, piled up with inflationary adjectives, seems an attempt to describe the scene as Percy might have, but the Shelleyan sublime does not fall within Mary's natural register. More characteristic is a passage describing the approach to Chamounix:

> We left the fair margin of the beauteous lake of Geneva, and entered the Alpine ravines; tracing to its source the brawling Arve, through the rock-bound valley of Servox, beside the mighty waterfalls, and under the shadow of the inaccessible

mountains, we traveled on . . . till the verdant sod, the flowery dell, and shrubbery hill were exchanged for the sky-piercing, untrodden, seedless rock, "the bones of the world, waiting to be clothed with everything necessary to give life and beauty." (330–31)

Although the descriptive language here is conventional until near the end of the passage, it does not strain for effect and gives a workmanlike account of progress from the fertile shores of Lake Geneva to barren Alpine heights where the rock is "untrodden" and "seedless." Coming from Mary Shelley, whose work has consistently celebrated the human, inhabitable, and fecund, these epithets from "the last man" are arresting and ominous.

In a footnote, Mary identifies the borrowed words at the end of the passage as coming from Wollstonecraft's *Letters from Norway.* As a tourbook narrator Wollstonecraft is mainly direct and unpretentious, but *Letters from Norway* is a work not just of regional description but also of reflection and speculation on the progress of civilization that is mindful of geography, history, and likely future developments for humankind as a whole.[31] Although it cannot match the geographical reach of *The Last Man,* which has a global perspective, its "philosophical" ambition anticipates that of the novel. Mary Shelley might also have learned something from her mother's literary response to adversity and great disappointment. *Letters from Norway* is shadowed throughout by Wollstonecraft's distress over the direction that the French Revolution had taken in 1794 and the uncertain future of her relationship with the unnamed addressee of her letters. Yet it is likewise a work full of energetic social and political commentary and superb description of landscape. Mary Shelley could not afford to be so direct about her own personal tribulations, but she could learn how contradictory emotions of grief and joy, depression and exhilaration, might be effectively represented as crowding hard upon each other—the human spirit reasserting itself in the midst of loss and dire prospects.

Once the four survivors set off for Italy, confident of their release from the plague's contagion, their outlook undergoes a major change. It seemed "that henceforth we breathed more freely, and raised our heads with some portion of former liberty." And so:

We had no cause to hasten our steps . . . we yielded to every idle whim, and deemed our time well spent, when we could behold the passage of the hours without dismay . . . We rambled through romantic Switzerland . . . we strove to give life and individuality to the meteoric course of our several existences, and to feel

that no moment escaped us unenjoyed. Thus tottering on the dizzy brink, we were happy. Yes! as we sat beneath the toppling rocks, beside the waterfalls, near

> —Forests, ancient as the hills,
> And folding sunny spots of greenery,

. . . we were, in an empty world, happy. (334)

This is not the wide-eyed happiness of her elopement tour but rather a happiness the more poignantly acute because shadowed by knowledge of mortality. And just as the reader of *Frankenstein* anticipates that the honeymoon idyll is but a prelude to another homicidal visitation, so the reader of *The Last Man* knows that the foursome's holiday cannot last. (Even if this were not explicitly a sole-survivor narrative, the seemingly casual quotation from "Kubla Khan" should alert us to the transience of this period of happy companionship.) Indeed, the characters' own apprehensions over what might yet befall them are precisely what make them seek a brief victory over time by loitering, yielding to whim, and treasuring the passing moment—much in the spirit of the "Glad Preamble" to *The Prelude* or of Freud's holiday rambles.

Fully conscious of the "meteoric" nature of their existence, the companions likewise treasure each other the more—the "play" in their unscheduled lives removing occasions for friction or conflict. Play of a different kind also enlivens their days. Clara, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Lord Raymond and Perdita (both long since dead), delights to "array herself in splendid robes, adorn herself with sunny gems, and ape a princely state . . . her youthful vivacity made her enter, heart and soul, into these strange masquerades" (335). Unharnessed from their role as leaders, no longer feeling themselves passive victims, the adults enter enthusiastically into the theatrical improvisation; and since those who once owned the princely garb are dead, the props for this little masquerade are inexhaustibly available—as are dwellings for the actors. After passing the winter in the viceroy's palace in Milan, the four decide to summer on the shore of Lake Como in "a villa called Pliniana" (337), an actual villa named after the younger Pliny that the Shelleys had vainly tried to rent in 1818. Through her characters, Mary can imaginatively share "this paradisiacal retreat" in an idyll of guilt-free appropriation that recalls Percy's utopian fragment *The Assassins* (338). For the author as for the characters, the success of the "let's pretend" hinges on the kind of complex mental maneu-

vering at which Romantic tourists were so adept. The characters know full well that their pleasures are transitory and in a manner stolen, and yet are able to pretend they are "the world's free denizens" enjoying a state of "voluntary exile." The lakeside idyll and, with it, the carefully nurtured illusion of freedom evaporate when Lionel's child Evelyn dies from typhus and (after taking in Venice, all deserted and forlorn) the remaining three embark on the sea voyage to Greece that results in the deaths of Adrian and Clara.

Now bereft of human companionship, Lionel sounds increasingly like Frankenstein's companionless Creature; but, purposeful in his way as the Creature was in his, he proceeds as planned on a "pilgrimage to Rome" (340). Seeking solace in tourism, he spends his last reported year in "the capital of the world, the crown of man's achievements" (358), making a temporary home for himself in the Colonna Palace where Mary and Percy had gazed at the "Beatrice Cenci" portrait. Although he finally decides that he must leave because "hope of amelioration always attends on change of place" (365), his loving touristic exploration of Rome is as rehabilitative as could be hoped for in the circumstances. Unsurprisingly, his initial response to the city recalls the rapturous sense of cultural arrival experienced by Euthanasia in *Valperga* and by Mary Shelley herself. Standing in the Roman Forum and remembering the heroes and poets, Lionel feels himself

> exalted by long forgotten enthusiasm. I was delighted to know that I beheld the scene which they beheld—the scene which their wives and mothers, and crowds of the unnamed witnessed, while at the same time they honoured, applauded, or wept for these matchless specimens of humanity. At length, then, I had found a consolation. I had not vainly sought the storied precincts of Rome—I had discovered a medicine for my many and vital wounds. (360)

He gains strength by beholding the site where men had been strong before him, just as, in Samuel Johnson's view, a thoughtful traveler would gain in piety by walking among the ruins of Iona and in patriotism by standing on the battlefield of Marathon. (Later, writing the narrative of disaster and exodus that brings him to Rome—one not without ironic parallels to that of the *Aeneid*—the last man adds to the stories of heroism that invest the site with grandeur.) Given a narrative context in which his almost unbearable loneliness and touristic pleasures receive about equal weight, his imaginative identification with the onlookers of ancient times suggests that through this shared experience he is able to find company. The experience

is implicitly theatrical, and the company that beholds "the scene" with him is that of a theater audience whose imagined presence is as important to Lionel as that of the historical actors.

In an important study, Morton Paley argues for a reading of the novel as far more despairing and ironic than the one advanced here. On his showing, the characters place their faith in one supposed "paradisiacal" good after another—a republican form of government, conquest of "barbarism," Progress, "home," the imagination, nature, religion, art, authorship—only to have each exposed as a cruel mirage that cannot deliver the secure happiness it seems to promise. Lionel's effort to leave a record for possible future readers and his voyage in search of a companion indicate that "he has failed to understand the condition of his Lastness."[32] Now I agree that the novel is partly structured by a pattern of raised expectation and disappointment familiar to us from a variety of Romantic sources, ranging in seriousness from Goethe's account of Werther's manic-depressive swing from ecstasy to suicide, to Radcliffe's disappointment that she could not experience Derwent Water and surroundings as the "Vale of Elyseum" that had filled Gray with rapture. As I read it, however, what the action of *The Last Man* repeatedly shows is that the culture's most prized sources of salvation or consolation fail because too much or the wrong thing is expected of them. Two examples may suffice here.

At the beginning of the narrative, Lionel's education by nature teaches him (*pace* Wordsworth) mainly to be a vengeful and brutish poacher, but his subsequent education teaches him rightly to value nature for the benefits it actually can bestow. Lionel and his companions continue to gain pleasure and solace from nature long after the calamities they experience might be supposed to have rendered them incapable of the necessary imaginative response. Later, too, despite the disasters that made him the last man, he quickly finds "a medicine for my many and vital wounds" in Rome's storied ruins and works of art. But of course there is a limit to what they can do for him, and with returning desperation in his loneliness, he "haunts" the Vatican in order to be surrounded by the humanlike statues of the Greek deities, each of which is "possessed by sacred gladness, and the eternal fruition of love" (363). He reproaches them for their "supreme indifference" and even, "half in bitter mockery, half in self-delusion," embraces "the unconceiving marble." Yet art does not fail Lionel; rather, in his half-deranged state he fails art by not heeding the lesson of Keats's ode—

that art is "a friend to man," not a substitute.

As for his supposed failure "to understand the condition of his Lastness," Lionel resists rather than fails to understand the conclusion which he himself has drawn from evidence that is compelling but scarcely complete; and although he believes he is alone in the world he will not give up the possibility that there are other human survivors. Keeping that possibility alive enables him to go on living, pressing ahead rather than quietly succumbing. His resistance leaves a narrow opening at the end of the narrative and again sounds the epic note, faint and dissonant but not without affirmative overtones.

In the pages of *The Last Man* can be found a kind of compendium of the favored values, themes, settings, and language that Romantic tourism shared with the Romantic novel. More generally, *The Last Man* is a representative Romantic novel that yet deviates from the paradigm in instructive ways. To illustrate both the conformity and divergence, I will examine two carefully crafted "theatrical" episodes, one of which occurs when Lionel stands among the ruins of the Forum imagining a repopulated Rome:

> as the Diorama of ages passed across my subdued fancy, they [scenes and personages from ancient Rome] were replaced by the modern Roman . . . The romance with which . . . we to a degree gratuitously endow the Italians, replaced the solemn grandeur of antiquity. I remembered the dark monk, and floating figures of "The Italian," and how my boyish blood had thrilled at the description. I called to mind Corinna ascending the Capitol to be crowned, and passing from the heroine to the author, reflected how the Enchantress Spirit of Rome held sovereign sway over the minds of the imaginative. (360–61)[33]

Just as Byron's vision of Venice had been formed by "Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art," so Mary's early images of Rome and the Italians had been partly inspired by her reading of *The Italian* and *Corinne*. Even if Staël's relatively sympathetic depictions of Italians did not accord with Mary's later observations of them, the fictionalized Rome of *Corinne* most satisfyingly was the Rome visited by Mary and her characters Euthanasia and Lionel. Rather than reject Radcliffe and Staël's images of Rome and modern Italians because they partly failed the empirical test, Mary valued those images the more because they demonstrated the power of place—even of place unvisited except through literature—to stimulate the imagination and improve on the actuality of the inhabitants.[34]

Like other "storied precincts" littered with the fragments of a lost world, those where Lionel stands give full play to the aesthetic of partial disclosure, inviting the informed spectator to respond imaginatively to the visual cues and rich literary and historical associations. Shifting from the visual to the literary, it can be said that just as the "Enchantress Spirit of Rome" captured the imaginations of Radcliffe and Staël, so their narratives "held sovereign sway over the minds of the imaginative" by delaying full disclosure until as late as possible. In the case of Mary Shelley's novel, which observes a different narrative strategy, the title itself might seem to give away the conclusion to the main action. So it largely does to readers, but despite the characters' apprehensions *they* do not know that conclusion until their annihilation is nearly complete. We witness their struggles in the ironic foreknowledge that they cannot succeed. But perhaps the "last man" can succeed after all? By leaving a miniscule opening at the end of the novel, Mary Shelley declines to tell all and leaves something for "the minds of the imaginative."

The aesthetic that informs *The Last Man* as well as *Frankenstein* gives no less precedence than that of Radcliffe's novels to the imagination and therefore to romance. Removing the action to the end of the twenty-first century distances it quite as effectively from early nineteenth-century realities, and thereby gives just as much scope to the imagination, as could have been achieved by placing it in the remote past. But to what use is that scope put? After a frame narrative that implicitly declares the fictionality of *The Last Man*—its status as romance—by proffering a "history" of its origin that is itself incredible, the main narrative begins with a rags-to-riches, hut-to-castle, story that smacks of a fairy tale. Yet when the daydream modulates into nightmare, we sense a generic as well as qualitative shift that justifies and to a degree redeems what would otherwise seem the self-indulgent fantasy of the preceding pages. A good case can be made that *The Last Man* becomes, quite as much as *Frankenstein*, a version of the gothic. Though the usual props are absent, it is quintessentially gothic insofar as its characters are the victims of an overpowering, unrelenting, and mysterious power, and as its readers are not spared the horrific progress of the plague.

The major narrative transition from blissful daydream to gothic nightmare is repeated *in petto*, as suggested earlier, in a series of episodes where happiness or escape seems within grasp only to be followed by let-

down or sobering recognition. This pattern is epitomized in an episode that occurs shortly before the plague reaches its height and while many of the amusements and routines of life in London are still available and the more important because of the urgent need for distraction. Lionel drops in on a performance of *Macbeth* that has just reached the scene where Macbeth meets the witches.

> Great pains had been taken in the scenery to give the semblance of reality to the impossible . . . The entrance of Hecate, and the wild music that followed, took us out of this world . . . The entrance of Macbeth did not destroy the illusion, for he was actuated by the same feelings that inspired us, and while the work of magic proceeded we sympathized in his wonder and his daring, and gave ourselves up with our whole souls to the influence of the scenic delusion. I felt the beneficial result of such excitement, in a renewal of those pleasing flights of fancy to which I had long been a stranger. (220)

Theatrical art has the same "beneficial" effects as Romantic tourism, which likewise inspires "pleasing flights of fancy." But Lionel and the rest of the audience are jolted abruptly, excruciatingly back to "this world" when Ross laments the state of Scotland under Macbeth's rule and Macduff learns the fate of his wife and "All my pretty ones . . . all my pretty chickens." At first the audience responds imaginatively to the suggestive power of these scenes, but soon the parallel with contemporary circumstances makes the representation unbearable and Lionel rushes "out as from an hell of torture, to find calm in the free air and silent street" (221). Two features of this episode invite comment here.

First, Lionel's brief relation of how "Great pains had been taken in the scenery to give the semblance of reality to the impossible," and how Macbeth responds as an ordinary member of the audience would, describes what Mary Shelley herself had sought to do in the entire novel, including its introductory frame. It likewise reformulates without altering the fundamentals of Walpole's explanation of what he had wished to achieve in *The Castle of Otranto*: to make "the mortal agents . . . think, speak and act, as it might be supposed mere men and women would do in extraordinary positions."[35] Still more to the point, Lionel's account refashions the description of the "philosophical" romance in Scott's review of *Frankenstein*: "the laws of nature are represented as altered . . . in order to shew the probable effect which the supposed miracles would produce on those who witnessed them" and who must act "according to the rules of

probability, and the nature of the human heart."[36] To be sure, the only "miracles" or instances of the impossible in *The Last Man* are those involving the transmission of Lionel's story. But if we go along with Walpole's hedging phrase "extraordinary positions" and do not insist on alterations of "the laws of nature" in all cases, any of these accounts would fit *The Last Man* as well as it does other Romantic novels. Radcliffe's and Scott's novels incorporate a wide range of "extraordinary positions," some of which violate "the laws of nature" or temporarily seem to; but nothing is so prevailingly extraordinary about the positions in which their characters find themselves, and/or in which readers find them, as the strange lands and often stranger inhabitants they encounter. These are important for the characters of *The Last Man* as well, but it is the plague above all that invades and puts the "extra" on their "ordinary" world, eventually driving them abroad when it becomes, so to speak, domesticated in England.

The *Macbeth* episode also illustrates the two main ways that the causes and effects of the sublime were understood by Romantic novelists—and tourists. Initially, in response to the obscurity, sheer weirdness, and mystery of the scene, Lionel experiences "a renewal of those pleasing flights of fancy"; he and the rest of the audience enjoy a transport "out of this world." Clearly, "wonder" rather than terror is the emotion that activates a flight of fancy, empowering rather than disempowering the audience. Then the audience is briefly able to experience the Burkean sublime, until the terrifying circumstances come too close to home and the dramatic illusion collapses. Outside the theater, Mary Shelley's characters cannot experience the plague as sublime because it is too present, too certain, too fatal a threat for them to feel anything but terror. Although we might suppose that her contemporary readers, far removed in time from the fictional events, could have experienced it as sublime, reviews show that many of them were simply repelled by such unladylike imaginings. If we inquire why Mary Shelley was not accorded the license granted Ann Radcliffe, the chief reason may have been that Radcliffe knew her audience too well to prolong her horrors or situate them in and around London. Yet however much Mary Shelley's contemporaries may have been put off, it is because of the invisible force named the plague, knowable only through its devastating effects, that *The Last Man* is a version of the gothic and, in its most powerfully imagined parts, an exemplification of the Burkean sublime.

In some Romantic novels, such as *The Italian* and *Frankenstein*, the

villain or sinister alter ego, seemingly gifted with superhuman power and intelligence, appears omnipresent and inescapable. Schedoni and the Creature share with the plague in *The Last Man* the characteristics of invisibility and apparent immunity to countermeasures. They differ from the plague inasmuch as they are human (or humanoid) and therefore have intelligible motives and are ultimately vulnerable. The plague is the more terrifying because of this difference. Its destructiveness serves no comprehensible purpose or design. Contrary to what might be expected, the narrator of *The Last Man* rarely if ever hints that the plague is an instrument of God's wrath or of Providence inscrutably using evil to work eventual good. Neither is this the kind of Romantic novel in which it can be anticipated that the characters' prayers will gain them a miraculous reprieve. In this respect the novel is very much a product of the Enlightenment and does not answer fully to my description of the Romantic novel as a privileged space within which writers seek temporarily to recover and sustain a pre-Enlightenment world-view. Still, the plight of the characters in this novel does answer to what Henry James calls an "infallible sign" of the "romantic": a "rank vegetation of the 'power' of bad people that good get into, or *vice versa*. It is so rarely, alas, into *our* power that anyone gets!"[37] In this particular usage of "romantic" James means gothic melodrama, which is scarcely the whole meaning of "romantic" (with or without a capital *R*) but does fit the case of *The Last Man*. Indeed, the plague is so much more awesomely powerful—and mysterious—than even "bad people" with far greater leverage to do evil than a mere Schedoni has that it acquires some of the supernatural aura that once belonged to the pre-Enlightenment—indeed, to the Old Testament—God.

Because the plague is such a dominating presence, there is limited scope for another of the characteristic features of a Romantic novel: a playfulness that often has Shakespearean romantic comedy as its model. But in the early and late chapters, and occasionally even during the plague chapters, characters do find opportunities for various forms of play, not least among them tourism. The restorative pleasures experienced by the characters in Switzerland and northern Italy are obviously ones that the author herself shares vicariously as she relives happy times in the same places and "plays house" in English and Italian palaces. As her friend Samuel Rogers would argue in his tourist poem *Italy*, touring could indeed temporarily restore travelers to "the golden time of their childhood."[38]

Interrupting his account of the joyous interlude between the conclusion of the plague and Evelyn's death, the narrator invokes those days in a rhetorically elevated, elaborately patterned language that aspires to the condition of poetry, another generic feature of Romantic novels:

> Yet, O days of joy—days, when eye spoke to eye, and voices, sweeter than the music of the swinging branches of the pines, or rivulet's gentle murmur, answered mine—yet, O days replete with beatitude, days of loved society—days unutterably dear to me forlorn—pass, O pass before me. (335)

Surely there are echoes here of "Ode to a Nightingale" and Byron's description of the ball that preceded the Battle of Waterloo: "Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again" (*Childe Harold*, III, 21). Whether or not she was recalling these particular poems, a "poetic" patterning of language, event, and character type appears with varying degrees of conspicuousness in Romantic novels as a signature flourish of the novelist as player. This is true even when, as in the passage above, tragic loss is the occasion for this and other departures from the staple prose of the narrative. For the passage's ode-like invocation—with its pronounced alliteration, assonance, syntactical repetitions, and recurrence of "O" and "days"—demonstrates the power of the human mind simultaneously to employ the powers of language in fixing the image of the "days replete with beatitude" and to create design in their celebration.

A hero of this study who has appeared in many shapes and at varied sites—Iona, Marathon, the Forest of Arden, Waterloo, Clarens, Rome—is the high-cultural tourist as pilgrim. Mary Shelley's Lionel and Euthanasia in Rome are conspicuous examples of fictional characters who make pious visits to sacred or at least storied ground; so is Harry Bertram when he pays his respects to Hadrian's Wall in *Guy Mannering*. But it must be said that the high-cultural pilgrim is more likely to appear in a tour book or a poem than in a novel. Many of Scott's protagonists are either too little or too much embedded in local Scottish culture to feel any keen desire to visit its shrines. Radcliffe's heroes and heroines are transported primarily in response to natural scenery; without exception, the ancient abbeys and castles that loom sublimely in the dusk of her novels are fictitious ones with fictitious histories.

Yet Scott and Radcliffe themselves were no less passionate pilgrims than Mary Shelley, and both would have endorsed John Wilson Croker's

comment, apropos *Child Harold's Pilgrimage* and the "sacred spot" named Marathon, that "one of the highest offices of good poetry is to connect our ideas with some 'local habitation.'"[39] To do so is a major educational project of the Scottish Waverley novels, and Scott requires no ecstatically responsive Euthanasia or Lionel to communicate a sense of the local as sacred, teeming with stories for those in the know. Thus, although Frank Osbaldistone travels into the Highlands reluctantly and with a mainly commercial objective, he eventually finds himself on ground that is sacred for Rob Roy, for Scott, and for the reader too when he or she becomes one of those in the know.

Radcliffe's novels likewise champion the local, but do so without the lavish historical grounding provided by Scott. Even though neither La Vallée in *The Mysteries of Udolpho* nor Leloncourt in *The Romance of the Forest* is a "real" place, each is a sacred spot invested with poignant personal associations for Radcliffe's characters. Readers of her novels could not make pilgrimages to these places, as readers could and did to the places described in Scott's novels and metrical romances of Caledonia, but they were taught how to relate emotionally to their own places. Then too, as both Byron's and Mary Shelley's pilgrims testify, the borrowed finery of Radcliffe's "Italian" landscapes and cityscapes contributed to the aura of romance that, for them and other readers of her novels, lingered as a golden mist over Venice, the Apennines, Rome, and Naples.

In the closing sequence of *The Last Man*, then, Mary Shelley's characters engage both in the childlike play of a stolen holiday and in a high-cultural pilgrimage to the deserted yet still romantic cities of Italy. Connecting the *l'allegro* and *il penseroso* characters, the "pilgrim-like and child-like" dispositions, of the Romantic tourist is the highly responsive imagination they share: nowhere is this more clear than in *The Last Man*. Another way of viewing this connection is in developmental terms: as Byron's experience of Venice or Mary Shelley's of Rome confirms, the child is indeed the father (or mother) of the tourist-pilgrim. That relationship is likewise suggested by the episode in *Guy Mannering* where Harry Bertram's unconscious childhood memories of Ellangowan Auld Place cause him to interrupt his pursuit of Julia Mannering in order to gain a close-up view of the intriguing old ruin: "I must visit that ruin before I continue my journey," says Harry, speaking for all high-cultural tourists. "I should like it of all things."

4. A Final View

If *The Last Man* can be fairly accounted a compendium of the traits that Romantic tourism shared with the Romantic novel, it can likewise be considered a valediction both to the companions of Mary Shelley's early travels and to her own experimentation with what was "wild & imaginative" in life and fiction. More broadly, it marks the end of an era in the history of tourism and literature. She wrote several more novels (one of which, *Lodore*, again recalls her Italian travels), but only *Rambles in Germany and Italy* occasionally recaptures the imaginative *élan* of her early narratives. Perhaps because in traveling with her son Percy Florence and his friends, she was once again able to enjoy the stimulation of companionable tourism. Although many of the leading features of Romantic literature and tourism have long survived the Romantic Age, the publication date of *The Last Man*, 1826, is still a plausible marker of the transition to a new age of literature and tourism. For Mary Shelley's description of herself as "the last relic of a beloved race, my companions extinct before me" is, if anachronistically Ossianic in inflection, the pointer to an important truth: by the mid 1820s all the great High-Romantic literary figures were dead or had accomplished the work by which they are most remembered.

It is yet easier to identify major shifts in tourist destinations, tastes, and modes of representation and transportation after the 1820s. The new technology of photography gradually usurped the role of the sketch as the preferred means of representing places and peoples visited—with profound implications for literary as well as visual aesthetics. Earlier and far more conspicuously, the railroads began altering both landscape and the perception of landscape, further democratizing tourism by making leisure travel feasible for those with limited funds and time to spend. No longer engaged in an exclusive activity, "travelers" must have inevitably experienced an intensified sense of a qualitative (social-class and educational) distinction between themselves and "tourists" occupying second- and third-class carriages. At the same time, however, an ironic cross-light is thrown on the superior freedom and independence of "travelers" by the history of travel for health and by the particular experience of Mary Shelley. Although her early fiction celebrates the healing value of scenic tourism, the illnesses of her later, Victorian, years prompted her to make a trial of the hydropathic treatments of German spas. Such comparatively expensive and foreign

treatments were not available to the classes from which "tourists" mainly came but attracted the patronage of the international upper and middle classes. No doubt many submitted trustfully to, and even benefited from, the authoritarian and intrusive disciplines imposed by spa doctors and officially authorized by the King of Bavaria. But as Beth Dolan Kautz shows, Mary Shelley was not one of them. Invoking Michel Foucault's thesis that the modern state exerts control over individuals through the institutions it licenses, Kautz traces Mary Shelley's quiet rebellion against the regimens of the spa and her re-endorsement of the salutary value of "rambling" tours such as she had known in her youth.[40]

Quite as important as the new technologies of travel, representation, and health for a new era in tourism was the fruition, or in some instances exhaustion, of earlier tourist vogues, practices, and opportunities. By the time Mary Shelley wrote *The Last Man*, the pioneering phase of the touristic discovery of Britain was largely over, as was the initial excitement of the rediscovery of France and Italy after the fall of Napoleon. Moreover, Romantic tourists had richly documented their discoveries during the preceding three quarters of a century in written and visual-art forms that supplied attractive templates for future "travelers" but that, because they were widely disseminated, also further popularized tourism—with what now appear inevitable consequences. To mention but the most striking of these ironic testimonials to literary success: Wordsworth in his later years would feel driven to take a public stand against the invasion of the Lake District by railroads and armies of "trippers" for which he and his fellows had been as much responsible as the nascent tourist industry.

I do not mean to suggest that British tourists henceforth only viewed the Lakes through Wordsworth's eyes, the Scottish Highlands through Scott's, or Greece and Western Europe through Byron's. On the contrary, rather than only slavishly feeling "raptures that were Byron's, not their own," as Hawthorne alleged of tourists viewing the Coliseum by moonlight, many were guided by the great Romantic travel writers to experiences of Britain and the Continent that they might not otherwise have had and went on to make discoveries of their own. Still, as James Buzard has shown, the fact that John Murray interlarded his "handbooks" to Switzerland and Italy with passages from Byron indicates how literature was made to conspire with the publishing industry in the commercial mapping of tourist Europe and Britain that accompanied the advances of the railway

system. At the same time, however, thanks to the availability of steamship travel, relatively affluent tourists who might crave something less thoroughly explored could look beyond Europe.

Among those who looked to North America was Charles Dickens, and the literary result of his venture across the Atlantic was one of the most brilliant, if uneven, nineteenth-century tour books: *American Notes for General Circulation* (1842). But he was also author of the much less widely known *Pictures from Italy* (1846), based on his tour there in 1844. The differences between these tour books are suggestive of both the continuities and changes in tourist travel and its literary representation that began occurring after the 1820s.

In *The Textual Life of Dickens's Characters*, James Davies contends that "in the experience . . . [of Italy, Dickens] finds little to like; he constantly discovers that even initial attractiveness quickly dissolves."[41] Davies is a shrewd commentator on Dickens, but while I agree that *Pictures from Italy* is shot through with its author's discontent, I believe that the source of the problem lies only partly, and perhaps not primarily, in Dickens's relationship with Italy itself. He enjoyed the country sufficiently during his 1844 visit that he chose to tour it again a decade later in the company of Wilkie Collins, but he wrote no more tour books after this one. Surely much of the explanation for the discontent is that Italy left him, as it had Addison 250 years earlier, with a feeling of belatedness—what could one say that hadn't been said countless times previously? It also left him with a felt lack of authority: Dickens's schooling had not given him the compensating sense of cultural "homeness" and delighted recognition that is evident in so many earlier tour books thanks to their authors' assured knowledge of Roman history, literature, and art.

Not that Dickens set off to Italy as staunchly insular as the "John Bulls" satirized by Washington Irving in *Tales of a Traveller*. He was well informed about what to admire and found much that lived up to the expectations that had been aroused by the tour books, poems, and novels of earlier decades: special favorites were the Piazza San Marco and its Cathedral, the Coliseum by moonlight, and the Bay of Naples. Nothing new or surprising there. As might be anticipated, the alleged portrait of Beatrice Cenci haunted the great fabulist and inspired him to improve on the stories that surrounded the painting:

I see it now, as I see this paper, or my pen . . . She has turned suddenly towards you; and there is an expression in the eyes—although they are very tender and gentle—as if the wildness of a momentary terror, or distraction, had been struggled with and overcome, that instant; and nothing but a celestial hope, and a beautiful sorrow, and a desolate earthly helplessness remained. Some stories say that Guido painted it, the night before her execution; some other stories, that he painted it from memory, after having seen her, on her way to the scaffold. I am willing to believe that, as you see her on his canvas, so she turned towards him, in the crowd, from the first sight of the axe, and stamped upon his mind a look which he has stamped on mine as though I had stood beside him in the concourse.[42]

Dickens obviously feels that the materials at hand are congenial to his genius: he can *do* something with this storied portrait and proceeds to give us a vivid, if highly affective, fictionalization of Beatrice's, Guido's, and his own experiences in a compact you-are-there vignette.

But *Pictures from Italy* is replete with signs of insecurity, boredom, impatience, even (it might have been said) Cockney impertinence, as when Dickens invokes the analogy of a Guy Fawkes' Night celebration in order to show that he hasn't been bowled over by a mass sung for the Feast of the Purification at St. Peter's. Then there are lapses that a present-day scholar of tourism might diagnose as symptoms of "tourist shame," as when Dickens protests: "I cannot dismiss from my certain knowledge, such commonplace facts as the ordinary proportion of men's arms, and legs, and heads; and when I meet with performances that do violence to these experiences and recollections, no matter where they may be, I cannot honestly admire them, and think it best to say so; in spite of high critical advice that we should sometimes feign an admiration, though we have it not" (422). Dickens's naïvely mimetic pictorial aesthetic excludes the baroque and St. Peter's Cathedral as well as Michaelangelo's "Last Judgement" and all of Bernini's works. Were the same aesthetic applied to Dickens's fictional characters, how would they fare? Since he cannot appreciate the baroque and has little home-feeling for the ancient Roman, Dickens's Rome is manifestly not that of the high-cultural pilgrims discussed earlier in this book.

Yet what Dickens's Rome is exactly is not easy to say. Despite his protestations of candor, he often seems so confused about what he feels or so uncomfortable with the figure he cuts as narrator that it is hard to know what he is driving at. For instance, he comments that the "aspect of the desolate Campagna . . . reminded me of an American prairie; but what is

the solitude of a region where men have never dwelt, to that of a Desert, where a mighty race have left their foot-prints in the earth from which they have vanished; where the resting-places of the Dead, have fallen like their Dead; and the broken hour-glass of Time is but a heap of idle dust!" (426). Not much, seems the obvious answer. And yet, while Dickens was not in fact impressed by the American prairie he saw, it is not certain that he would have rejected its supposed *tabula rasa* in favor of the dreary indelible ruin, ruin, ruin of Rome and its Campagna.[43] In his unease with all the marble remnants of Roman grandeur, as in much else, he anticipates the Hawthorne of *The Marble Faun* who was oppressed by the burdensome imperishability of the Roman past, its refusal decently to dissolve and let the present generation get on with their lives. More surprisingly, perhaps, Dickens likewise anticipates the most influential High-Victorian arbiter of tourist taste, John Ruskin, who shared his enthusiasm for Venice but was much more emphatic about his detestation of Rome: the Coliseum, he said, "I have always considered a public nuisance . . . and the rest of the ruins are mere mountains of shattered, shapeless bricks, covering miles of ground with a Babylon-like weight of red tiles."[44] Now, in a revision of the aesthetics of the Grand Tour that began with the Early Romantics and was accelerated by Byron, Venice was becoming the touristic holy of holies. For many visitors, Henry James being one, Rome retained its magic, the cultural centrality it had claimed for so many centuries. But one of the markers of a new age in tourism is that cultural spokesmen as influential as Dickens, Hawthorne, and especially Ruskin could be so confused about their responses to Rome or so flatly negative.

If *Pictures from Italy* suffers from its author's uncertainty about his own feelings, *American Notes* alternates between passages that are bland and vague (characterized by a frequent dependence on "beautiful") with ones that exhibit the powers of observation and description we would expect from the young Dickens. Nor is his problem that he doesn't know what he thinks about America; it is, rather, that he feels he must say something about many places that made little impression on him and pull some of his punches in a book whose core account of the southern and western United States was certain to offend his kind, thin-skinned American hosts. Yet in its best passages, *American Notes* is just as confident, fresh, and vigorous as his hosts liked to consider themselves. Portraying them and their country south or west of New England as a weird compound of the raw and decayed

(though intermittently "beautiful"), Dickens objects repeatedly and graphically to the vulgar habit of spitting, to the fierce heat and humidity of Washington, D.C., to the malarial swamps of the western states, to the crude frontier conditions of travel and lodging, to the explosive dangers of steamboat travel, and of course to slavery. It should be said that he is very kind and admiring of much else and that the stimulus of his encounter with American landscapes and regional cultures that were at once strange and familiar yielded passages (such as the one describing his journey over the Allegheny Mountains to Pittsburg) as fine as any in travel literature.

Among the reasons why Dickens's American journey gradually became a nightmare for him and his wife, the chief surely was that he suffered all of the trials of a celebrity—from constant staring and touching to intruding and mobbing.[45] For not until the Prince of Wales made his triumphant tour on the eve of the Civil War was there an English visitor so famous, so widely known to the host country, as Charles Dickens. As a result, and exactly reversing the normal relationship between spectator and spectacle, he became a kind of moving tourist site. His visit to the United States also marks something new in British literary tourist travel. Despite their personal friendships with Americans and/or pleasure in touring, none of the novelists studied in this book traveled further west than Ireland. Indeed, prior to Dickens's visit, no British traveler in the United States (or in the colonies that would form the rebel nation) was a literary figure of magnitude.[46] John Galt (1779–1839), who visited Canada in 1824, might be considered a tangential exception, but a search for distinguished British literary visitors to the Americas otherwise propels one all the way back to the reigns of Elizabeth I and James I when Sir Walter Ralegh and George Sandys were involved in the earliest British exploration and colonization of the "New" World.[47]

But British tourist travel beyond Europe, however brilliantly represented, is also beyond the scope of this book. So, too, with only a few unavoidable exceptions, is American travel in Europe. Indeed, the advent of American tourists in considerable numbers who made Britain both their first and usually their most important stop on their Grand Tour of Europe is another marker of a new age in tourism. Much as Henry James himself loved Italy, the passion of the Passionate Pilgrim in his story by that name is for England, then the indubitable cultural homeland of most educated Americans.

Notes

PREFACE

1. Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*, ed. Ross C. Murfin (Boston and New York: St. Martin's Press, 1991), 52. This edition reproduces the text established by the *Centenary Edition of the Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne* (Ohio State Univ. Press, 1962), Vol. 1. The phrase quoted comes from the end of "The Custom-House."

2. William Wordsworth, "Composed in the Valley, near Dover, on the Day of Landing," *Poems in Two Volumes, 1800–1807 by William Wordsworth*, ed. Jared Curtis (Ithaca, NY: Cornell Univ. Press, 1983), 162. Wordsworth later revised the opening line so that it no longer addresses his "Dear fellow-Traveller."

INTRODUCTION

1. *The Poems of John Keats*, ed. Jack Stillinger (Cambridge: Belknap Press of Harvard Univ. Press, 1978), 293.

2. Sir Walter Scott, *Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since*, ed. Claire Lamont (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1981), 19.

3. Numerous critics have commented on the touristic character of Edward Waverley. Especially insightful and suggestive are James Buzard's "Translation and Tourism: Scott's *Waverley* and the Rendering of Culture," *The Yale Journal of Criticism* (1995), Vol. 8, No. 2, 31–59; John Glendening, *The High Road: Romantic Tourism, Scotland, and Literature, 1720–1820* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1997), 173–94; Ian Duncan, *Modern Romance and the Transformations of the Novel* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1992), especially 86–92. Also see Jane Millgate's *Walter Scott: The Making of the Novelist* (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1984), which examines the scenes that are key to the reading of Waverley as tourist and has had a seminal influence on the best recent studies of touristic elements in the novel.

4. Although placing the beginning of the "Romantic Age" as early as the mid-eighteenth century might not be appropriate in other studies of Romanticism, do-

ing so makes sense for a book about interrelations between fiction and tourism. It also avoids the liabilities of such terms as "Georgian," "Sensibility," and "Pre-romantic." "Georgian," a term derived from state politics, is not widely recognized in relation to literary periodization and is used to denote a restrained style of architecture that is at odds with the imaginative flights discussed here. At least since Northrop Frye attacked "pre-romantic" as denying the originality and historical distinctiveness of the writers to whom the term was usually applied, scholars have tended to echo Frye, to avoid using it, or to use it apologetically. See Frye, "Towards Defining an Age of Sensibility," *ELH* (June 1956), 144–52. Marshall Brown has ventured an unapologetic teleological argument for "preromantic" and "preromanticism" as fit terms to designate a period whose "great writers were striving ahead for something new" but who, "when they failed to identify a goal . . . were left powerless." *Preromanticism* (Stanford: Stanford Univ. Press, 1991), 3. I consider these pioneers too valuable in their own right and too closely anticipatory of later developments to merit that inherently demeaning label or Frye's alternative "Age of Sensibility." When necessary to avoid confusion, I refer to them as "Early-Romantic."

5. Romantic-Age tourists varied widely in terms of tastes, education, politics, social position, and income. I am concerned primarily with the fraction of this larger group who viewed the touristic sights, whether in Britain or abroad, through an educated Romantic lens and who, in diverse genres ranging from poems to private letters, left a written record of their experiences. Some of those authors, notably Scott and Radcliffe, had a huge following who to varying degrees shared their enthusiasms and values and visited the sites they described. Throughout this study I make a terminological distinction between the entire, more diverse group ("Romantic-Age tourists") and the cultivated subset with Romantic tastes ("Romantic tourists"). For more on Romantic-Age tourism, see section 2 of this introduction.

6. Catherine Gallagher, *Nobody's Story: The Vanishing Acts of Women Writers in the Marketplace, 1670–1820* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1994). Gallagher argues that "the novel's most important trait" is "its overt fictionality" (173). Her groundbreaking discussion of the turn toward more explicit fictionality in the novel after the middle of the eighteenth century is made in xvi–xvii, 162–95. I do not mean to deny that Austen has her "Romantic" as well as her "romantic" moments, but they are of short duration and, as is shown most tellingly in the Lyme episode in *Persuasion*, no sooner achieved than partly undermined.

7. Duncan, *Modern Romance and the Transformations of the Novel*, 2–4.

8. My mention of Hawthorne requires a note on "coverage": Romantic tourism and its literature engaged travelers and writers from many countries who met each other and read each other's works. With the partial exception of Wash-

ington Irving, American Romantic tourist-fictionalists came on the scene later and were not part of their British predecessors' cultural context. That is not true of several late-eighteenth and early-nineteenth century European novelists whose works were widely read in Britain. Rousseau's *Julie* (1761), Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther* (1774), and Germaine de Staël's *Corinne* (1807) were part of that cultural context, and I refer to them from time to time. (For Continental readers, Goethe's *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahr* [1821–29] was a fiction of Romantic tourism as important as *Corinne*, but I have found little evidence that it was widely known in Britain until after the period with which I am concerned.) But while acknowledging the international scope of the Romantic novel and Romantic tourism, this is a study that mainly sticks to British writers and tourists in Europe and Britain.

9. Thomas Warton, *Observations on the Faerie Queene* (1754), rpt. In *Eighteenth-Century English Literature*, ed. Geoffrey Tillotson, Paul Fussell, Jr., and Marshall Waingrow (New York: Harcourt, Brace, & World, 1969), 934–35. Warton was a scholar-poet rather than a novelist, but his phrasing exhibits his conflicted double allegiance.

10. Chloe Chard, *Pleasure and Guilt on the Grand Tour: Travel Writing and Geography 1600–1830* (Manchester: Manchester Univ. Press, 1999), 215. Chard distinguishes between "Romantic" venturers into the "foreign" in search of the thrill of risk and destabilization and other, more cautious, souls, ranging from those who are canny and responsible in their pleasure-seeking to those whose behavior validates the most unfriendly stereotypes of tourists. For Chard, "the main precondition for the formulation of a touristic approach to the foreign is the appearance of the Romantic, destabilized approach [which propounds] the view of travel as an incipiently dangerous adventure of the self." The Romantic fictional adventurers she mentions include Staël's Corinne and the female protagonist of D. H. Lawrence's story "Sun." I would add the fictional tourist who became the eighteenth century's most famous suicide—Goethe's Werther. Chard's definition of tourism becomes especially useful if the meaning of "Romantic" is extended to include not only the suicidal fringe but all the high-cultural travelers who employed an imaginative "value-added" approach.

11. Tom Selwyn, introduction to *The Tourist Image: Myths and Myth Making in Tourism* (Chichester: John Wiley, 1996), 6.

12. See Kendall L. Walton's chapter on fiction and nonfiction in *Mimesis as Make-Believe: On the Foundations of the Representational Arts* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1990), 70–105. Walton declares that "an inaccurate history is still a history—a false one. Even a totally fabricated biography or textbook would not for that reason qualify as a novel, a work of fiction" (74).

13. Quoted in Charles L. Batten, Jr.'s *Pleasurable Instruction: Form and Convention in Eighteenth-Century Travel Literature* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1978), 21.

14. Johnson's clearest explanation of the problem is that "He who has not made the experiment . . . will scarcely believe how much a few hours take from certainty of knowledge, and distinctness of imagery; how the succession of objects will be broken, how separate parts will be confused, and how many particular features and discriminations will be compressed and conglobated into one gross and general idea . . . To this dilatory notation must be imputed the false relations of travellers, where there is no imaginable motive to deceive." *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* (1775), ed. J. D. Fleeman (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1985), 122. See Thomas M. Curley, "Philosophical Art and Travel in the Highlands: Johnson's *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*," *Exploration*, Vol. 2 (December 1974), 8–23. Curley elaborates his account of Johnson's "philosophic" or scientific method in *Samuel Johnson and the Age of Travel* (Athens, GA: Univ. of Georgia Press, 1976).

15. An internationally celebrated savant whose personal contacts included Franklin, Voltaire, and many other great Enlightenment figures, Saussure (1740–99) was a pioneering geologist and mountaineer as well as a gifted tourist whose *Voyages dans les Alpes* helped create the vogue for Alpine scenery. For a color reproduction of the suppressed print, see Kim Sloan's *J. M. W. Turner: Watercolours from the R. W. Lloyd Bequest to the British Museum* (London: British Museum Press, 1998), 15. According to Douglas W. Freshfield, *The Life of Horace Benedict Saussure* (London: Edward Arnold, 1920), 260–61, both the suppressed and published prints were certainly based on drawings of Saussure's descent not from Mont Blanc in 1787 but rather from the nearby Col de Géant in 1788. Freshfield speculates that because Saussure was famous for being among the first to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, itself vastly more famous than the Col, the "enterprising printer" gave the print a false-advertising label that would make it more saleable. The revised print is thus doubly fictional.

16. One example: Charles Brown recalled how, during their stay in Ambleside, he and John Keats encountered a fellow tourist posing "as an important gentleman in disguise." Once the imposture became evident, Brown became temporarily enraged; Keats simply walked away. *Walking North with Keats*, ed. Carol Kyros Walker (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1992), 229–30. The garb of pedestrian tourists tended to erase sartorial social-class markers—a feature that Scott exploits in *Guy Mannering*.

17. Here I follow Karl Kroeber who includes "transports" among the means by which fictionalists writing in the wake of Fielding and Richardson sought to extend the range of experience treated in novels, Kroeber identifies Radcliffe as the originator of this Romantic novel motif and Scott as probably her most important successor. In Radcliffe's novels, says Kroeber, "her protagonists undergo sublime rapture while traveling . . . move through awesome natural scenes or through decaying edifices to discover psychological as well as physical 'secret passages' . . .

whatever the plot excuse, the reader is invited to share in a transport, to cross over into a new kind of experience." Kroeber, *Styles in Fictional Structure: The Art of Jane Austen, Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1971), 116–17. Kroeber's discussion of transport and romance is suggestive and right as far as it goes, but it comes in as a brief aside in a book only peripherally concerned with Radcliffe, Scott, or the Romantic novel. Kroeber does not connect "transport" with tourism. Neither does Jane Tompkins, who uses the term with an inflection slightly different from Kroeber's in her introduction to Zane Grey's *Riders of the Purple Sage* (1912; New York: Penguin Books, 1990), v–vi: "I call it, for lack of a better word, transport—an experience very much like the one that Longinus described in his essay 'On the Sublime.' Grey . . . makes readers feel that things are out of control, that boundaries are being burst, and there is no knowing what will happen." Chloe Chard points to the link between the excitement of tourist travel and the word "transport," quoting a particularly apposite use in Stendhal's *Rome, Naples et Florence* (1817): "Transports de joie, battements de coeur . . . Je verrai donc cette belle Italie." Introduction to *Transports: Travel, Pleasure, and Imaginative Geography, 1600–1830*, ed. Chloe Chard and Helen Langdon (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1996), 25–26. In her essay in the same volume, "Crossing Boundaries and Exceeding Limits: Destabilization, Tourism, and the Sublime," 117–49, Chard pursues some of the connections between tourist travel, the sublime, and boundary crossing that Kroeber mentions in passing. While Chard, Tompkins, and Kroeber focus on its destabilizing and transgressive features, I show that Shelley, Scott, and Radcliffe employ "transport" and the transport experience in a variety of ways, not all of them directly associated with tourism or, for sure, with transgression.

18. Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, ed. James Kinsley with notes by F. W. Bradbrook (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1990), 138.

19. Henry James, preface to *The American* (1907), rpt. in *Henry James: Literary Criticism*, ed. Leon Edel (New York: Literary Classics of the United States, Inc., 1984), 1064.

20. Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, 138. Elizabeth's "rapture" is a clue to Austen's familiarity with the Longinian sources of "transport," because "rapture," like "transport," is one of the three main psychological effects of the sublime.

21. Some form of tourism apparently existed in Egypt as early as the second millennium B.C., but so far as substantial documentary evidence is concerned the ancient Greeks can be considered the earliest people to develop a tourist culture. Touring also flourished among the citizens of imperial Rome and of Japan during the Edo period (1603–1868) prior to the large-scale entry of European influences. For an instructive account of classical Greek tourism, see James Redfield, "Herodotus the Tourist," *Classical Philology* Vol. 80, No. 2 (April 1985), 97–118.

22. As the following examples will show, definitions of tourists and tourism

based on post-World War II practices are problematic but provocative for a student of earlier periods. Although some social scientists insist on an intended leisure component, others identify tourism with travel for almost any purpose. According to Gareth Shaw and Allan M. Williams, "tourism includes all travel that involves a stay of at least one night, but less than one year, away from home"—not excluding travel required because of emergencies or business. Shaw and Williams, *Critical Issues in Tourism: A Geographical Perspective* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1994), 5. A more helpful definition for Romantic-Age scholars is Valene Smith's: "a tourist is a temporarily leisured person who voluntarily visits a place away from home for the purpose of experiencing a change. Tourism as a form of leisure activity structures the personal life cycle to provide alternate periods of work and relaxation." *Hosts and Guests: The Anthropology of Tourism*, ed. Valene Smith (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1977), 2. The voluntary character and desire for a change that Smith identifies would need to be included in any account of Romantic-Age tourism. But her definition makes no provision for the educational or spiritually "improving" function of tourism that was so important to the travelers with whom I am concerned nor for a relatively high percentage of economically and socially privileged tourists (such as the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century gentry) who belonged to no organized work force and who traveled to escape domestic routines and responsibilities or to vary their leisure rather than to enjoy brief periods of life-enhancing "not work."

23. Conventional pilgrimages share many features with tours. For instance, insofar as the pilgrimage can be considered a form of mobile retreat, removing the individual from his or her ordinary social nexus and worldly concerns, it resembles most forms of tourism. Other parallels include the tourist's habit of bringing home souvenirs and the pilgrim's practice of returning with such holy objects as a bottle of water from the River Jordan; a supporting commercial infrastructure that in locations such as Glastonbury provides hostelries for tourists that once catered to the wealthier class of pilgrims—hostelries that, along with the ruined abbey, also function as part of the touristic spectacle. For the analogy between a pilgrimage and a retreat, see Donald R. Howard, *Writers and Pilgrims: Medieval Pilgrimage Narratives and their Posterity* (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1980), 16. Nelson H. H. Graburn argues that in secularized societies the tourist holiday (holy day) performs a "sacred" function analogous not just to the pilgrimage but to other religious departures from everyday "profane" life. "Tourism . . . is functionally and symbolically equivalent to other institutions that humans use to embellish and add meaning to their lives." "Tourism: The Sacred Journey" in *Hosts and Guests*, ed. Smith, 17.

24. Edward Gibbon, *Memoirs of My Life*, ed. Georges A. Bonnard (London: Thomas Nelson, 1966), 133.

25. Germaine de Staël, *Corinne, or Italy*, trans. Avriel H. Goldberger (New

Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers Univ. Press, 1987), 65. Some anthropological definitions of the pilgrimage are broad enough to accommodate the pious tours of Corinne and Gibbon. Alan Morinis's definition is "a journey undertaken by a person in quest of a place or a state that he or she believes to embody a valued ideal." Introduction to *Sacred Journeys: The Anthropology of Pilgrimage*, ed. Morinis (Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 1992), 4.

26. Personal communication from Barbara Charlesworth Gelpi dated 15 May 2003.

27. In *The Making of the Middle Ages* (London: Hutchinson, 1953), 51, R.W. Southern comments: "Yet of course there was restlessness in the world, and one symptom of it was the popularity of the pilgrimage to Jerusalem." Some of the pilgrims cited by Southern responded to places associated with Christ's passion with an emotional intensity akin to that experienced by tourist "pilgrims" at other significant cultural sites.

28. George Sandys, *A Relation of a Journey begun An:Dom: 1610. Foure Bookes. Containing a description of the Turkish Empire, of Aegypt, of the Holy Land, of the Remote parts of Italy, and Ilands adioyning* (1615). Thomas Gray, on tour in Italy over a century later, could still recommend Sandys' book to armchair travelers back home for its descriptions of the scenes through which Gray was then passing. Gray to Richard West, 25 September 1740, *Correspondence of Thomas Gray*, ed. Paget Toynbee and Leonard Whibley (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1935), I, 175.

29. Quoted by Hilton Obenzinger, *American Palestine: Melville, Twain, and the Holy Land Mania* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1999), 21. Obenzinger shows that nineteenth-century English and American pilgrims read the landscapes of Palestine in much the same way, while taking advantage of the rapidly developing infrastructure of organized tourism to make pilgrimages more affordable and convenient.

30. Gibbon, *Memoirs of My Life*, ed. Bonnard, 135–36.

31. Few scholars of tourism would disagree with John Glendening's summary of these developments as reflected in eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century travel literature: a "shift from the masculine to the bigendered accompanies . . . changes of emphasis . . . from the upper to the middle class, the foreign to the domestic, the impersonal to the subjective, the conventional to the quasi-adventurous, the instructional to the pleasurable, the vocational to the recreational, and the practical and concrete to the intangibly 'authentic.'" Glendening, *The High Road*, 6.

32. Carole Fabricant explains that the landed classes, while increasingly making their own spaces more grand, remote, and private, created an impression of sharing their possessions with the less fortunate by opening their grounds and houses to visitors under the supervision of household retainers. "The Literature of Domestic Tourism and the Public Consumption of Private Property," *The New Eighteenth Century: Theory. Politics. Literature*, ed. Felicity Nussbaum and Laura

Brown (New York: Methuen, 1987), 254–75. In a later study, Tim Fulford amplifies this argument by quoting the landscape architect Humphry Repton: "For the honour of the Country, let the Parks and Pleasure-grounds of England be ever open, to cheer the heart and delight the eyes of all, who have taste to enjoy the beauties of nature." Repton concludes: "if not our own property . . . at least it may be endeared to us by calling it *our own Home.*" Fulford comments: "Visual consumption of another's land is thus a substitute for (and prophylactic against) the actual redistribution of property." *Landscape, Liberty and Authority: Poetry, Criticism and Politics from Thomson to Wordsworth* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1996), 140.

33. The wives of diplomats, most famously Mary Wortley Montagu, had sometimes accompanied their husbands on assignments abroad, but they did not travel principally as tourists and their numbers can never have been large. For a good discussion of Montagu's letters from abroad, see Elizabeth Bohls, *Women Travel Writers and the Language of Aesthetics, 1716–1818* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1995), 23–45.

34. As Scott explains in the "Author's Introduction" to *St. Ronan's Well*, "The invalid often finds relief from his complaints, less from the healing virtues of the Spa itself, than because his system of ordinary life undergoes an entire change, in his being removed . . . from whatever . . . forms the main sources of his constant anxiety at home, destroys his appetite, mars the custom of his exercise, deranges the digestive powers, and clogs up the springs of life. Thither, too, comes the saunterer, anxious to get rid of that wearisome attendant *himself.*" Scott, *St. Ronan's Well*, ed. Andrew Lang (London: John C. Nimmo, 1899), xviii. This edition reproduces the text and garnishing commentary, including the author's introduction, of the so-called "Magnum Opus" edition of the novel published in 1832. My quotations from the novel itself are from the first printed edition of 1823, ed. Mark Weinstein (Edinburgh: Edinburgh Univ. Press, 1995).

35. Frances Burney, *Evelina*, ed. Kristina Straub (Boston: Bedford Books, 1997), 307.

36. Despite "Romantic" features that I touch on in Chapter Three, "Georgian" (or possibly "late-Augustan") seems the right epithet for a town whose design and early development began during the years when Alexander Pope was a visitor at the nearby home of Ralph Allen. Still, Bath enjoyed its heyday and even its partial decline as a place of fashion during the period treated in this study.

37. Tobias Smollett, *Travels through France and Italy* (1766), ed. Frank Felsenstein (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1979), 2–8.

38. Quoted by Frank Felsenstein from the anonymously published *The Gentleman's Guide in His Tour through France* (1770), in his edition of Smollett's *Travels through France and Italy*, xviii.

39. See, for instance, Wordsworth's sonnets of 1802 and Coleridge's "Fears in

Solitude: Written in April 1798, during the Alarm of an Invasion":

> There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
> Unborrowed from my country! O divine
> And beauteous island! thou has been my sole
> And most magnificent temple, in the which
> I walk with awe.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, ed. H. J. Jackson (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1985), 97.

40. As Ian Duncan remarks in *Modern Romance and Transformations of the Novel*, 14: "The exhumation of black-letter texts and the gathering of oral ballads nourished not only modern imitation but a literalizing attention to *place*, to local countrysides seen as haunted by their passing historical difference. The tour to regional peripheries and the poetic invocation of a *genius loci*, favourite topics of the period, are both attempts to chart a national culture and to reclaim its native spiritual essence."

41. Dean MacCannell, *The Tourist: A New Theory of the Leisure Class* (New York: Schocken Books, 1976) 11, 91, 93.

42. Friedrich Schiller, *Naïve and Sentimental Poetry and On the Sublime: Two Essays*, trans. Julius Elias (New York: Frederick Ungar, 1966). "Sentimental" in Schiller's usage is not the same as "modern" since he identifies the sentimental character in, for instance, Euripides. In contrast, Schiller viewed Werther's creator, Goethe, as naïve. But the sentimental is conceived as posterior to the naïve and vastly more common in societies undergoing modernization.

43. Georg Lukács, *The Theory of the Novel*, trans. Anna Bostock (Cambridge, MA: M.I.T. Press, 1971), 112.

44. Wordsworth, Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* (1802) in *William Wordsworth: The Poems*, Vol I, ed. John O. Hayden (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1977), 869.

45. The historical and controversial literature dealing with the Elgin Marbles is vast. I have found two books especially readable and even-handed: William St. Clair, *Lord Elgin and the Marbles*, 3rd rev. ed. (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1998) and Jacob Rothenberg, *"Descensus Ad Terram": The Acquisition and Reception of the Elgin Marbles* (New York: Garland Publishing, 1977). Recent examples of the controversial writings are Christopher Hitchens, *The Elgin Marbles: Should They Be Returned to Greece?* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1987), which makes the case for returning the marbles to Greece; and John Henry Merryman, "Thinking About the Elgin Marbles," *Michigan Law Review*, Vol. 83, No. 8 (August 1985), 1880–1923, which makes the case for keeping them in London.

46. Philhellenes like Byron, who believed that Greece's treasures should remain in Greece, could scarcely advance their cause by querying the authenticity of the plunder: their arguments served unintentionally to authenticate and increase its desirability. For Byron's bitter attacks on Elgin and his removal of the Parthenon

sculptures, see "The Curse of Minerva" and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, II, stanzas 11–15, and accompanying notes.

47. *The Poems of John Keats*, ed. Stillinger, 93.

48. Gibbon, *Memoirs of My Life*, ed. Bonnard, 79–80. Gibbon is misleading inasmuch as Chamounix was "discovered" by British travelers in the 1740s and Gray was carried away by the sublimity of the Alps as early as 1739. But it is true that the pursuit of the sublime there did not become a "fashion" until slightly later in the century.

49. George B. Parks, "The Turn to the Romantic in the Travel Literature of the Eighteenth Century," *Modern Language Quarterly*, Vol. 25 (1964), 32.

50. John Macculloch, *The Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland* (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, 1824), I, 238–39.

CHAPTER 1

1. Joseph Addison, *The Spectator*, ed. Donald F. Bond (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1965), III.

2. Addison, *The Spectator*, III. Addison builds on a distinction derived from Newtonian physics and Lockean epistemology between the primary qualities of matter, which are measurable as weight, extension, etc., and secondary qualities which do not inhere in matter but are the product of human perception. Addison's theory was given wide currency by the *Spectator* papers and further popularized in two of the most widely read poems of the eighteenth century, Mark Akenside's *The Pleasures of Imagination* (1744) and Edward Young's *Night Thoughts* (1742–45).

3. Addison was the author of a tour book, *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, &c* (1705), that was widely read and cited throughout the eighteenth century. He also wrote a tongue-in-cheek satire on the educational value of the Grand Tour in *The Spectator*, 1 (1710).

4. Addison's biographer claims that during the nineteenth century the teachings of the *Spectator* "gained a currency denied to any other book except the Bible." Peter Smithers, *The Life of Joseph Addison*, 2nd ed. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1968), 466. The currency of its teachings during the eighteenth century cannot have been less.

5. No Romantic tourist followed Addison's "theatrical" model so closely as William Beckford. Best known for *Vathek* (1786), Beckford (1759–1844) also wrote an extraordinary account of his Grand Tour, *Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents*, ed. Robert J. Gemmett (1783; Cranbury, NJ: Associated Univ. Presses, 1971). Describing *Dreams* as "an emotionally charged diorama," Bruce Redford finds the model for *Dreams* in the theatrical sets that Philippe Jacques De Loutherbourg (1740–1812) designed for Drury Lane and private performances—including at least one at Beckford's home while Beckford was writing *Dreams*. De Loutherbourg produced his illusory effects by means of a "Eidophusikon," a miniature

theatrical set complete with moving screens and musical accompaniment, a kind of microcosmic version of God's "Theatre." Bruce Redford, *Venice and the Grand Tour* (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1996), 105–15.

6. William Hazlitt, "On Going a Journey," *Table-Talk; or, Original Essays* in *The Complete Works of William Hazlitt*, ed. P. P. Howe (London: J. M. Dent, 1931), VIII, 181.

7. James Buzard has shown that an almost Manichaean opposition between "travelers" and "tourists" can be traced back at least as far as the late eighteenth century. Buzard, *The Beaten Track: European Tourism, Literature, and the Ways to Culture, 1800–1918* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1993), 1–5, 18–154. In recent times the opposition has been revived by scholars Daniel Boorstin and Paul Fussell. According to Fussell, "tourists" are so passive, ignorant, and essentially untraveled while moving in "herds" that they go abroad to "learn the exchange rates and where to go in Paris for the best hamburgers." Daniel Boorstin, *The Image: A Guide to Pseudo-Events in America* (1961; New York: Atheneum, 1985); Fussell, *Abroad: British Literary Traveling between the Wars* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1980) and, as editor, *The Norton Book of Travel* (New York: Norton, 1987), 13. This contemptuous attitude towards their fellows abroad, which Christopher Mulvey has amusingly described as "a displaced sense of territoriality," has not gone unchallenged. As David Brown has commented, "one cannot read far into the anthropology of tourism without finding ritual denunciations" of the alleged distinction. The central critique of the traveler/tourist opposition was delivered as far back as 1976 by Dean MacCannell, whose response to Boorstin identified its roots in touristic self-hatred, territoriality, and a combination of social-class and higher-educational snobbery and nostalgia for a golden age of travel. Mulvey, *Anglo-American Landscapes: A Study of Nineteenth-Century Anglo-American Travel Literature* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1983), 24. Brown, "Genuine Fakes," *Tourism: The State of the Art*, ed. A. V. Seaton (Chichester: John Wiley, 1994), 38. MacCannell, *The Tourist*, 9–10, 102–7.

8. Pope and Thomas Warton the Elder were both sympathetic with the Gothic. James Thomson and John Dyer were early and influential poets of the British landscape. The list could go on and on, but it is not until the 1740s that a significant number of like-minded authors began producing work that manifests a shift in sensibility or, it might be said, a shift *to* Sensibility.

9. A good recent study of Gray as tourist that makes this claim more fully than I can here is William Ruddick, "Thomas Gray's Travel Writing," *Thomas Gray: Contemporary Essays*, ed. W. B. Hutchings and William Ruddick (Liverpool: Liverpool Univ. Press, 1993), 126–45. Likewise excellent on Gray's tourism and tourist writings is his most recent biographer, Robert L. Mack, in *Thomas Gray: A Life* (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 2000).

10. Ruddick makes essentially the same point: "in Gray's constantly-reiterated

need to show his discoveries to (indeed almost to make them in the company of) an absent but imaginatively-present companion, a brother self, he prefigures that longing for sharers in fresh revelations concerning nature and humanity which remains among the most distinguishing and attractive features of Romantic art." Amen. Ruddick, "Thomas Gray's Travel Writing," 143.

11. Gray's delighted responses to the expeditions he took with Walpole to the Grand Chartreuse and Naples and to the cities of Genoa and Rome certainly argue that the strains between the two were not sufficient to interfere seriously with their touristic pleasures until they reached the crucial psychological point of beginning the return journey to England.

12. For discussion of homosociality and homoeroticism in relationships between Gray, Walpole, West, and others, see Robert F. Gleckner, *Gray Agonistes: Thomas Gray and Masculine Friendship* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1997).

13. Gray to West, 16 November 1739, *Correspondence of Thomas Gray*, I, 128.

14. The impression that the passage is thus haunted is partly due to the way that Gray shifts from "One need not have" to the familiar travel writer's rhetorical use of "you" in "You have Death perpetually before your eyes" and then directly addresses West in "You may believe. . . . " West did have death perpetually before his eyes. Ruddick makes the point that this sentence, when read in its entirety, describes an experience of the sublime in terms that anticipate Edmund Burke's by almost twenty years. Ruddick, "Thomas Gray's Travel Writing," 129. It should be added that Walpole—despite the bad press he has received for his treatment of Gray on their Grand Tour—may well have participated in the imaginative experience that Gray records for their mutual friend.

15. Gray to Wharton, March 1740, *Correspondence of Thomas Gray*, I, 140. Wharton (1717–94), not to be confused with the contemporary literary figures Thomas Warton junior and senior, was a Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, who later became an eminent physician in County Durham and Gray's closest friend.

16. Gray to Wharton, 24 August 1770, *Correspondence of Thomas Gray*, III, 1142.

17. Gray to Wharton, 3 October 1769, *Correspondence of Thomas Gray*, III, 1080. Gray's letter-journal was written between 30 September and 14 October 1769 and sent to Wharton in installments between 18 October and 24 July 1770 (*Correspondence of Thomas Gray*, III, 1074–1110). Page references are given in the text.

18. Byron to Augusta Leigh, 17–29 September 1816, *"So Late into the Night": Byron's Letters and Journals*, V, ed. Leslie A. Marchand (Cambridge: Belknap Press of Harvard Univ. Press, 1976), 94–105. Keats's letter-journal to Tom Keats was composed intermittently between 25 June and 6 August 1818 and describes most of his tour of the Lakes and Scotland. *The Letters of John Keats: 1814–1821*, I, ed. Hy-

der Edward Rollins (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1958), 298–301, 305–9, 317–22, 327–33, 333–39, 346–51, 352–58.

19. Staël, *Corinne, or Italy*, trans. Goldberger, 55.

20. Mary Shelley's most substantial revisions for the 1831 edition of *Frankenstein*, those that reshaped the account of Victor's tour to Chamounix, were designed to highlight his growing solitariness and self-absorption. In contrast, the "monster" longs for the companionship that is lavished undeservedly on Victor.

21. Mary Shelley, *Rambles in Germany and Italy in 1840, 1842, and 1843* (1844), ed. Jeanne Moskal. Vol. VIII of *The Novels and Selected Works of Mary Shelley*, gen. eds. Nora Crook and Pamela Clemit (London: William Pickering, 1996), 89. Note the echo of "Tintern Abbey," one of Mary Shelley's touchstone poems.

22. Gray to Wharton, 24 August 1770, *Correspondence of Thomas Gray*, III, 1142.

23. William Gilpin, *Observations on the River Wye, and Several Parts of South Wales, &c. Relative Chiefly to Picturesque Beauty; Made in the Summer of 1770* (1782; facsimile rpt. with an introduction by Jonathan Wordsworth, Oxford and New York: Woodstock Books, 1991), v.

24. Gray to Richard West, May 1740, *Correspondence of Thomas Gray*, I, 160–61.

25. The version of the letter-journal that Thomas West published was borrowed from the extremely corrupt, indeed bowdlerized, text given in *The Poems of Mr. Gray. To which are prefixed Memoirs of his Life and Writings by W. Mason, M.A.* (1775). For detailed accounts of Mason's falsifying tactics see Whibley's introduction to *Correspondence of Thomas Gray*, I, xiv, and Gleckner's *Gray Agonistes*, 42–151, which argues that the letters and poems exchanged by Gray and Richard West contain an elaborately coded homoerotic subtext of which Mason was partly aware and that he sought to expunge.

26. *The Illustrated Wordsworth's Guide to the Lakes*, ed. Peter Bicknell (1984; Promotional Reprint Company: Devizes, 1992), 112. Wordsworth expanded and revised the *Guide* under various titles between 1810 and 1835. Bicknell's edition reproduces the 1835 text.

27. *Judges* 4:19.

28. Gray knew Milton almost by heart and is unlikely to have forgotten the exact wording of Samson's (and Milton's) moving speech about the effects of his blindness. The misquotation renders the passage appropriate to Gray's experience as a sighted person while implicitly drawing attention to what a blind person would have missed. The lines in *Samson Agonistes* (86–89) read:

> The Sun to me is dark
> And silent as the Moon
> When she deserts the night,
> Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

29. Gray to James Brown, 10 October 1769, *Correspondence of Thomas Gray*, III, 1074. Milton describes how Circe and the sirens "take the prisoned soul,/ And lap it in Elysium." *Comus* I, 26–27.

30. See Chard, *Pleasure and Guilt on the Grand Tour*, 215.

31. Mack, *Thomas Gray: A Biography*, 617. Mack's allusion to "Tintern Abbey" ("half-created") is historically felicitous since Wordsworth borrowed the phrasing and philosophical concept from Edward Young's *Night Thoughts*. In turn, Young himself was indebted to Addison's *Spectator* papers on "Pleasures of Imagination."

32. Wordsworth, *The Prelude: 1799, 1805, 1850*, ed. Jonathan Wordsworth, M. H. Abrams, and Stephen Gill (New York: W. W. Norton, 1979), 425. Except where noted otherwise, I quote from the 1850 version.

33. Gilpin, *Observations, Relative Chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, Made in the Year 1772, On Several Parts of England; Particularly the Mountains, and Lakes of Cumberland, and Westmoreland*, (1786; facsimile rpt with an introduction by Jonathan Wordsworth, Poole and New York: Woodstock Books, 1996), xxvi-xvii.

34. John Barrell, *The Idea of Landscape and the Sense of Place 1730–1840: An Approach to the Poetry of John Clare* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1972), 5, 51–53.

35. Late in his career Gilpin protested that it had not been his intention to encourage tourists *only* to examine "the face of nature . . . *by the rules of painting*" and *only* to value those scenes that possessed "*picturesque beauty.*" But his system continued to "exclude the appendages of tillage, and in general the works of men" from what he considered "picturesque." Gilpin, *Three Essays. On Picturesque Beauty; On Picturesque Travel; and On Sketching Landscape: to which is added a poem, On Landscape Painting* (London, 1792), ii–iii.

36. Barrell, *The Dark Side of the Landscape: The Rural Poor in English Painting 1730–1840* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1980), 21 and *passim*.

37. Chloe Chard, "Crossing Boundaries and Exceeding Limits: Destabilization, Tourism, and the Sublime," in Chard and Helen Langdon (eds.), *Transports: Travel, Pleasure, and Imaginative Geography, 1600–1830*, 138–43.

38. Mary Wollstonecraft, *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark* (1796) in *The Works of Mary Wollstonecraft*, ed. Janet Todd and Marilyn Butler (London: William Pickering, 1989), VI, 297.

39. Laurence Sterne, *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy, by Mr. Yorick*, ed. Gardner D. Stout, Jr. (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1967), 116. The notion that Smollett's responses while touring abroad were uniformly jaundiced is wide of the mark; he was opinionated and inclined to state his negative opinions vehemently, but he was often capable of enthusiasm, as is shown by his remarks on the Pont du Garde and the Coliseum.

40. As the twentieth-century novelist and travel writer Norman Douglas says, explaining his own practice and alluding to Laurence Sterne's, "the reader of a

good travel book is entitled not only to an exterior voyage, to descriptions of scenery and so forth, but to an interior, a sentimental or temperamental voyage, which takes place side by side with that outer one." Quoted by Fussell, *The Norton Book of Travel*, 15.

41. *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman (1759–67)*, ed. Ian Campbell Ross (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1983), 387–88 (VII, 4).

42. James Fenimore Cooper, *Gleanings in Europe: Italy* (1837), ed. John Conron and Constance Ayers Denne, in *The Writings of James Fenimore Cooper* (Albany: State Univ. of New York Press, 1981), 209. Cooper visited Rome in 1829.

43. See, for instance, Cooper's strictures on the accuracy of Shakespeare's and Byron's descriptions of Venice (*Gleanings in Europe: Italy*, 290). Mary Shelley was familiar with Cooper's tour book and agreed with his preference for the sublime Italian style rather than the more bleak sublime of Switzerland (*Rambles*, ed. Moskal, 383). She does not comment on his mistake about the inscription.

44. Washington Irving, *The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.*, ed. Susan Manning (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1996), 226.

45. Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Marble Faun: or, The Romance of Monte Beni* (New York: Penguin Books, 1990), 65. This edition reproduces the text established in the *Centenary Edition of the Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne* (Ohio State Univ. Press, 1968), Vol. IV. Hawthorne's curiosity about the portrait would have been piqued in advance not only by Percy Shelley's play but also by Melville's reference to the Cenci story in *Pierre; or, the Ambiguities* (1852) whose fictional protagonist, like Byron in actuality, falls incestuously in love with his half-sister. At the time he wrote *Pierre*, Melville could have known the portrait only through reproductions available in the United States.

46. Gilpin, *Observations on Cumberland and Westmoreland*, I, 166–67. The scene described is within sight of Grasmere, and Gilpin somewhat overstates its "horrid" character.

47. Johnson, *A Journey to the Western Islands*, 63.

48. I discuss the connection between the Shelleys' visit to the Montanvert Glacier and the scene in *Frankenstein* in Chapter Seven. In 1824 Cooper escorted a group of English tourists to an island in the upper Hudson River that contained a pair of caves. Acting on a suggestion that the site would be appropriate for an "Indian romance," Cooper explored it carefully and "placed" a fictional episode "there" that became one of the most famous in nineteenth-century fiction. In turn, "Cooper's Cave" became a major tourist attraction. See Hugh C. MacDougall, "Cooper's Cave Project," *James Fenimore Cooper Society Newsletter* (2002), Vol. 13, No. 2, 1–2.

49. Bath was such a dazzling and profitable success that it became a model for the development of other spas and, inevitably, a frequent target of satire. The hero of William Combe's once-famous *Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque* (1812) was

a visitor to Bath. Smollett in *Humphry Clinker* precedes Austen in drawing acidulous views of the social and hydropathic routines of Bath during its late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century heyday. In *St. Ronan's Well* Scott satirizes the promotional efforts of local entrepreneurs to build a new Bath around a "nasty puddle of a well" in a remote part of the Scottish Borders. *Saint Ronan's Well*, ed. Weinstein, 19.

50. Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey* (I, xiv) in *Northanger Abbey, Lady Susan, The Watsons, and Sanditon*, ed. John Davie (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1990), 87. As Austen's readers would have recognized, "capability" is a joking allusion to the fashionable landscape architect "Capability" Brown, who was noted for large-scale revisions of landscape, handsome but tending towards predictability.

51. Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey*, 87. Elizabeth Bohls comments that "The banter among Catherine, Henry, and Eleanor in this scene sketches an analysis of women's systematic exclusion from knowledge as cultural power." *Women Travel Writers and the Language of Aesthetics*, 1. Henry's performance here is a mixture of male conceit, courtship, foolery, and happy high spirits. His general treatment of Catherine is just as condescending as Bohls indicates, but Eleanor's vigorous participation in the aesthetic reconfiguring of the view from Beechen Cliff shows that the knowledge gap in this instance (as Henry knows) is based more on class and age than gender advantages.

52. *Saint Ronan's Well*, ed. Weinstein, 2.

53. Mary Shelley, "The English in Italy" (1826), *The Mary Shelley Reader*, ed. Betty T. Bennett and Charles E. Robinson (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1990), 341–42. Anne K. Mellor quotes the same passage and rightly stresses its autobiographical application in *Mary Shelley: Her Life. Her Fiction. Her Monsters* (London: Routledge, 1988), 22. However, Mary Shelley also intends to use herself and her companions as representative of their generation of British tourists, which is the signification I wish to stress here and later.

54. Mary Shelley, *Rambles*, ed. Moskal, 143.

55. Hazlitt, "On Going a Journey," 189.

56. Mary Shelley, *Rambles*, ed. Moskal, 76. Moskal notes that Mary Shelley's imagery of renewal is indebted both to Percy Shelley's *Hellas* (1822) and William Godwin's *Memoirs of the Author of the Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1798).

57. Jane Austen, *Persuasion*, ed. Claude Rawson (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1990), 101.

58. James Boswell, *Journal of A Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D. 1773*, ed. Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett (London: Heinemann, 1963), 92–94. The text quoted is edited from Boswell's original journal ms of 1773 rather than from the book published in 1785, but in this instance the differences are minor. His emphasis on "*My* imagination," for instance, becomes "My warm imagination" in the book version. Elsewhere the book version sometimes differs fairly

widely from the ms, but both versions give essentially the same picture of the author and his companion.

59. The "civilized" entertainment is available thanks to the military occupation of the Highlands that accompanied the clearances following the 1745–46 rebellion. Not an unfeeling man, Boswell himself was distressed to see how tens of thousands of feudal tenants, economically unviable and no longer useful to the lairds as soldiers or breeders of soldiers, were obliged to migrate to the cities or the colonies. The changes of role, patria, and traditional loyalties that they suffered were profound and enduring.

60. John Keats to Tom Keats, 25–27 June 1818, *Letters of John Keats*, ed. Rollins, I, 298. Byron to Augusta Leigh, 18 December 1816, *"So Late into the Night": Byron's Letters and Journals*, ed. Marchand, V, 140.

61. Johnson, *The Idler*, No. 58, 26 May 1759, in *The Idler and The Adventurer*, ed. W. J. Bate, John M. Bullitt, and L. F. Powell, *Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson*, Vol. II (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1963), 181.

62. Ryan, *Recreational Tourism: A Social Science Perspective* (London: Routledge, 1991), 40–41.

63. My discussion of Gilpin, Young, and the letdowns experienced by lovers of the gothic is indebted to Ian Ousby's *The Englishman's England: Taste, Taste, and the Rise of Tourism* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1990), 116–29.

64. Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, 213.

65. Quoted by Keith Hanley, "Wordsworth's Grand Tour," *Romantic Geographies: Discourses of Travel 1775–1840*, ed. Amanda Gilroy (Manchester: Manchester Univ. Press, 2000), 77. Students of *The Prelude* have argued that the touristic "non-fulfillments" Wordsworth experiences when he first sees Mont Blanc and discovers only after the fact that he and his companion Robert Jones had "crossed the Alps" are tinged with retrospective political disappointment and particularly with memories of Napoleon's passage over the Alps. See Alan Liu, *Wordsworth: The Sense of History* (Stanford: Stanford Univ. Press, 1989), 23–31. Also: Howard Erskine-Hill, *Poetry of Opposition and Revolution: Dryden to Wordsworth* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1996), 219–20. A further connection between tourism and politics is that the road improvements made by Napoleon's army facilitated tourist travel across the Alps to Italy.

66. Radcliffe, *A Journey Made in the Summer of 1794 Through Holland and the Western Frontier of Germany, With a Return down the Rhine: To Which Are Added Observations during a Tour to the Lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland* (London, 1795), 448–49.

67. Smollett, *Travels in France and Italy*, ed. Felsenstein, 269–70.

68. In the aesthetic economy of tourism, obscurity had the additional role, when temporary and total, of resting the mind for future responses to the sublime. Also in relation to Ullswater, Radcliffe comments on the way that the park, which

provided a "woody fore-ground" to the view, "soon shrouding us in its bowery lanes, allowed the eye and the fancy to repose, while venturing towards new forms and assemblages of sublimity." *A Journey*, 413.

69. Wollstonecraft, *Letters Written During a Short Residence in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark*, 316–17.

70. Gilpin, *Observations on Cumberland and Westmoreland*, II, 58–59. Gilpin's passage has none of the moral depth or miraculously achieved artistic wholeness of "Dejection: An Ode," but his imagery and recognition of the necessary unison between mind and scene provide a crude sketch for Coleridge's poem, written two decades later.

71. In my earlier quotation from *The Tourist*, MacCannell reaches back to the origins of modern social theory, but he is right up to date insofar as he draws on Roland Barthes's semiotic analysis of tourism in *Mythologies*. Another brilliant student of Barthes, Jonathan Culler makes extensive use of MacCannell's evidence and analyses in his cross-disciplinary study *Framing the Sign: Criticism and its Institutions* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1988), 153–67.

72. For more on the limited perception of "Western" travelers visiting foreign cultures, see Mary Louise Pratt, *Imperial Eyes: Travel Writing and Transculturation* (London: Routledge, 1992).

CHAPTER 2

1. Burney, *Evelina*, ed. Straub, 55–56.

2. *Julie ou La Nouvelle Héloïse* (Paris: Éditions Garnier Frères, 1960), xiv–xv. The English version from which I quote is that by William Kenrick: *Eloisa, or A Series of Original Letters. Collected and Published by Mr. J. J. Rousseau, Citizen of Geneva* (1803; facsimile rpt. Oxford: Woodstock Books, 1989), 2 vols.

3. Horace Walpole, *The Castle of Otranto, A Gothic Story*, ed. W. S. Lewis (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1996), 9. Unless noted otherwise, I use this edition for all references to Walpole's novel.

4. Clara Reeve, *The Progress of Romance, Through Times, Countries, and Manners* (1785; New York: Facsimile Text Society, 1930), I, 111.

5. Only Reeve employs the term "novel" as we have done more or less consistently for about a century and a half. The eighteenth century did not have a widely recognized and accepted name for its greatest literary achievement, a lack that may have encouraged a tendency, apparent in the quoted passages, not to draw fine generic discriminations but rather to explain differences through bold diagrammatic antitheses and balances. Whether the authors call this new object in the literary landscape a "collection of letters," a "modern romance," or a "novel," they oppose its attributes starkly to those of an earlier form of fictional narrative referred to vaguely and variously as a "romance" (*roman*), an "ancient romance," or a "Romance." Although they seem confident that their readers will know what

they mean, it isn't certain that the three authors share precisely the same idea of the nature of that earlier form of romance. However, most late eighteenth-century readers probably would have agreed with Reeve's delineation of its leading characteristics.

6. Scott declares that *Frankenstein* exemplifies the "more philosophical and refined use of the supernatural in works of fiction . . . in which the laws of nature are represented as altered, not for the purpose of pampering the imagination with wonders, but in order to shew the probable effect which the supposed miracles would produce on those who witnessed them." Scott, "Remarks on Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus; a Novel," *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* 2 (1818), 613–20, reprinted in *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*, ed. D. L. Macdonald and Kathleen Scherf, 2nd ed. (Peterborough, Ontario: Broadview Press, 1999), 301. As the review proceeds, Scott repeats the formula with various phrasings, stressing that the novelist's special concern is not with the marvellous as such but rather with "the effects of the marvellous" on human witnesses, who must conduct themselves "according to the rules of probability, and the nature of the human heart."

7. When *The Castle of Otranto* first appeared in 1764, the title page declared that it was a story "translated by William Marshal, Gent. From the original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, Canon of the church of St. Nicholas at Otranto." The preface to the first edition explains the supernatural occurrences as "exploded now even from romances" but true to the beliefs of the age "when the story itself is supposed to have happened" and goes on to maintain that "an author would not be faithful to the *manners* of the times who should omit all mention of them"(6). With this last statement, which focuses on the verisimilitude of the representation rather than on the authenticity of the Italian text, the "translator" pretty much gives the game away.

8. John Bender, "Enlightenment Fiction and the Scientific Hypothesis," *Representations* (Winter 1998), No. 61, 17. Bender's argument, reduced to its simplest terms, is that the "new" novel's manifest fictionality functions as a kind of guarantee of the novel's difference from the scientific hypothesis, with which it shares the attributes or requirements of narrativity and probability.

9. Bender, "Enlightenment Fiction and the Scientific Hypothesis," 8.

10. Gallagher, *Nobody's Story*, 162–95. Michael McKeon, *The Origins of the English Novel, 1600–1740* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1987), 25–64. "Formal realism" is, of course, Ian Watt's term in *The Rise of the Novel: Studies in Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1957), 9–34. Watt's account of the "rise" of the novel has been challenged at virtually every point by later critics, but its main contentions regarding the means by which early eighteenth-century novelists transformed the representation of social experience have enduring value.

11. Bender, "Enlightenment Fiction and the Scientific Hypothesis," 16.

12. Duncan, *Modern Romance and Transformations of the Novel*, 2–4. Duncan cites Moretti, *The Way of the World: The Bildungsroman in European Culture* (London: Verso, 1987), 198, 213–14, and Perry Anderson, "Origins of the Present Crisis," *New Left Review, No.* 23 (1964), 28, 30.

13. Quoted by Sir Walter Scott in his own translation of a passage from Walpole's letter in French to Mme. Deffand (13 March 1769). The quotation appears in Scott's 1811 introduction to *The Castle of Otranto*. Scott's introduction is rpt. in *Horace Walpole: The Critical Heritage*, ed. Peter Sabor (London: Routledge, 1987), 90.

14. The eighteenth-century editions and translations are briefly summarized by Lewis in his edition of *The Castle of Otranto*, xxxiv. See also ed. A. T. Hazen, *A Bibliography of Horace Walpole* (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1948).

15. Ann Radcliffe, *The Romance of the Forest*, ed. Chloe Chard (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1986), 8.

16. Robert Kiely comments, justly, that "The more elaborately 'logical' her explanations of mysterious apparitions, the more we find ourselves becoming skeptical, not so much of the ghosts as of the explanations. She has shown all too well that there are crucial moments when neither reason nor faith in cosmic order is the central factor in the experience of an individual." *The Romantic Novel in England* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Univ. Press, 1972), 79–80. Kiely's book is one of the foundational studies of Romantic fiction in Britain. I would add that although the most sensational apparitions in Radcliffe's fiction are explained away, many of the lesser ones are not—which is one of several reasons why the "explanations" are so unsatisfactory.

17. This tendency of the Romantic novel is given perhaps its supreme expression in the theory and practice of the later Henry James. James's theory of "romance" is too complicated and, it may be, inconsistent to be summarized in a note. The key critical text is his 1907 preface to *The American*. Although *The Turn of the Screw* is obviously not a work of comic satire, it could be said to carry some of the Cervantesque premises of *Northanger Abbey* through to a tragic conclusion.

18. George Levine, *The Realistic Imagination: English Fiction from Frankenstein to Lady Chatterley* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1981), 15

19. Gallagher, *Nobody's Story*, 166–71; Bender, "Enlightenment Fiction and the Scientific Hypothesis," 16.

20. The male gendering of Hawthorne's ideal reader is a rhetorical move of considerable interest, reflecting his anxiety that his chosen "romance" form of fiction had become the captive of female authors and readers. His imagined "unseen brother of the soul" is an androgynous being who knows when not to ask the questions prompted by masculine reason.

21. Unsigned review in the *Quarterly Review*, reprinted in *Byron: The Critical Heritage*, ed. Andrew Rutherford (New York: Barnes & Noble, 1970), 88–90.

22. Quoted by Martin Price in "The Picturesque Moment," *From Sensibility to Romanticism: Essays Presented to Frederick A. Pottle*, ed. F. W. Hilles and Harold Bloom (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1965), 280.

23. For a different view of the role of expectation and obscurity in Radcliffe's fiction, see Daniel Cottom's discussion in *The Civilized Imagination: A Study of Ann Radcliffe, Jane Austen, and Sir Walter Scott* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1985), 48–49.

24. Many of Scott's readers would have endorsed his contention that a rapid sketch from the hand of a master was unlikely to be improved by revisions. Gilpin was among earlier champions of the sketch with whose works Scott was acquainted. See Gilpin's "On Sketching Landscape," *Three Essays on Picturesque Beauty*, 61–62.

25. M. H. Abrams, "Structure and Style in the Greater Romantic Lyric," *From Sensibility to Romanticism*, ed. Hilles and Bloom, 527–60. The Greater Romantic Lyric both fuses and imaginatively transcends the eighteenth-century topographical and "Greater Ode" forms; on Abrams's showing, Coleridge's Conversation Poems are the earliest crystallizations of the new genre.

26. Mikhail Bakhtin, *The Dialogic Imagination: Four Essays*, ed. Michael Holquist, trans. Caryl Emerson and Michael Holquist (Austin: Univ. of Texas Press, 1981).

27. Of obvious relevance to the discourse of Romantic tourism are such journey-centered romances as those of Malory, but because many of the issues they raise are peripheral to the argument I am pursuing here, I discuss them in Chapter Four in relation to Radcliffe's narratives.

28. Noting these "poetic" tendencies in Romantic novels, Robert Kiely also comments on the "obtrusive theatricality" of the novels of Walpole and Radcliffe. *The Romantic Novel in England*, 7–8.

29. The use of "realism" to describe the practices and effects that Reeve ascribes to "the Novel" did not come until much later, but her emphasis on transparency and fidelity to "real life and manners" anticipates that of all later, more sophisticated apologists for fictional realism. For an informed account of "realism" as term and practice in the nineteenth-century British novel, see Levine's *The Realistic Imagination*, 3–22.

30. See Harry E. Shaw, *The Forms of Historical Fiction: Sir Walter Scott and His Successors* (Ithaca: Cornell Univ. Press, 1983).

31. Scott, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, ed. J. H. Alexander (Edinburgh: Edinburgh Univ. Press, 1995), 139.

32. Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*, ed. Margaret Smith (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1975), 379.

33. George Eliot, *Daniel Deronda*, ed. Barbara Hardy (1876; Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, Ltd., 1967), 818.

34. Selwyn, *The Tourist Image*, 6.

35. Samuel Rogers, *Italy, A Poem* (Paris: Baudry's Library, 1840), 185–86. Mary Shelley was to dedicate her *Rambles in Germany and Italy* (1844) to Rogers.

36. Johannes Huizinga, *Homo Ludens: A Study of the Play Element in Culture* (1938; London: Routledge, 2000).

CHAPTER 3

1. *The Complete Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare*, ed. William Allan Neilson and Charles Jarvis Hill (Cambridge, MA: Riverside Press, 1942), 109.

2. Robert Miles, overall Radcliffe's most enthusiastic and able interpreter, is the author of *Ann Radcliffe the Great Enchantress* (Manchester: Manchester Univ. Press, 1995). Rictor Norton's *Mistress of Udolpho: The Life of Ann Radcliffe* (London and New York: Leicester Univ. Press, 1999) supersedes all previous biographical studies of Radcliffe.

3. Radcliffe's only other surviving work of nonfictional prose is "On the Supernatural in Poetry." Published posthumously in the *New Monthly Magazine* (1826), XVI, 145–52; rpt. in *Gothic Documents: A Sourcebook 1700–1820*, ed. E. J. Clery and Robert Miles (Manchester: Manchester Univ. Press, 2000), 163–71. The "1820" date in the title of this collection is misleading inasmuch as five of the documents, including Radcliffe's essay, were published after 1820.

4. Of special relevance is Dorothy McMillan's "The Secrets of Ann Radcliffe's English Travels" in *Romantic Geographies: Discourses of Travel 1775–1844*, ed. Amanda Gilroy, 51–67, a reading of Radcliffe's travel writings that draws on some of the same evidence that I do but reaches different conclusions. From my perspective, McMillan understates the degree to which Radcliffe's Protestant mysticism enables her at key moments to push beyond the aesthetic conventions she inherited from Burke. However, she is excellent on the way that Radcliffe's travels in 1794 resulted in descriptions that are more specific, sensuous, and unconventionalized than those in her novels. Also worth consulting regarding this topic are Bohls, *Women Travel Writers and the Language of Aesthetics*; Miles, *Ann Radcliffe the Great Enchantress*; and Norton, *Mistress of Udolpho*.

5. Ann Radcliffe, *The Mysteries of Udolpho, A Romance; Interspersed with Some Pieces of Poetry*, ed. Bonamy Dobrée (1966), rpt. with introduction and notes by Terry Castle (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1998), 276.

6. The term "neoclassicism" is unsatisfactory for many reasons, but no other available term so well implies following both Aristotelian and Horatian precepts and the examples of the ancient painters and visual artists. The simple admonition to copy or imitate nature could, of course, mean many different things. In this case the copying itself is quite direct, but the fact that Emily begins with the plan of "selecting" features of the surrounding countryside "into a landscape" and that she sees the visitors as apt models for the representation of *banditti* means that

much more than naive transcription is involved in her successful application of the mimetic principle. Her guiding preconceptions are based on previous observations not of nature but of art. However, the narrator clearly intimates that "the spirit of the group" is present in Emily's picture because her models are "the real thing."

7. Gilpin, *Observations on Cumberland and Westmoreland*, II, 45–46. I was directed to this and the next passage that I quote from Gilpin by Richard W. Wallace, *The Etchings of Salvator Rosa* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1979), 118.

8. Gilpin, *Observations on Cumberland and Westmoreland*, I, 166.

9. Quoted by Wallace, *Etchings of Salvator Rosa*, 120, from Gilpin's *Essay on Prints* (1768).

10. This "recovered manuscript" story is Radcliffe's only fiction set in the Middle Ages and the only one in which there is an apparently supernatural occurrence of consequence that is not eventually accounted for naturalistically. Her earlier romances have Renaissance or, in the case of *The Italian*, eighteenth-century settings in which the chief buildings and family lineages have medieval origins but, mirroring each other after several centuries, have both fallen into decadence or partial ruin.

11. Radcliffe, *Gaston de Blondeville, or The Court of Henry III. Keeping Festival in Ardenne, A Romance. To Which is Prefixed a Memoir of the Author, with Extracts from Her Journals.* 4 vols. (London, 1826). Facsimile rpt. (Hildesheim and New York: Georg Olms Verlag, 1976), 4 vols. in 2, I, 2–6.

12. T. N. Talfourd's frustratingly sketchy "Memoir of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Radcliffe" (initially attributed to her husband), was prefixed to the posthumous publication of her last novel.

13. Talfourd, "Memoir," 5.

14. Talfourd, "Memoir," 6.

15. Norton, *Mistress of Udolpho*, 13–27.

16. *The English Chronicle, and Universal Evening Post* (Nos. 1535, 1604).

17. How far Radcliffe may have subscribed to more traditional Christian doctrines than Bentley did is not of concern here, but I cannot agree with Norton that the salvific "personal deity" invoked by La Luc in *The Romance of the Forest* and M. St. Aubert in *The Mysteries of Udolpho* is "merely a consoling fiction." *Mistress of Udolpho*, 19.

18. In an 1800 travel journal entry she writes: "In this month, on the 24th of July, my dear father died two years since: on the 14th of last March, my poor mother followed him; I am the last leaf on the tree!" (39). This passage suggests that Radcliffe's depictions of the illnesses of La Luc in *The Romance of the Forest* (1791) and of M. and Mme. St. Aubert in *Udolpho* (1794) might reflect concern about her parents' health.

19. Talfourd, "Memoir," 99–100.

20. Miles, *Ann Radcliffe*, 22–23. Norton has argued convincingly that it was

both socially and chronologically unlikely that Ann attended the Lees' school. *Mistress of Udolpho*, 46–47.

21. Access to collections in houses not far from Bath first enabled Gainsborough to study and assimilate the techniques of Claude and Albert Cuyp, the great masters of luminosity in landscape painting; at the same time he sketched directly from nature locally and, as Malcolm Cormack observes, "The countryside around Bath provided far more dramatic aspects of landscape than the placid Sussex countryside he had been used to." Cormack, *The Paintings of Thomas Gainsborough* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1991), 21.

22. Talfourd, "Memoir," 15.

23. William Radcliffe was almost certainly principal source and censor of what Talfourd wrote and editor of the extracts from Ann Radcliffe's journals. At the conclusion of the "Memoir" volume (132), an unnamed "Editor of the present Publication"—who could it be except William Radcliffe?—gives his assurance of the "authenticity" of the works to which the "Memoir" is prefixed.

24. Entering Salisbury late in the evening, the Radcliffes beheld "the shadow of its sublime Cathedral, with its pointed roofs and its pinnacles and its noble spire. How could Mr. Gilpin prefer a tower to it!" Quoted by Talfourd, "Memoir," 55. Although William Radcliffe most likely made the extracts from Ann Radcliffe's travel journals, the residue of uncertainty has led me to reference the passages I quote from Ann Radcliffe's journals as "quoted by Talfourd, 'Memoir.'"

25. Quoted by Talfourd, "Memoir," 74–75.

26. Quoted by Talfourd, "Memoir," 81–82.

27. The World Music tradition goes back at least as far as Pythagoras, and perhaps largely because of its importance to Milton is alluded to frequently by eighteenth-century poets with whom Radcliffe was familiar. I discuss the tradition in *Coleridge and the Literature of Sensibility* (London: Vision Press, 1978), 124–36.

28. Christopher Mulvey, *Anglo-American Landscapes: A Study of Nineteenth-Century Anglo-American Travel Literature* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1983), xiii. Mulvey is probably right to ascribe some of this insecurity to the hostility that tourists so often feel towards other tourists, hence their "self-contempt" and embarrassment about going public with their own touring.

29. Although I am not persuaded by the evidence that Charles Batten, Jr., provides that "the eighteenth century elevated the genre to the rank of poesy, an artistic category that traditionally had included, among others, such genres as epic, tragedy, and comedy," it might well be true that non-fictional travel literature enjoyed more critical esteem during the eighteenth century than it had previously or has until recently. See Charles L. Batten, Jr.'s *Pleasurable Instruction: Form and Convention in Eighteenth-Century Travel Literature* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1978), 24–31.

30. According to Norman Douglas, "the reader of a good travel book is enti-

tled not only to an exterior voyage, to descriptions of scenery and so forth, but to an interior, a sentimental or temperamental voyage, which takes place side by side with that outer one." Quoted by Fussell, *The Norton Book of Travel*, 15, and cited in Chapter One in connection with the fictions of tour-book writers.

31. Tour books are not to be confused with the standardized, comparatively impersonal compendia of practical, historical, and aesthetic information, the "Murrays," that accompanied English-speaking Victorian tourists everywhere. Entitled "Handbooks," the Murrays were descendants of the not-always-reliable guides to the attractions of a particular town or estate that were published by local entrepreneurs and sold to eighteenth-century tourists in France, Italy, and some places in Britain. Appropriately brought out by the firm that owed much of its prosperity to the sales of Byron's poems, the Murray handbooks began to appear in the 1830s and increased in variety and geographical range in parallel with the rapid expansion of the railroads. Like that of the railroads, the appearance of the Murrays and their Continental rivals, the Baedeker guides, marks the end of the Romantic era of tourist travel. However, the newer form did not displace the older because tour books, although to a degree useful to later travelers for cautionary advice and pointers to the best views and routes, were not in competition. For more information about the Murray handbooks and other guides with similar aims, see John Vaughan, *The English Guide Book, c. 1780–1870: An Illustrated History* (London: David and Charles, 1974) and Buzard, *The Beaten Track*, 65–77. The authors of pre-Murray tour books frequently plagiarized freely from local guidebooks, usually identifying a written source only when it was another, well-known tour book.

32. That there was a demand for *A Journey* is suggested by its coming out in two identical "editions" in 1795, each with London as the place of publication. I have also seen a copy with a Dublin imprint, likewise dated 1795.

33. This "grand Maxim," quoted in Robert J. Mayhew's *Enlightenment Geography: The Political Languages of British Geography, 1650–1850* (London: Macmillan, 2000), 142, comes from Josiah Tucker's *Instructions for Travellers* (1758).

34. For a complementary summary of the differences between early and later eighteenth-century tour books, see Glendening, *The High Road*, 6, quoted above.

35. A well-known model for the epistolary tour book was provided by Daniel Defoe's *Tour through the Whole Island of Great Britain* (1724–26). Addison's *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy* was a possible model for tour books based on a journal.

36. For a thoughtful account of the subjective dimensions of Wollstonecraft's tour book and references to earlier discussions, see Eleanor Ty's "'The History of My Own Heart': Inscribing Self, Inscribing Desire in Wollstonecraft's *Letters from Norway*" in *Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley: Writing Lives* (Waterloo, Canada: Wilfrid Laurier Univ. Press, 2001), ed. Helen M. Buss, D. L. Macdonald, and Anne McWhir, 69–84.

37. Radcliffe, *The Romance of the Forest*, 281.

38. Near the beginning of *A Journey* Radcliffe acknowledges that for much of the economic and political information the book contains she is indebted to her husband, but this wifely bow does not mean that her social and political convictions were not sincerely and strongly held.

39. Quoted by Carl Paul Barbier, *William Gilpin: His Drawings, Teaching, and Theory of the Picturesque* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1963), 60–61.

40. Mary Wollstonecraft experiences the same frustration with language but notes that its very lack of specificity enables it to stimulate the imagination. *Letters Written in Sweden, Norway and Denmark*, 260: "There is an individuality in every prospect, which remains in the memory as forcibly depicted as the particular features that have arrested our attention; yet we cannot find words to discriminate that individuality so as to enable a stranger to say, this is the face, that the view. We may amuse by setting the imagination to work; but we cannot store the memory with a fact."

41. For more on Radcliffe's frustration with the generality of descriptive language, see McMillan, "The Secrets of Ann Radcliffe's English Travels," 57–59, 63–65.

42. Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, 387.

43. Erskine-Hill, *Poetry of Opposition and Revolution*, 239. As Erskine-Hill observes in a note on the same page, Wordworth's stress in this passage is "on community, on people," and "redeems the image of popular life."

44. For a strikingly relevant discussion of the presence of lower-class travelers in Turner's watercolor "drawings" in his *Picturesque Views in England and Wales* (1826–35), see Elizabeth Helsinger's "Turner and the Representation of England" in *Landscape and Power* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1994), ed. W. J. T. Mitchell, 103–25. Helsinger does not discuss "Lancaster Sands," but it belongs to the *England and Wales* series and exhibits the features she finds in other scenes depicted in it.

CHAPTER 4

1. *The Complete Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare*, ed. Neilson and Hill, 109–10.

2. Although Northanger Abbey is an effective spoof, Jane Austen shared many of Radcliffe's social values and did not satirize some aspects of the latter's work that disturb a reader today. Radcliffe's conception of virtuous maidenhood now seems starchy and archaic, while her loquacious and predictable servants quickly become tedious. She is always casual and often wildly inaccurate in matters of geographical, botanical, and cultural-historical detail. Most fabulous, perhaps, are her accounts of monastic life and the Inquisition.

3. Sir Walter Scott, "Prefatory Memoir to Mrs Ann Radcliffe," *The Novels of*

Mrs Ann Radcliffe (London: Hurst, Robinson, 1824), xx–xxi. This memoir is rpt. in part in *The Critical Response to Ann Radcliffe*, ed. Deborah D. Rogers (Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 1994), 112–25.

4. Passionately devoted to literature and the arts though Radcliffe was and unprecedentedly important though ekphrasis was in her novels, to suggest that her aesthetic interests (and those of her heroines) were paramount is seriously misleading about her priorities in life. Rictor Norton makes the clever and half-true comment that "The Romance of the Forest is a portrait of the artist as a Gothic heroine." *Mistress of Udolpho*, 85. The same can be said of *Udolpho*, whose heroine is constantly sketching and composing sonnets in the midst of her trials. But it is simply untrue that "the gathering of aesthetic sensations was the overriding motive for all of Ann Radcliffe's endeavours." *Mistress of Udolpho*, 115.

5. Terry Castle rightly contends that "The crude focus on the so-called Gothic core of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* has been achieved by repressing, so to speak, the bulk of Radcliffe's narrative." Castle, "The Spectralization of the Other in The Mysteries of Udolpho," *The New Eighteenth Century: Theory. Politics. Literature*, ed. Nussbaum and Brown, 233.

6. Radcliffe, *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne: A Highland Story*, ed. Alison Milbank (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1995), 3.

7. Wherever they happened to be living, keen tourists like Percy Shelley made a point of visiting local sites of picturesque or historical interest. During his year in Marlow, according to Thomas Love Peacock, Shelley "saw everything worth seeing within a radius of sixteen miles." Cited in in *The Journals of Mary Shelley 1814–44*, ed. Paula R. Feldman and Diana Scott-Kilvert (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1987), I, 177n. Shelley's practice of local touring was widely shared by his contemporaries.

8. Malcolm Ware, "Sublimity in the Novels of Ann Radcliffe: A Study of the Influence upon her Craft of Edmund Burke's Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," *Essays and Studies on English Language and Literature*, Vol. 25 (1963), 18. Ware's study usefully sums up the main points in Burke's essay and locates passages in Radcliffe that conform to Burke's prescriptions.

9. Radcliffe, *A Sicilian Romance*, Facsimile rpt., ed. Jonathan Wordsworth, 2 vols. in 1 (Poole and New York: Woodstock Books, 1995), II, 1–2.

10. Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, 29, 31.

11. Talfourd, "Memoir," 15.

12. Quoted from Ernest Jones's *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud* by Harvie Ferguson in "Sigmund Freud and the Pursuit of Pleasure," *Leisure for Leisure*, ed. Chris Rojek (London: Macmillan, 1989), 55.

13. Hazlitt, "On Going a Journey," VIII, 181.

14. Talfourd, "Memoir," 8.

15. See Chloe Chard's introduction, xxiii, to her edition of *Forest* and her notes

to 235–80, where she points out the influence of the pastoralism of *Julie* and *Émile* on Radcliffe's novel.

16. *As You Like It*, 2. 1. 3–7.

17. For a wide-ranging study of eighteenth-century antipatriarchy rhetoric, see Jay Fliegelman, *Prodigals and Pilgrims: The American Revolution Against Patriarchal Authority, 1750–1800* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1982).

18. Jane Spencer, *The Rise of the Woman Novelist: From Aphra Behn to Jane Austen* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1986), 205. Spencer somewhat overstates the degree to which Radcliffe accommodates her heroine within the patriarchal order, mistakenly claiming (206) that Adeline settles down with her beloved in the village governed by Theodore's father La Luc. But Spencer is right that for Adeline "finding her father is most significant" (205).

19. Although she places Leloncourt firmly in Savoy, the poverty of whose peasantry had been noticed in Radcliffe's tour-book sources, she sometimes implies that the setting is Switzerland. See Chloe Chard's introduction and notes to the Oxford World Classics edition of *Forest* for commentary on the general background and on Radcliffe's specific sources in Smollett's *Travels through France and Italy* (1766), Bourrit's *A Relation of a Journey to the Glaciers, in the Dutchy of Savoy* (1771; trans. 1775), and Thomas Gray's letters from France and Savoy, published in Mason's *Memoir* (1775). She also notes the possible influence of St. Preux's descriptions of the mountains of the Vallais in *Julie*.

20. In *Udolpho*, the "unnumbered worlds, that lie scattered in the depths of aether" (114) remind Emily of her father's scientific interests and excite the same sentiments in her mind that they do in La Luc's. One of the most important scientific events of the late eighteenth century was the discovery of the planet Uranus by William Herschel while resident in Bath in 1781. Whether or not seventeen-year-old Ann knew the astronomer or was then in Bath, it seems likely that she, her parents, and certainly her uncle, Thomas Bentley, would have shared in the excitement generated by a discovery of this magnitude made in her home town. Rictor Norton makes the persuasive point that Bentley shared many of the interests and beliefs of La Luc and in effect served as a model for the fictional character. *Mistress of Udolpho*, 36.

21. Kenrick (trans.), *Eloisa, Ou La Nouvelle Heloise*, xviii. In *Julie* as in *Forest*, the words under discussion tend to cluster; if one appears, so, almost automatically, will one or more of the others—especially when the topic concerns spiritual matters or impressive sights. Radcliffe also frequently connects enthusiasm with sacred, perhaps reminding us of the root meaning of the word (from the Greek *en theos*) and its associations with evangelical Christianity.

22. Castle, "The Spectralization of the Other," passim.

23. Daniel Cottom cites the same passage and reaches some of the same conclusions that I do regarding the function of landscape in Radcliffe. See *The Civilized Imagination*, 35–39.

24. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. H. J. Jackson (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1985), 40. (lines 68–73)

25. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 39–40. (lines 37–43)

26. St. Aubert's approach to landscape gardening is at odds not only with that of his late-sixteenth-century contemporaries but also with that of Radcliffe's contemporaries who had the facades of their houses made over in a "Georgian" style and their estates cleared of workers' cottages and awkwardly positioned trees and hillocks so as to impose a Capability Brown pattern on the landscape. The landscapist mentor that Radcliffe and Scott have in common is Uvedale Price (1747–1829), whose Whig-gentry theory of landscape gardening reflects a gradualist approach to socio-political change. I discuss Price's impact on Scott's garden design in Chapters Five and Six.

In a fascinating contextualization of the "illuminations" in *The Italian* that Paolo organizes for the wedding fete of Ellena and Vivaldi, James P. Carson contends that the site and celebration signify Radcliffe's carefully coded endorsement of Enlightenment liberal values. "Enlightenment, Popular Culture, and Gothic Fiction," in *The Cambridge Companion to the Eighteenth-Century Novel*, ed. John Richetti (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1996), 255–76.

CHAPTER 5

1. Scott, *A Legend of the Wars of Montrose*, ed. J. H. Alexander (Edinburgh: Edinburgh Univ. Press, 1995), 183.

2. In sharp contrast with Radcliffe's, Scott's personal and professional activities were objects of widespread public interest and record throughout much of his adult life. Accordingly, he has been the subject of many biographical studies including major ones by John Gibson Lockhart, Herbert Grierson, and, more recently, Edgar Johnson and John Sutherland. Lockhart's multi-volume *The Life of Sir Walter Scott* (1839) is usually regarded as one of the greatest biographies in the English language. Probably Johnson's two-volume *Sir Walter Scott: The Great Unknown* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1970) is still the best general biography of Scott. As its title indicates, the emphasis of Sutherland's *The Life of Walter Scott: A Critical Biography* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1995) is on Scott's writings. I mention several more specialized treatments of Scott's activities in the course of the present and following chapters.

3. Radcliffe's popular success as a novelist came during the early crisis years of the French Revolution and reaction; Scott's came a generation later, mainly during the post-Waterloo era. So much had intervened between Radcliffe's last published novel in 1797 and Scott's first in 1814 that the latter's reading public was considerably changed from that which first greeted *Udolpho*—although doubtless many who delighted early in Radcliffe's novels reveled in Scott's later on.

4. Marilyn Butler, "The Woman at the Window: Ann Radcliffe in the Novels

of Mary Wollstonecraft and Jane Austen," *Gender and Literary Voice*, ed. Janet Todd (New York: Holmes & Meier, 1980), 128.

5. James Chandler, *England in 1819: The Politics of Literary Culture and the Case of Romantic Historicism* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1998), 311.

6. The novels of 1818–19 are, in sequence of publication, *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* (1818), *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *A Legend of the Wars of Montrose* (1819), and *Ivanhoe* (1819). Chandler stresses the parallel between Isabella in *Measure for Measure* and Jeanie Deans but notes a strong Shakespearean presence in other novels of the period.

7. Scott, *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, ed. Claire Lamont (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1982), 249. Although "Midlothian" is commonly used in the title of modern editions of the novel, Scott himself used "Mid-Lothian" in both the title and main text. I have elected to follow Scott's practice in my discussion of the book.

8. Scott began *Waverley* "about the year 1805" but soon abandoned it because of his friend William Erskine's adverse opinion. The success of *Corinne* in and after 1807 therefore could not have inspired the opening seven chapters of Scott's novel. Tourism is less important in *Waverley* than in *Corinne*, but it *is* important and becomes so in the chapters that Scott wrote after 1805.

9. John Macculloch, *The Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland*, I, 16.

10. Kroeber, *Styles in Fictional Structure*, 116–17. See note 17 to the Introdcution.

11. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria or Biographical Sketches of My Literary Life and Opinions*, ed. James Engell and W. Jackson Bate (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1983), II, 45. The relationships between the development of this new touristic sensibility and the appropriation of the "matter" of Scotland by late eighteenth- and nineteenth-century painters and writers, preeminently Scott, have been viewed from many vantage points: economic, sociological, art historical. Of special interest is James Reed, *Sir Walter Scott: Landscape and Locality* (London: Athlone Press, 1980). Instructive discussions of Scott's descriptions of Scottish landscape and influence on landscape paintings are scattered through James Holloway and Lindsay Errington, *The Discovery of Scotland: The Appreciation of Scottish Scenery through Two Centuries of Painting* (Edinburgh: National Gallery of Scotland, 1978), chaps. 6–12. Valuable for its chapter on landscape in Scott's poetry and more generally for its concise overview of the development of the picturesque in eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century British aesthetics, tourism, painting, and poetry is J. R. Watson, *Picturesque Landscape and English Romantic Poetry* (London: Hutchinson Educational, 1970). Helpful likewise are Malcolm Andrews's *The Search for the Picturesque: Landscape Aesthetics and Tourism in Britain, 1760–1800* (Stanford: Stanford Univ. Press, 1989) and *The Politics of the Picturesque: Literature, Landscape, and Aesthetics since 1770* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1994), edited by Stephen Copley and Peter Garside.

12. Scott does not always use the vocabulary of landscape aesthetics with pre-

cision and consistency. In describing the waterfall and its setting as experienced by Waverley, the narrator recurs to "romantic" almost as a refrain. In *Walter Scott and Scotland* (Edinburgh: William Blackwood, 1981), p 13, Paul Henderson Scott rightly says that Scott often uses "romantic" interchangeably with "picturesque," but in passages as carefully wrought as the one under discussion "romantic" tends to have a more subjective orientation and associations with the magical and mysterious, as in Ariosto's romance *Orlando Furioso.*

13. My discussion of the cascade scene in *Waverley* is endebted to Jane Millgate; we differ, however, in some important details of interpretation and in our understanding of Scott's intentions. In particular, while I agree with her that Flora's vision is "tragically limited," I view Flora as the novel's most shrewd, honest, and grown-up judge of human behavior. See Millgate, *Walter Scott: The Making of the Novelist*, 35–57, 202–3.

14. Thomas Sheridan, in *A General Dictionary of the English Language . . . To which is prefixed a Rhetorical Grammar* (1780), describes the overpowering effects of a sublime orator in barely veiled sexual terms and analogically endows "irresistible *beauty*," which is probably but not necessarily gendered female, with the same "masculine" powers as eloquence. "Like irresistible *beauty*, it [eloquence] *transports*, it *ravishes*, it *commands* the *admiration* of all." Quoted by Peter De Bolla, *The Discourse of the Sublime: Readings in History, Aesthetics and the Subject* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1989), 57.

15. Touristic sketching was an activity that Scott apparently viewed with a degree of amusement, as witness Meg Dods's sour remark in *St. Ronan's Well* that "a wheen sketching souls" may be seen "perched like craws on every craig in the country." *St. Ronan's Well* (1823), ed. Weinstein, 20. As the following chapter shows, further evidence of the metonymic significance of sketching and Scott's ironic attitude can be found in *Guy Mannering.*

16. Scott, "On Landscape Gardening" (1828), *The Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* (Edinburgh: Robert Cadell, 1836), XXI, 84.

17. In "Translation and Tourism," 58, n66, Buzard reminds us that in 1746 the Hanoverian general Cumberland was "still afield on his campaign of retribution." The exemplary punishments visited upon the rebels did not end so soon as Scott implies.

18. "When an ethnic group begins to sell itself, or is forced to sell itself . . . it ceases to evolve naturally. The group members begin to think of themselves not as a people but as *representatives* of an authentic way of life . . . A typical response . . . is for the group to 'museumize' itself, or otherwise become a frozen image of itself . . . A still vital community is a system of practices, values, and ideas that can shift and transform over time." Dean MacCannell, *Empty Meeting Grounds: The Tourist Papers* (London and New York: Routledge, 1992), 178. Buzard in "Translation and Tourism," 44, makes a related point: "Bradwardine becomes at the new Tully-Ve-

olan the prisoner of a feudal 'Scotland' he is made to embody, just as, according to recent critics of anthropology, the subjects of classic ethnographies are 'incarcerated' in their tradition-bound cultures."

19. See Northrop Frye's frequently cited account of the basic social "plot" of Middle High comedy in *Anatomy of Criticism* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1957), 163: "the movement of comedy is usually a movement from one kind of society to another. At the beginning of the play the obstructing characters are in charge of the play's society, and the audience recognizes that they are usurpers. At the end of the play the device in the plot that brings the hero and heroine together causes a new society to crystallize around the hero." In *England in 1819*, p. 311, James Chandler notes that in the envoy to *A Legend of the Wars of Montrose* (quoted as the epigraph to this chapter) Scott draws a parallel between himself and Prospero and, by implication, Shakespeare. References in the text of *Waverley* and *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* to saving magical interventions alert us to generic shifts toward the overt fictionality of Shakespearean romantic comedy.

20. Glendening, *The High Road*, 181.

21. Ian Duncan comments on "the odd, recurrent condition of the romance resolution in Scott . . . a distance or disengagement marked for the reader within the text by the text's excessive closure upon its own mechanisms: the 'it's just a novel after all' effect. It is likelier that this strengthens than releases the fiction's hold. For here the act of reading itself becomes literalized as the focus of the romance project, not as a deprivation or reduction but as an elevation, a privilege. The comic recovery . . . of a heritage tends thus to be a sentimental proposition in the strictly Schillerian sense of an imaginary relation constituted upon the loss of a real one." *Modern Romance and Transformations of the Novel*, 61. Duncan's theorized "reader" is one who responds as we may suppose most of Scott's contemporary readers to have responded, not as have readers under the spell of realistic canons of prose fiction.

22. Glendening (*The High Road*, 190) maintains that Waverley is more a tourist of Scott's time than of the period "Sixty Years Since." That is partly true, but in defense of Scott's practice I would invoke Georg Lukács's principle of "necessary anachronism" in a historical novel. I also believe that, historically speaking, Waverley is a not-so-implausible representative of Early-Romantic tastes. Glendening is on firmer ground when he notes that the "tartan fever" ascribed to Waverley's friend Frank Stanley belongs to the nineteenth rather than the mid-eighteenth century.

23. Helsinger, "Turner and the Representation of England," *Landscape and Power*, ed. W. J. T. Mitchell (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1994), 105–8.

24. *Rob Roy*, ed. Ian Duncan (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1998), 237.

25. MacCannell, Introduction to special issue on the semiotics of tourism, *Annals of Tourism Research* (1989), Vol. 16, No. 1.

26. A parallel to the Duke's transport while still in London "back to his rural employments and amusements" occurs in *Guy Mannering* when the sleeping Dandie Dinmont's dreams of his mountain home are interrupted by a dog's barking: "The sounds reached Dinmont's ears, but without dissipating the illusion which had transported him from this wretched apartment [in a prison] to the free air of his own green hills." *Guy Mannering*, ed. Peter Garside (Edinburgh: Edinburgh Univ. Press, 1999), 292.

27. The pioneering study of Scott's indebtedness to the Enlightenment philosophical historians and the stadialist theory of history is Duncan Forbes's "The Rationalism of Sir Walter Scott," *Cambridge Journal* (October 1951), VII, 20–35. Forbes's insights have been developed in a number of studies, including David Brown's *Walter Scott and the Historical Imagination* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1979), 196–205, and my own *The American Historical Romance* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1987), 73–98. Adam Smith and Adam Ferguson were among the earliest and most influential proponents of the stadialist thesis.

28. In my discussion of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* in *The American Historical Romance*, I argued that "earlier references to dreams and fairy tales imply very distinctly that the last ten chapters make no serious claim to realism. The 'great truth' they actually illustrate, by flagrantly defying probability in order to make everything come out as it should, is the fictionality, hence the ultimate plasticity, of the tale in the hands of the Wizard of the North . . . a principle of plasticity—especially with respect to social-class identities and gender roles—makes an astonishing amount of mobility and shape-shifting possible." The present discussion alters the focus and offers additional support, but the earlier reading still seems to me right as far as it goes.

29. Edmund Burke, *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, ed. J. T. Boulton (London: Routledge, 1958), 82. Mary Wollstonecraft likewise experiences the sublime of sound when she visits the cataract of Trollhate in Sweden (*Letters Written During a Short Residence in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark*, 316–17). I discuss Wollstonecraft's Trollhate expedition in Chapter One.

CHAPTER 6

1. Johnson, *A Journey to the Western Islands*, 123–24. In 1773 Johnson and Boswell visited the monastic ruins on the Hebridean island of Iona, "once the luminary of the *Caledonian* regions," where classical learning was preserved during the Dark Ages and from which the Christian faith was carried by missionaries to "savage clans and roving barbarians." This chapter epigraph should be a *locus classicus* for those who theorize about the ills and benefits of tourism.

2. James Redfield cites Herodotus (485?–425? B.C.) as an exemplary Greek tourist but argues that the origins of Greek tourism go much further back. As the

depiction of Odysseus suggests, "To travel and observe is a thing characteristically Greek . . . For a Greek there are three great reasons for travel: commerce, war, and seeing the sights . . . the Greek word for the last is *theoria. Theoria* has a particular meaning of going to see the great spectacles, the international games and festivals of the Greeks . . . but the word also is used in the general sense of going to see another country." Redfield, "Herodotus the Tourist," *Classical Philology*, Vol. 80, No. 2 (April 1985), 98.

3. Richard D. Altick, *Paintings from Books: Art and Literature in Britain, 1760–1900* (Columbus: Ohio State Univ. Press, 1985), 69. Altick goes on to speculate that "every [nineteenth-century] representation of Scottish scenery owed at least part of its saleability to its association, however faintly implicit, with the Wizard of the North."

4. Small world: Turner provided the powerful frontispiece to Robert Stevenson's *Account of the Bell Rock Light House* (1824), working from a sketch of the lighthouse provided by Scott's friend James Skene. Scott visited Bell Rock Lighthouse on the 1814 tour. Robert Stevenson was the grandfather of the novelist.

5. John Gibson Lockhart, *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott* (1837–38; Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black, 1882), IV, 182–370.

6. For the social and intellectual background to Scott's comments on Highland social and economic problems, see Graham McMaster, *Scott and Society* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1981), 101–20.

7. Quoted from the "Advertisement" to the first edition, reprinted in Andrew Lang's edition of *The Pirate* (Edinburgh: John C. Nimmo, 1898), xxviii. In the Advertisement Scott recounts the story of Gow's exploits and the withdrawal of the trothplight and then, making use of a traditional storyteller's license, claims to offer a different and more accurate account of them in "the following veracious narrative." In effect, he lets the reader choose the most satisfactory ending.

8. Scott was clearly fascinated by Patrick, at once a patron of fine architecture and a ruthless tyrant not unlike some of the Italian nobles of the *quattrocento.* "Pate Stewart," identified in a note as the Earl, is mentioned as a proverbial figure of cruelty and tyranny in the second chapter of *The Pirate.*

9. "Coruisk" is the name by which the loch is known today and was known by at least some of Scott's contemporaries. Scott himself refers to it as both "Corriskin" and, more often, "Coriskin"; it is as "Loch Coriskin" that Turner's illustration of the site is titled and I have followed his usage.

10. Gilpin, *Observations on Cumberland and Westmoreland*, I, 166–67.

11. Coleridge to William Wordsworth, early October 1810, *Samuel Taylor Coleridge: Selected Letters*, ed. H. J. Jackson (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1987), 147.

12. Coleridge would have known both from conversations and the 1805 version of *The Prelude*, XI, 153–61, that Wordsworth disapproved of Gilpin's principles of picturesque tourism.

13. T.S. Eliot's famous formulation in "Hamlet and His Problems," *The Sacred Wood: Essays on Poetry and Criticism* (1920; Methuen: London, 1960), 100: "The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an 'objective correlative'; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that *particular* emotion."

14. According to Scott's account in the Northern Lights diary, the Lord of the Isles actually was married to a "Maid of Lorn." But so far from encouraging or blessing the union between them, "Bruce even compelled or persuaded the Lord of the Isles to divorce his wife, who was a daughter of MacDougall [of Lorn], and take in marriage a relation of his own" (348). The love story in *The Lord of the Isles* does not end with the prospect of any such dynastic rearrangement but, on the contrary, gives the Maid of Lorn in fiction what she was denied in history.

15. Scott, *The Lord of the Isles*, III, xiv, in *The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott*, ed. J. Logie Robertson (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1904), 432–33. The stanza immediately following this one is even more directly based on Scott's diary description, but is less closely related to the main narrative.

16. Edith stands in relation to Ronald and the Bruce's sister Isabel, with whom Ronald is temporarily infatuated, just as Viola stands to the Duke and the object of *his* infatuation, Olivia.

17. My discussion of the Scott-Turner relationship is much indebted to Gerald Finley, *Landscapes of Memory: Turner as Illustrator to Scott* (London: Scolar Press, 1980). Finley (136–38) discusses Turner's visit to Loch Coriskin and the engraved illustration that resulted. Finley's fine account of the relationship is supplemented but not superseded by Luke Herrmann, *Turner Prints: The Engraved Work of J. M. W. Turner* (Oxford: Phaidon Press, 1990). See also Adele Holcomb's discussion of this illustration in her Ph.D. dissertation "J. M. W. Turner's Illustrations to the Poets" (Univ. of California, Los Angeles, 1966), 152–55, published in a revised version in "Scott and Turner," *Scott Bicentenary Essays*, ed. Alan S. Bell (Edinburgh: Scottish Academic Press, 1973), 191–212.

18. This painting, now in the Yale Center for British Art, "is Turner's first major canvas in which steam power, symbol of the Industrial Revolution and man's ingenuity, is pitted against the inexorable forces of nature" (Finley, *Landscapes of Memory*, 140).

19. The engraving was based on an 1832 watercolor that was itself painted from sketches Turner had made on the spot the previous year. As compared with the engraved version of the scene, the watercolor, now in the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh, is an altogether more tumultuous image which suggests that the creation is still in process.

20. I was led to Macculloch's book by John Gage's *J. M. W. Turner: "A Wonderful Range of Mind"* (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1987), 219–20.

21. There is no way of knowing how much of this four-volume work Scott

read, but surely curiosity alone would have led him to Macculloch's description of Loch Coriskin and to the geologist's remark that the "full enjoyment" of natural beauty "cannot be attained without a knowledge of art, and which is rarely attained in perfection but by the thorough artist; by the Salvators, the Claudes, and the Turners" (I, 232). Placing Turner with Claude and Salvator was the highest praise possible and a gesture that made it the more likely that Scott or another reader would have shown the book to Turner.

22. Quoted by Lockhart in a note to the poem in *The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Complete in One Volume* (Edinburgh: Robert Cadell, 1849), 427.

23. Quoted by Sutherland, *The Life of Sir Walter Scott*, 182.

24. Scott, *Guy Mannering*, ed. Garside, 3.

25. In later editions Scott provided the front of the house with "a round window like the single eye of a Cyclops," thus making the contrast between the ancient and modern seats of the Bertram family even more grotesque.

26. The occasion of the quarrel, which is of interest here chiefly because of Scott's appropriation of a Shakespearean plot line, is Mannering's misguided belief that "Brown" has been making advances to his wife. Mannering himself makes the parallel with *Othello* explicit (70).

27. When Harry refers to "a roaring torrent like the sound of a domestic song that has soothed my infancy," he, or rather Scott, seems to be recalling "Rorie More's Nurse," the cascade on the grounds of Dunvegan Castle that soothed the infancy of one of the heroes of Western Isles legend.

28. Skene describes the journey through Liddesdale in *Memories of Sir Walter Scott*, ed. Basil Thomson (London: John Murray, 1909), recollections of which convinced him of Scott's authorship of *Mannering*.

29. Regarding the expulsion of the gypsies from Ellangowan, see McMaster, *Scott and Society*, 156–63. Regarding Scott, the gypsies in *Guy Mannering*, and the picturesque, see Peter Garside, "Picturesque Figure and Landscape: Meg Merrilies and the Gypsies," *The Politics of the Picturesque: Literature, Landscape, and Aesthetics since 1770*, ed. Copley and Garside, 145–74.

30. Skene, *Memories of Sir Walter Scott*, 63–64. The occasion of this comment was a "vision" that Scott experienced on the day when he received word of Byron's death. Walking in the hall towards dusk after receiving the news, Scott saw a cloak thrown over a suit of armor that in the imperfect light "took to his eye so exactly the form of his departed friend, that he was for a moment staggered by the resemblance, which his imagination assisted in completing." Possibly Scott's experience recalled his earlier defense of the sketch in his review of *Childe Harold*.

31. Cited in Finley, *Landscapes of Memory*, 22, from Gilpin's *Observations Relative Chiefly to Picturesque Beauty made in the year 1776, on Several Parts of Great Britain; particularly the High-lands of Scotland*, I, 52.

32. See Andrew Wilton, *Painting and Poetry: Turner's Verse Book and his Work*

of 1804–1812 (London: Tate Gallery, 1990). A friendship or professional relationship with Wordsworth may have been precluded by the enmity of Sir George Beaumont, Wordsworth's friend and patron.

33. But for the shortsightedness (as it now seems) of Lockhart and Scott's publisher Robert Cadell, Turner would have provided illustrations for all of the Waverley novels and many more for the *Life*. Lockhart understandably wanted more head portraits of individuals, not Turner's speciality, and Cadell wanted a different, more economical reproduction process than Turner was willing to employ.

34. Letter from John Ballantyne to Constable & Co., 27 July 1815, quoted by Lockhart, *Life*, V, 60.

35. *Paul's Letters to His Kinsfolk* (1816), *The Miscellaneous Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott* (Edinburgh: Robert Cadell, 1834), V, 2.

36. Sutherland, *The Life of Walter Scott: A Critical Biography*, 186.

37. Donald Sultana, *From Abbotsford to Paris and Back: Sir Walter Scott's Journey of 1815* (Stroud, Glos.: Alan Sutton, 1993), viii. Sultana's careful account is essential reading for anyone interested in the journey itself.

38. *Paul's Letters* as a whole exemplifies the tour book as a roving report on recent events and current conditions. The prolific journalistic genre to which it belongs includes such honorable specimens as Defoe's *A Tour through the Whole Island of Great Britain* (1724–26), William Cobbett's *Rural Rides* (1830), and J. B. Priestley's *English Journey* (1934).

39. Anne Mellor, *English Romantic Irony* (Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1980), 14.

40. Lockhart, *Life*, V, 68–69.

41. Lockhart, *Life*, V, 65.

42. This is a note that Byron wrote as a sort of gloss on *Childe Harold*, III, stanza 30, where he describes spring coming to the field of Waterloo during his visit in 1816. My quotations from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and its accompanying apparatus are taken from *Lord Byron: The Complete Poetical Works*, ed. Jerome J. McGann (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1980), II. When quoting the poem, I give references to canto and stanza only. When quoting McGann's commentary or Byron's notes, I give the volume and page number, here II, 303. McGann identifies Pryse Gordon as the "guide" whom Byron mentions in his note to III, 30. Gordon did accompany Byron, but since the guide was "from Mont St. Jean over the field," he was probably a local and third member of the party.

43. Allan Massie, *Byron's Travels* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 1988), 78.

44. *Lord Byron: The Complete Poetical Works*, II, 191.

45. My discussion of Turner's Waterloo visit and paintings is indebted to A. G. H. Bachrach, "The Field of Waterloo and Beyond," *Turner Studies* (1981), 1, 2, 4–13; Eric Shanes, *Turner's Human Landscape* (London: Heinemann, 1990), 114–18; David Blayney Brown, *Turner and Byron* (London: Tate Gallery, 1992), 29–32, 52,

92, 114–15; and Finley, *Landscapes of Memory*, 195–97, 202–3.

46. The 1817 watercolor is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; the great oil of 1818, in the Clore wing of the Tate Britain Gallery, London.

47. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, III, 28. Turner's quotation differs slightly from the Byron text, but the changes are minor and appear accidental.

48. Bachrach, "The Field of Waterloo and Beyond," 9–10. Turner never sold this canvas; he included it in the bequest that forms the nucleus of the Tate Britain Gallery's Turner collection.

49. Turner's illustration for *The Age of Bronze* was the title vignette in Vol. XIV of *The Works of Lord Byron: with his Letters and Journals, and his Life, by Thomas Moore, Esq.* (London: John Murray, 1832–34).

50. Brown, *Turner and Byron*, 114.

51. For an understanding of this illustration, I am much endebted to Shanes, *Turner's Human Landscape*, 114–17.

52. Lockhart, *Life*, IV, 334.

53. Scott, "On Landscape Gardening," *Prose Works*, XXI, 103.

54. The passage quoted is itself quoted by Scott from an unidentified "celebrated politician" who stated his readiness, if necessary, to keep the gentry on their estates, to bring in bills to make poaching a felony, to encourage the breeding of foxes, and "to revive the decayed amusements of cock-fighting and bull-baiting."

55. Scott, *Waverley*, 19.

56. The quoted sentiment is Sigmund Freud's and is discussed in Chapter Four. See Harvie Ferguson, "Sigmund Freud and the Pursuit of Pleasure," *Leisure for Leisure*, ed. Rojek, 55.

CHAPTER 7

1. *The Journals of Mary Shelley 1814–1844*, ed. Feldman and Scott-Kilvert, II, 543. Betty T. Bennett comments that this rhetorical question expresses "a fundamental doctrine . . . that resonates in Mary Shelley's works throughout her life, and in which she found enduring strength." *Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley: An Introduction* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1998), 83.

2. Mary Shelley, *The Mary Shelley Reader*, ed. Bennett and Robinson, 341–42.

3. The union of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin and Percy Bysshe Shelley was not legalized until nearly two and a half years after their elopement, but for convenience I refer to her as "Mary Shelley" or "Mary" throughout this and the next chapter. Although she usually referred to her lover/husband as "Shelley," for clarity and balance I refer to him as "Percy Shelley" or "Percy." When referring to both, I speak of "the Shelleys." Mary's stepsister Clara Mary Jane Clairmont was reared as Jane, but she adopted "Clare" and later "Claire"; I refer to her only as "Claire."

4. For the early social and political opinions of William Godwin (1756–1836)

and Mary Wollstonecraft (1759–97), see his *Enquiry Concerning Political Justice* (1793) and her *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1792). Wollstonecraft had several well-publicized affairs, an illegitimate child, Fanny Imlay, and was pregnant with Mary when she and Godwin married. After Wollstonecraft's death, Godwin married Mary Jane Clairmont in order to give the two children and himself a home. The second Mrs. Godwin usually gets a bad press, but she provided him, Mary, Fanny, and her own several children with a measure of domestic stability, comfort, and respectability and also helped run the family firm of M. J. Godwin & Co., an ultimately unsuccessful but innovative venture in publishing books for children.

5. Percy sent a copy of the novel to Scott, who wrote the favorable and perceptive review already cited in Chapter Two. Of course *Frankenstein* is also a product of the Enlightenment, especially in its account of the Creature's education.

6. Samuel Johnson, *A Journey to the Western Islands*, 123–24. Quoted above as the epigraph to Chapter Six.

7. Thus, while E. B. Murray estimates that 30% of *History of a Six Weeks' Tour* was essentially Percy's work, Jeanne Moskal, employing a slightly different methodology, arrives at a 14% figure. See *The Prose Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. E. B. Murray (Clarendon Press: Oxford, 1993), I, 429–33 and *The Novels and Selected Works of Mary Shelley: Travel Writing*, ed. Moskal, VIII, 1–8. Except for Percy's Letters from Geneva (III and IV), the latter volume is my source for citations from *History of a Six Weeks' Tour* and Mary's later tour book *Rambles in Germany and Italy* (1844). Subsequent references to this volume are given as Mary Shelley, *Travel Writing*. References to Murray's edition, which is my source for quotations from Percy's Letters from Geneva and *The Assassins* (1814), are given as Percy Shelley, *Prose Works*. For those who require a detailed grasp of who wrote what in *History*, Moskal and Murray supply the needful information plus directions to other sources.

8. Mary's journal for the years 1814 through 1817 is of great interest not only for its account of her elopement trip but also for its record of her education in life and literature during the several years immediately preceding the composition and publication of *History* and *Frankenstein*. At the time of the elopement, the journal demonstrates, she was a bright schoolgirl while her lover was already a widely educated intellectual and accomplished stylist; three years later the educational gap between them has closed appreciably. See *The Journals of Mary Shelley 1814–1844*, I: 1814–22. Perhaps the 1814 journal entries written during their elopement travels were made with a view to working them up into publishable form later. Percy's published Letters from Geneva differ relatively little from the versions he sent to Thomas Love Peacock in 1816. Mary's Letters from Geneva appear to have been addressed originally to her half-sister Fanny; no versions earlier than those printed in *History* have been found. See *The Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*, ed. Betty

T. Bennett (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1980), I, 16–22.

9. Among the tragedies and frustrations of the 1814–17 period: the suicides of Harriet Shelley and Fanny Imlay; the death of Mary and Percy's first, unnamed, child; Percy's breach with his father over inheritance and personal conduct; Mary's lengthy breach with her father and stepmother; William Godwin's dunning of Percy for large gifts of money; Byron's rejection of Claire (as of January 1817 the mother of his daughter Allegra); the general ostracism experienced by the Mary, Percy, and Claire trio. Mary's relations with Godwin improved when she and Percy married in late 1817 shortly after Harriet's suicide.

10. Byron is never identified by name, but most readers would have been able to guess correctly from corroborating evidence in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, III.

11. Ferguson, "Sigmund Freud and the Pursuit of Pleasure," 56.

12. Percy Shelley, *The Assassins: A Fragment of a Romance* in *Prose Works*, I, 129.

13. See Murray's editorial commentary on *The Assassins* in Percy Shelley, *Prose Works*, I, 384–87.

14. Mellor, *Mary Shelley: Her Life. Her Fiction. Her Monsters* (London: Methuen, 1988), 26. Moskal too notes that "the passages of 'sublime' description" can usually be traced to Percy. Introduction to *Travel Writing*, 3.

15. *Lord Byron: The Complete Poetical Works*, II, 312. Byron quotes a passage from *Les Confessions*, Bk. IV, where Rousseau himself tells the reader to visit these places and see if Nature has not made a beautiful country for "une Julie, pour une Claire et pour un St. Preux; mais ne les y cherchez pas."

16. Jerome McGann, *Fiery Dust: Byron's Poetic Development* (Chicago: Chicago Univ. Press, 1968), 116.

17. Except where noted, I have used the text of *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus* included in *The Mary Shelley Reader*, 11–165, which reproduces the first (1818) edition. The page reference for this quotation is 165.

18. Percy visited Robert Southey in Keswick in 1811, but it is apparent from both his and Mary's writings that Wordsworth and Coleridge were the "Lakers" who mattered intellectually to them. In the mid-1790s and before their removal to the Lake District and increasingly conservative politics, all three of the older poets knew and admired Mary Wollstonecraft.

19. Bohls, *Women Travel Writers*, 234.

20. Wordsworth, Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* (1802) in *William Wordsworth: The Poems*, I, ed. John O. Hayden (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1977), 881.

21. Mary Shelley, *Rambles* in *Travel Writing*, 76.

22. My quotations from the 1831 edition of the novel are taken from *Frankenstein; or the Modern Prometheus*, ed. Nora Crook, *The Novels and Selected Works of Mary Shelley*, Vol. 1 (London: William Pickering, 1996), 210–11.

23. Mellor, *Mary Shelley: Her Life. Her Fiction. Her Monsters*, 138. For a discussion of the novel that argues for Mary Shelley's and the Creature's positive rela-

tionship with the sublime, see Nancy Fredricks, "On the Sublime and Beautiful in Shelley's *Frankenstein*," *Essays in Literature* (Fall 1996), Vol. 23.No.2. 178–89. Although Fredricks is right to argue that *Frankenstein* challenges the high valuation placed on physical beauty, it does not follow that the novel endorses any version of the sublime. Fredricks parallels Mary's recollections (in the 1831 introduction to the novel) of the awakening of her imaginative life while a child in the countryside near Dundee with the episodes in sublime locales where the Creature makes an appearance, notably the Orkneys and the glacier of Montanvert. The evidence provided by Mellor and supplemented here makes this reading suspect, and I would add that in spite of its many attractions the coastal and inland area in the vicinity of Dundee cannot be counted among the Scottish places that drew seekers after the sublime like Percy and Victor.

24. Wordsworth, Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, *William Wordsworth: The Poems*, I, ed. Hayden, 877.

25. *Frankenstein; or the Modern Prometheus*, ed. Crook, 201.

26. Levine, *The Realistic Imagination*, 34.

CHAPTER 8

1. The quoted phrase comes from Byron's Dedicatory letter to John Hobhouse, *Childe Harold*, IV, *Lord Byron: The Complete Poetical Works*, ed. McGann, II, 121. The dedication to Hobhouse, who accompanied Byron on his travels, distances the author from the egocentric loner Harold by recognizing the value of companionable tourism.

2. Letter dated 12 March 1819 to Marianne Hunt, *Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*, I, 89. The editor, Betty T. Bennett, inserted the missing word "[to]."

3. Joseph Addison, *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, &c. In the Years 1701, 1702, 1703* (London, 1705). The four pages of Addison's Preface, from which this quotation is taken, are unnumbered.

4. Gray to his mother, 14 June 1740, *Correspondence*, ed. Toynbee and Whibley, I, 162.

5. Churchill, *Italy and English Literature 1764–1930* (London: Macmillan, 1980), 5.

6. Staël, *Corinne, or Italy*, trans. Goldberger, 55.

7. For Byron's tribute and allusions to Staël, see the editor's commentary on Canto IV in *Lord Byron: The Complete Poetical Works*, II, 235–36.

8. Byron, Letter to Thomas Moore dated 17 November 1816, *"So Late into the Night": Byron's Letters and Journals*, V, 129. Corinne's final farewell to Lord Nelvil takes place years later in Florence when she is about to die from grief and disillusionment. For a discussion of Byron in the larger context of literary tourism in Venice, see Tony Tanner's *Venice Desired* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1992), 17–66.

9. Byron's early letters from Venice repeatedly comment on the scarcity of

British visitors in Venice, a feature that would not have recommended it to the Shelleys even though they too faced disapproval and snubs from many of their compatriots.

10. Percy Shelley, Preface to *The Cenci* in *Shelley's Poetry and Prose*, ed. Donald H. Reiman and Sharon B. Powers (New York: Norton, 1977), 242.

11. Mary Shelley, *Valperga: or, The Life and Adventures of Castruccio, Prince of Lucca*, ed. Stuart Curran (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1997), 169–70. This edition is the source of all my quotations from *Valperga*.

12. See Curran's introduction to *Valperga*, xvi. Mary's Beatrice is likewise a predecessor of Melville's Lucy in *Pierre; or The Ambiguities* (1852) and Hawthorne's Miriam in *The Marble Faun* (1860), both linked by their authors with the supposed portrait of "*La Cenci*." Lucy's taint is illegitimacy complicated by incestuous passion. Hawthorne's Miriam is associated with, but professes to be innocent of, an unspecified crime that links her with the Model, but she becomes guilty because she wills the simple Donatello to kill her persecutor.

13. For discussion of the structural logic and influence of Scott's novels, see Georg Lukács, *The Historical Novel*, still the greatest study of the genre, and George Dekker, *The American Historical Romance*, 29–78. Nicolo Machiavelli's biography is entitled *La vita di Castruccio Castracani da Lucca* (1532).

14. Joseph Lew notes a number of ways that Mary Shelley distorts or adjusts the historical record available to her, and also makes an interesting case that *Valperga* belongs not to the Waverley tradition of historical fiction but rather to an alternative tradition of romances written by women that enshrine what Anne Mellor has called "female Romantic ideology." See "God's Sister: History and Ideology in *Valperga*," in *The Other Mary Shelley: Beyond Frankenstein*, ed. by Audrey A. Fisch, Anne K. Mellor, and Esther H. Schor (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1993), 159–81. Certainly Mary Shelley revises the Waverley paradigm in various ways, perhaps most notably in making the fictional Euthanasia an intellectual and political force who declines to retreat gracefully into domesticity at novel's end. But Mary was a fan of Scott's novels who, like Cooper or Pushkin, was able to see how the pattern developed in them could be used, with modifications, by a writer whose politics and/or nationality were quite different.

15. According to Mary's journal, the Shelleys witnessed the effects of moonlight on the Pantheon on 9 March 1819. She refers again to the radiant experience in letters dated 12 March and 9 April 1819, *Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*, I, 89, 93.

16. Byron, Letter to John Murray dated 9 May 1817, *"So Late into the Night": Byron's Letters and Journals*, VI, 221.

17. Mary Shelley, Letter to Leigh Hunt dated October 1823, *Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*, I, 393. *The Last Man* was actually her fourth novel, but on Godwin's advice she did not publish *Mathilda* (written in 1819).

18. In eighteenth- and nineteenth-century usage, the word "race" was applied to more social groups than is usual today, ranging from the entire human race down to the members of a single family. Several of Scott's protagonists, including Fergus McIvor and Edgar Ravenswood, are the last of their "race" or line. Byron, who was obsessed with lastness, thought and wrote about himself as "the last of my race," meaning the last lineally descended male Byron (cf. "When I Roved a Young Highlander"). For more on Byron and other propagators of the lastness theme, see Fiona Stafford's important study *The Last of the Race: The Growth of a Myth from Milton to Darwin* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1994).

19. In "Darkness," perhaps Byron's finest short poem, an omniscient observer stands eerily removed from the terror, anguish, and self-destructive behavior of human beings when their world is thrown into a permanent total eclipse. Like Byron, Campbell employs the convention of a prophetic dream vision, but, unlike Byron, he allows the last man himself to have the last word. In narrative form Mary Shelley's novel is closer to Campbell's poem, but her vision of social disintegration and human suffering is only slightly less grim than Byron's. For background and references to the last man theme, see *The Last Man*, ed. Anne McWhir (Peterborough, Ontario: Broadview, 1996) and Morton D. Paley's article "The Last Man: Apocalypse without Millenium," *The Other Mary Shelley*, 107–23. Paley finds more parallels with Cousin de Grainville's novel than with any other "source."

20. Mary Shelley, *The Last Man*, ed. Jane Blumberg and Nora Crook (London: William Pickering, 1996), 4. This edition is the source of all my quotations from the novel.

21. There were recent pandemics in Russia and the "Near East" shortly before the novel was written. The possibility of such a catastrophic end still exists. See Laurie Garrett's *The Coming Plague: Newly Emerging Diseases in a World Out of Balance* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1994). For discussion of the parallels that can be drawn between the representation of the plague's effects in *The Last Man* and recent responses to the AIDS epidemic, see Barbara Johnson, "The Last Man," and Audrey A. Fisch, "Plaguing Politics: AIDS, Deconstruction, and *The Last Man*," both in *The Other Mary Shelley: Beyond Frankenstein*, 258–66 and 267–86.

22. The anonymity was in keeping with widespread practice but was surely influenced in this particular case by Sir Timothy Shelley's requirement that Mary make no public reference to his renegade son.

23. Introduction to *The Last Man*, ed. Blumberg and Crook, xi. Inventive *The Last Man* assuredly is, but it does little to exploit the science fiction potential of a narrative set so far in the future.

24. While writing the novel, she revisited Windsor and vicinity as a tourist, going to the castle and listening enraptured to the King's band. See her letter to John

Howard Payne dated 27 September 1825. *Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*, I, 502.

25. See *Rambles*, ed. Moskal, p. 143. I quote part of the relevant passage and discuss it briefly in Chapter One.

26. Poovey, *The Proper Lady and the Woman Writer: Ideology as Style in the Works of Mary Wollstonecraft, Mary Shelley, and Jane Austen* (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1984), 152.

27. Paley, "The Last Man: Apocalypse without Millenium," 117. My own reading is more biographically inflected than that of Paley, who interprets the "strange" decision as presenting "another opportunity to demonstrate the failure of the paradise of imagination."

28. Mary Shelley's letters of 1825, while she was composing *The Last Man*, recur frequently to her intention of returning to Italy as soon as possible, but she could not afford to return until fifteen years later.

29. McWhir, intro. to *The Last Man*, xxviii-xix, and Mellor, intro. to *The Last Man*, ed. Hugh J. Luke, Jr. (Lincoln: Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1993), xxiv. Lionel himself is infected with the plague because of contact with a dying "Negro half clad" (265).

30. Earlier in the novel Lionel prescribes a travel-cure for Perdita, devastated in spirit and physical health by Raymond's desertion. They visit Ullswater, Lochs Katrine and Lomond, and the west of Ireland with beneficial results: "The change of scene operated to a great degree as I expected," concludes Lionel (119). But this extensive tour is summarily reported and plays no significant part in the overall narrative.

31. In *Romantic Correspondence: Women, Politics and the Fiction of Letters* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1993), 96–132, Mary A. Favret rightly argues that as *Letters from Norway* unfolds so does Wollstonecraft's "political philosophy" become of increasing importance. Also see Esther H. Schor's "Mary Shelley in Transit," in *The Other Mary Shelley*, 235–57, which, although not commenting on Wollstonecraft's presence in *The Last Man*, argues persuasively for Wollstonecraft's continuing influence on her daughter's travel writing. On Schor's showing, as on Favret's, the narrative persona of *Letters from Norway* combines the "sensible" heroine of sentimental fiction with the rationalist *philosophe*. The persona is further complicated by the presence of the reporter of contemporary manners and morals.

32. Paley, "The Last Man: Apocalypse without Millenium," 121.

33. The diorama was a popular eighteenth- and nineteenth-century device consisting of panels of painted cloth that represented scenes from history or picturesque places. It could be designed, say, to exhibit the history or chief places of interest of a town such as Bath for the benefit of visitors, and, as such, it was an adjunct to tourism. Through its images Rome could be visited by people who, like

Mary Shelley when she was writing *The Last Man*, were unable to do so in person.

34. Rome and the Romans appear only briefly in *The Italian*, whose principal characters are Neopolitans and whose main action takes place in Naples and its hinterland. Although Corinne is an idealization of Italian character, Staël is generally more critical of modern Italians than Mary Shelley's brief reference might suggest. Later in her career, Mary's view of Italians or at least of their potential grew more positive and closer to Staël's.

35. *The Castle of Otranto*, ed. Lewis, 9.

36. Scott, "Remarks on Frankenstein" (1818), rpt. in *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*, ed. Macdonald and Scherf, 301.

37. Preface to *The American* (1907), rpt. in *Henry James: Literary Criticism*, ed. Leon Edel. (New York: Viking Press, 1984), 1067.

38. Rogers, *Italy, A Poem*, 185.

39. Letter to John Murray dated 18 September 1816, *Byron: The Critical Heritage*, ed. Andrew Rutherford (New York: Barnes & Noble, 1970), 82.

40. Beth Dolan Kautz, "Spas and salutary landscapes: the geography of health in Mary Shelley's *Rambles in Germany and Italy*," in *Romantic Geographies: Discourses of Travel 1775–1844*, ed. Gilroy, 165–81.

41. James A. Davies, *The Textual Life of Dickens's Characters* (Basingstroke: Macmillan, 1989).

42. Charles Dickens, *Pictures from Italy* (1846), ed. Leonée Ormond, in *American Notes for General Circulation and Pictures from Italy* (London: Dent Everyman, 1997), 424–25.

43. Dickens knew perfectly well that the prairies of America were inhabited. He even visited an Indian burial mound near Looking-glass Prairie. But to say "sparsely inhabited" would spoil the stark contrast he seeks to make.

44. Quoted by Churchill, *Italy and English Literature 1764–1930*, 77. Perhaps some allowance should be made for youthful rhetorical over-kill. Ruskin was only twenty-one years old when he thus dismissed the antiquities of Rome.

45. For a good short discussion of Dickenss' celebrity status in the U.S. and the reasons for the unevenness of *American Notes*, see Patricia M. Ard, "Charles Dickens' Stormy Crossing: the Rhetorical Voyage from Letters to *American Notes*," *Nineteenth-Century Prose*, 23, 2 (Fall 1996), 34–42.

46. Some British travel writers who wrote about the United States before Dickens were well-known or even popular writers: most notably Harriet Martineau, Frances Trollope, and Frederick Marryat. But despite his youth, Dickens was already in a different league in terms both of the fame and quality of his work. Martineau was a keen supporter of the American democratic experiment (except for the anomaly of its "peculiar institution" of chattel slavery) while Trollope and Maryatt and most other British travel writers were considered harshly critical of the raw and uncouth ways of the young nation. Americans expected more sympa-

thy (or more of a blind eye to their faults) from Dickens than he gave them. Among those offended by *American Notes* was Washington Irving, America's most celebrated literary tourist and one of the most "genial," indeed sentimental, of foreign reporters on Britain. Dickens had a very different conception of his role and responsibilities as a travel writer.

47. Perhaps the philosopher George Berkeley, who spent several years in America during the late 1720s, could be counted an exception to this generalization. He was a master of English prose and a skilled creator of dialogues.

Index

Boldface page numbers refer to illustrations.

Abrams, M. H., 65
accommodations. *See* travel infrastructure
Addison, Joseph, 36, 47, 51, 87, 118, 264n5; on Italy, 221, 251, 264n3; *Spectator*, 25–26, 264nn2,4, 268n31; tour books, 27, 83, 221, 264n3, 279n35
alienated man, 16–17. *See also* loners
Allen, Ralph, 43, 262n36
Alps, 10, 14, 21; Byron, 30, 206; Chamounix, 12, 39, 203, 212, 213–14, 237–38, 264n48, 267n20; Gibbon, 21, 209; Grande Chartreuse, 2, 28–29, 38, 41–42, 266n11; Gray, 2, 28–29, 38, 41–42, 264n48, 266n11; Montanvert glacier, 43, 91, 108–11, 213–17, 269n48, 295n23; Mont Blanc, 7–8, 48, 50, 91, 207, 209, 214, 219, 258n15, 271n65; Radcliffes, 91, 108–11, 115; Saussure, 6*fig*, 7–8, 7*fig*, 21, 258n15, 258n18; Shelleys, 43, 207, 213, 214, 216–17, 219; Wordsworth, 48, 50, 271n65
Altick, Richard, 155, 288n3
Americas: American Revolution, 106; Dickens tour, 251, 253–54, 299–300nn43,46; Romantics from, 256–57n8; tourism from Britain, 254, 299–300nn46,47
Anderson, Perry, 57–58
appropriations: tourist, 45–46, 204–5, 235, 261–62n32. *See also* imperialism; souvenirs
Austen, Jane, 3, 8, 9, 110, 256n6; and Bath, 43–45, 78–79, 270n49; *Northanger Abbey*, 20, 38, 44–46, 48, 78–79, 95, 135, 270nn50,51, 274n17, 280n2; *Persuasion*, 46, 256n6; *Pride and Prejudice*, 8–9, 13, 259n20; Radcliffe and, 78, 80, 280n2
authenticity, 16–20, 152, 227. *See also* historical record; realism

Bakhtin, Mikhail, 65
Barbour, John, *The Bruce*, 166–68
Barrell, John, 36–37
Bath, 14, 43–45, 262n36, 269–70n49; Gainsborough, 79, 278n21; *Northanger Abbey*, 44–45, 78–79; Radcliffe, 77, 78–79, 113, 282n20
Beckford, William, 26, 264n5
Belgium, Scott tour, 155, 188
Bender, John, 56–57, 273n8
Bentley, Thomas, 76, 77, 79, 277n17, 282n20
Blake, William, 197
Blumberg, Jane, 234
Boswell, James: *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, 83, 270–71n58; Scotland travel, 16, 46–47, 83, 145, 161, 271n59, 287n1
Britain, 257n8; American tourism in, 254, 300n46; domestic touring, 14–22, 27, 32, 43, 80–81, 120–21, 154, 250–51, 281n7; Glorious Revolution, 77, 85, 86, 87, 125; imperialist wars in India, 172; Jacobites, 15–16, 82, 138–41, 171; London, 12–13, 14, 18, 37, 72, 77, 78;

wars with France, 15, 141, 188–94. *See also* Bath; Lake District; London; Scotland
Brontë, Charlotte, *Jane Eyre*, 68, 69, 111
Brontë, Emily, 66
Brown, Capability, 136, 270n50, 283n26
Brown, David Blayney, 194, 265n7
Brown, Marshall, 256n4
Burke, Edmund: *A Philosophical Enquiry*, 98; Radcliffe and, 98, 109, 276n4, 281n8; sublime, 8, 50, 98, 109, 135, 148, 151–52, 206, 245, 266n14, 281n8
Burney, Fanny, 49; *Evelina*, 13, 54
Butler, Marilyn, 127
Buzard, James, 139, 250, 265n7, 285–86nn17,18
Byron, Lord, 10, 27, 54, 250, 294n9; *The Age of Bronze*, 194, 194, 197; companionable tourism, 30, 295n1; "Darkness," 233, 234, 297n19; death (1824), 234, 290n30; and Elgin Marbles, 263n46; Italy, 47, 202, 222–26, 231, 253, 295–96n9; and lastness, 233, 234, 297nn18,19; *Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice*, 225; "Ode on Venice," 225, 228; and Radcliffe, 66; Rhine voyages, 205, 206, 215; and Rousseau, 58, 207–9, 294n15; Shelleys and, 201–8, 211, 215, 220, 222, 225, 226, 230, 231, 233, 234, 236; and Staël, 223–24, 230, 231–32, 295n8; Switzerland, 30, 206, 208, 217; Turner illustrations, 185, 193, 194, 195, 197; *The Two Foscari*, 225; Waterloo visit/poetry, 192, 193, 194, 247, 291n42; *The Works of Lord Byron*, 193, 194. *See also Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

Cadell, Robert, 168–69, 291n33
Caerlaverock Castle, Turner illustration, 185–86, 186
Campbell, Thomas, "The Last Man," 233, 297n19
Canaletto, 222
Castle, Terry, 113, 281n5
castles, 20, 96–97, 185–88, 186, 187
Catholicism, 86, 122–23
Cenci, Beatrice: Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun* and, 41, 269n45, 296n12; Melville's *Pierre* and, 269n45, 296n12; painting, 41, 227, 240, 251–52, 269n45; Percy Shelley's *The Cenci*, 41, 203, 225, 226–27, 269n45
Cervantesque, 57, 59, 69, 274n17
Chamounix, 12, 39, 203, 212, 213–14, 237–38, 264n48, 267n20
Chandler, James, 127, 284n6, 286n19
Chard, Chloe, 5, 35, 37, 257n10, 259n17
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage (Byron), 23–24, 208, 294n10, 295n1; alienated man, 17, 26; pilgrimage, 222, 231–32, 247–48; Scott review, 62, 64, 290n30; Percy Shelley and, 202, 203, 207, 208; Mary Shelley novels and, 217, 236, 247; Shelleys' Rhine voyage and, 205, 206; and Staël, 223–24, 230, 231–32; with Turner illustration, 193, 292n47; Venice, 224–26; Waterloo, 192, 193, 194, 247, 291n42
childlikeness, 4, 20; pilgrim, 29, 248; play, 4, 69–70, 100, 204, 246, 248; Turner illustrations, 197
children: educational books for, 62; Romantic novels and, 4
Christianity: Catholicism, 86, 122–23; hagiography, 4; Iona, 287n1; melodrama, 69, 111; pilgrimages, 261n27; Radcliffe, 69, 71, 76–77, 86, 111, 112, 122–23, 128–29, 276n4, 277n18, 282n21; Percy Shelley, 204. *See also* Protestantism
Churchill, Kenneth, 222
Clairmont, Claire, 30–31, 202–6, 214, 220, 292n3, 293n4, 294n9
class: and touring, 249–50, 258n16. *See also* middle class
Claude-glass, 35, 97, 134
Claude Lorrain, 22, 37, 80, 81, 149, 174, 222, 278n21, 290n21
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 52, 63, 288n12,118; *Biographia Literaria*, 21;

disappointments, 51, 272n70; "Fears in Solitude," 262–63n39; "Hymn before Sun-rise in the Vale of Chamouni," 39; and Scott, 144, 165; Shelleys and, 235, 294n18; "This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison," 115–16
Collins, William, 27, 66
comedy, romantic, 4, 130, 140, 246, 286n19
companionable tourism, 26–31; Coleridge, 115–16; Gray, 27–30, 35, 115, 265–66n10; imagined, 28, 200, 237–40, 265–66n10; Radcliffe, 115–16; Shelleys and, 30–31, 200–220, 234, 236–41, 249, 267n20; Staël, 30, 223
Constable, John, 37
Continental travel, 14–15, 27, 155, 188, 200, 250–51. *See also* Alps; Belgium; France; Germany; Grand Tour; Greece; Italy; Scandinavia; Switzerland
Cooper, James Fenimore, 39, 296n14; "Cooper's Cave," 269n48; *Gleanings in Europe: Italy*, 39–40; Italy, 39–40, 269nn42,43; *Last of the Mohicans*, 43, 67, 232; *The Red Rover*, 66
Corinne, or Italy (Staël), 10, 203, 223–24, 257nn8,10, 261n25; Byron and, 223–24, 230, 231–32, 295n8; companionable tourism, 30, 223; Scott and, 130, 284n8; Mary Shelley and, 223, 230, 242, 299n34
Coriskin, Loch, 43, 164–71, 170, 185, 288n9, 290n21
Cousin de Grainville, Jean-Baptiste, *Le dernier homme*, 233, 297n19
Critical Review, 6
Croker, John Wilson, 247–48
Culler, Jonathan, 52, 272n71
Curran, Stuart, 227

Davies, James, *The Textual Life of Dickens's Characters*, 251
Defoe, Daniel, 27, 57, 279n35, 291n38
Derwent Water, Radcliffe disappointment, 49, 50, 241
Dickens, Charles, 227; *American Notes for General Circulation*, 251, 253–54, 299–300nn43,46; *Pictures from Italy*, 251–53
disappointments: readers', 63–64; Romantic tourists,' 26, 47–52, 54, 74, 84–85, 241, 251–52, 272n70. *See also* "tourist shame"
domestic sphere: Radcliffe novels and, 94, 95, 119; Romantic tourism as extension of, 13; Scott novels and, 134, 135–36; Mary Shelley, 201
domestic touring: Britain, 14–22, 27, 32, 43, 80–81, 120–21, 154, 250–51, 281n7. *See also* Scotland
Duncan, Ian, 3–4, 57–58, 59, 263n40, 286n21

Early Romantics, 1, 27, 31–32, 66, 253, 256n4; Radcliffe and, 71, 78, 92; Romantic novel and, 58, 64, 65, 66, 71, 78, 286n22. *See also* Gilpin, William; Gray, Thomas; Walpole, Horace
economics: rural and urban poor, 37, 141–42, 157–58, 271n59; tourism, 11, 14, 205, 249
Edgeworth, Maria, 75, 110, 198
educational books: for children, 62. *See also* tour books and journals
educational travel, 11–12, 212, 241, 264n3. *See also* Grand Tour
Elgin Marbles, 18, 19, 263n46
Eliot, George, *Daniel Deronda* and *Middlemarch*, 68
Enlightenment, 4, 7, 16, 52–53, 65; Romantic novel and, 56–61, 67–68, 69, 70, 86, 148–49, 236, 245, 283n26; Saussure, 258n15; Scott and, 145, 148–49, 161, 172, 287n27; Mary Shelley and, 201, 236, 245, 293n5; stadialism, 145, 287n27. *See also* science
Erskine, William, 156, 164–65, 284n8
Erskine-Hill, Howard, 90, 280n43

Fair Isle, 157, 175
fancy. *See* imagination

Ferguson, Harvie, 100–101, 204
feudalism, 84–85, 109–10; Scotland, 16, 145, 157, 160, 271n59, 285–86n18
fictionality: Italy, 39–40, 221–54; Romantic novel, 3–6, 10, 54–70, 92–125, 128, 148, 164–68, 256n6; Romantic tourism, 1–10, 20–21, 25–53, 221–54, 255–56n4, 258n15, 269n48; spiritual tourism, 92–125; tourist tales, 5–8, 25–26, 36–47, 269n48. *See also* imagination; novels; realism
Fielding, Henry, 54, 56; *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, 13, 15; *Tom Jones*, 57, 93
Fingal's Cave, 163, 169, 171
Finley, Gerald, 197
Foucault, Michel, 250
France, 250; Chamounix, 12, 39, 203, 212, 213–14, 237–38, 264n48, 267n20; Paris, 14, 18, 37, 203–4; Revolution, 82, 87, 106, 179–80, 238, 283n3; Scott tour, 155, 188; Shelleys and Claire, 202–4; wars with Britain, 15, 141, 188–94
Frankenstein (Mary Shelley), 4, 148, 201, 209–20, 230–31, 267n20; *The Adventures of Caleb Williams* and, 68; alienated man, 17; health tourism, 13, 17, 211–12; *The Last Man* and, 237, 239, 240, 243, 245–46; Montanvert glacier trip and, 43, 213–17; Percy's contributions, 202, 203; poetry, 66–67, 219–20; psychology, 138, 230–31; and Radcliffe, 108, 210, 216, 220; Scott review, 56, 57, 244–45, 273n6, 293n5; solitariness, 17, 30, 213, 240, 267n20; sublime, 215–16, 219, 294–95n23; transports, 202, 209–20; and Wordsworth, 205, 210–16, 220
freedom: imaginative, 3, 47, 79–80, 101–2; landscape gardening and, 125; liberating sublime, 9, 86, 87, 101, 164; political, 85–86
Freud, Sigmund, 100–101, 102, 204, 239
Frye, Northrop, 256n4, 286n19

Gage, John, 170–71
Gainsborough, Thomas, 21, 37, 79, 278n21
Gallagher, Catherine, 3, 57, 256n6
Galt, John, 254
gardening, landscape, 123–25, 136, 155, 196, 197–99, 283n26
Gelpi, Barbara Charlesworth, 10
gendering, 97, 121, 135, 149, 261n31, 270n51, 285n14; of ideal reader, 61, 274n20; patriarchy, 18, 70, 95, 107–8, 110, 150, 199, 227, 282n18; proto-feminism, 61, 72, 95, 210, 227; of sublime, 86, 98, 219
Geneva, 203, 207; Lake Geneva, 202, 203, 206, 207–8, 219, 234, 237–38
Germany, 212–13, 249–50. *See also* Rhine voyages
Gibbon, Edward, 10, 12, 264n48; on ideal traveler, 15, 80; and Rome, 10, 20; Switzerland, 21, 208–9
Gilpin, William, 1, 70, 87, 164, 182, 275n24; on Lake District, 42, 51, 73–74, 269n46, 272n70; *Observations on the River Wye*, 31; picturesque tourism, 36–37, 44, 48, 118, 185, 268n35, 288n12; Radcliffe and, 73–74, 80, 278n24; Wordsworth criticizing, 36, 165, 288n12
Glendening, John, 140, 261n31, 286n22
Godwin, William, 39, 204; *The Adventures of Caleb Williams*, 68, 220; Mary Shelley's father, 201, 220, 292–93n4, 294n9
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, 54; *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, 17, 241, 257nn8,9, 263n42; *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahr*, 257n8
Gordon, Major Pryse Lockhart, 191–92, 291n42
gothicism, 3, 27, 35, 48, 246, 265n8; Austen and, 20; and Italy, 222; Radcliffe, 42–43, 71, 78, 95–97, 103, 106–7, 109–10, 117–18, 163–64, 245, 281nn4,5; Reeve, 54–55; Scotland, 42, 96–97, 163; Scott, 54, 127, 163; Mary Shelley, 243–44, 245, 246; Walpole, 20, 54, 57, 59
Grande Chartreuse, 2, 28–29, 38, 41–42, 266n11

Grand Tour, 1, 11–12, 14, 253, 264n3; Addison on, 83, 264nn3,5; American tourists, 254; Beckford on, 264n5; Gray and Walpole's, 28, 32, 266n14; Italy as holy land of, 11–12, 221–22; Waverley and, 1, 134. *See also* Continental travel
Gray, Thomas, 1, 2, 11; Alps/Grande Chartreuse, 2, 28–29, 38, 41–42, 264n48, 266n11; companionable tourism, 27–30, 35, 115, 265–66n10; "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," 33; *Frankenstein* and, 213; Grand Tour with Walpole, 28, 29, 32, 266nn11,14; Italy, 11, 32, 221, 261n28, 266n11; letter-journals, 27–37, 49, 266n17, 267n25; and Milton, 11, 27, 33, 267n28; "An Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," 213; and Radcliffe, 66, 119; and Vale of Elysium, 33–35, 70, 241
Greater Romantic Lyric, 65, 275n25
Greece, 287–88n2; Elgin Marbles, 18, 19, 263n46; Ottoman, 225; revolutionary movements, 201; *theoria*, 154
Guido Reni, Cenci painting, 41, 227, 240, 251–52, 269n45
Guy Mannering (Scott), 23, 130, 142, 154, 155, 165, 171–88, 258n16; disappointments, 48; high-cultural pilgrim, 247, 248; play, 4, 180–81, 248; and Shakespeare, 127, 290n26; sketching, 142, 172, 174, 175, 176, 180–81, 285n15; transport, 181, 287n26; Turner illustrations, 155, 184–88, 187; *Waverley* compared with, 142, 172, 173, 174, 175–76

Hamilton, Robert, 156
Hanley, Keith, 48–49
Hardy, Thomas, 66
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 4, 41, 56, 250, 256–57n8; ideal reader, 61–62, 70, 274n20; *The Marble Faun*, 41, 49, 51, 61–62, 253, 269n45, 296n12; Rome, 41, 49, 250, 253, 269n45
Hazlitt, William, 26, 46, 101; "On Going a Journey," 101
health tourism, 12–14, 101; new personal identities, 45–47, 132–33; in Romantic novels, 13–14, 17, 113–14, 118, 211–12, 236, 240, 298n30; Scott, 13, 154, 262n34; Shelleys, 226, 236, 240, 249–50; spas, 12–14, 43, 113, 249–50, 269–70n49; spiritual tourism, 92–125, 260n22
Helsinger, Elizabeth, 141
High-Romantic literature, 66, 249
historical record: fictitious local historians, 40–41; Scott and, 3, 93, 128–30, 139–45, 166–68, 172, 228, 248, 285n17, 289n14, 296n14; Mary Shelley and, 228, 229, 230–31, 296n14. *See also* realism
Hogarth, William, 37
Hougoumont, 189, 192, 194–97, 194, 195
Huizinga, Johannes, *Homo Ludens*, 70
Hunt, Leigh, 39
hunting, in Scott novels, 178–81

identities. *See* personal identities
illustrations, 171. *See also* painting; sketching; Turner, J. M. W.
imagination, 3, 4, 19–20, 36, 42, 54–60, 70; of companionship, 28, 200, 237–40, 265–66n10; expectant, 47–52, 54; freedom, 3, 47, 79–80, 101–2; imagination's pilgrims, 10–11; Italy visited in, 222; loss of, 51, 118–19; "Nature's Music," 38; pleasure and, 1, 20–21, 25, 28, 47–51, 244–45; reader's, 59–64, 70, 180–81, 243; reshaping, 3–5, 25–26, 51–52; sublime and, 86–87, 151–52; transports, 3, 8, 54, 122, 147, 181, 258–59n17. *See also* childlikeness; fictionality
imperialism: Britain's wars in India, 172; and Napoleon defeat, 192, 232; tourism linked with, 44–46, 175–76, 235; Venice, 225
incest, 41, 77, 226–27, 269n45, 296n12
interior voyages, 39, 82, 83, 101, 269n40, 279n30
Iona, 16, 240, 287n1

irony: Romantic, 190–91. *See also* satires
Irving, Washington, 38, 40, 256–57n8, 300n46; *Tales of a Traveller*, 38, 251
Isle of Skye/Loch Coriskin, 42, 43, 164–71, 170, 185, 288n9, 290n21
Isle of Wight, Radcliffe, 81
Isola Bella, 45–46, 235
The Italian (Radcliffe), 23, 39, 41, 72, 96, 102, 119–23, 248, 277n10; gothicism, 106, 118; identity transfer, 114; incest, 77; ingenuousness, 112; landscape gardening, 124, 284n26; pastoralism, 103–4; play, 70; Rome, 299n34; and Scott, 128; Mary Shelley and, 202, 219, 223, 242, 245–46; transports, 216
Italy, 37, 130, 221–54; Addison on, 221, 251, 264n3; Byron, 47, 202, 222–26, 231, 253, 295–96n9; Dickens, 251–53; fictionalization, 39–40, 221–54; Grand Tour holy land, 11–12, 221–22; Isola Bella, 45–46, 235; James and, 10, 253, 254; Radcliffe and, 223, 224–25, 243, 299n34; revolutionary movements, 201; Scott, 154; Shelleys, 10, 202, 221–23, 226–31, 236, 242, 249, 269n43, 296n9, 298n28, 299n34. *See also* Alps; *Corinne, or Italy*; Rome; Venice

Jacobites, 15–16, 82, 138–41, 171
James, Henry, 9, 10, 246, 274n17; *The American*, 130, 274n17; and Italy, 10, 253, 254
Johnson, Samuel, 40, 47–48, 83; *A Journey to the Western Islands*, 7, 15, 154, 176–77, 258n14; Scotland travel, 16, 42, 43, 83, 145, 161, 162, 240, 287n1
journals. *See* tour books and journals

Kautz, Beth Dolan, 250
Keats, John, 47, 49, 66, 241–42, 258n16; "Fancy," 1; letter journals, 27, 30, 266n18; "Ode to a Nightingale," 247; "On Seeing the Elgin Marbles," 19, 20
Kent, William, 136
Keswick, 33, 49, 294n18
Kiely, Robert, 66, 274n16
Kroeber, Karl, 131, 258–59n17

Lake District, 18, 32, 37–38, 250; Gilpin on, 42, 51, 73–74, 269n46, 272n70; Gray's letter-journal, 31–37; Radcliffes/Ullswater, 50, 63, 84–91, 271–72n68, 298n30; Scott novels, 174, 175; Shelleys, 234–35, 294n18
Lamb, Charles, 92, 115
landowner absenteeism, 110, 198–99
landscape gardening, 123–25, 136, 155, 196, 197–99, 283n26
landscape painting, 2–3, 278n21; Claude, 22, 37, 80, 81, 149, 174, 222, 278n21, 290n21; Gainsborough, 21, 37, 79, 278n21; Gilpin on, 36, 42, 73–74; Gray and, 34–35; from Italy, 222; Gaspard Poussin, 95; Nicolas Poussin, 149, 222; Radcliffe and, 73–74, 80, 81, 95; Scott and, 149. *See also* Rosa, Salvator; Turner, J. M. W.
Lang, Andrew, 159, 288n7
lastness, 232–48, 297
Lee, Sophia, 78, 104, 277–78n20
Lennox, Charlotte, *The Female Quixote*, 3, 57
Levine, George, 219; *The Realistic Imagination*, 59, 67
Lockhart, James Gibson, *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, 156, 185, 188–89, 191, 283n2, 291n33
lodgings, 48, 80, 176–78, 260n23. *See also* travel infrastructure
London, 12–13, 14, 18, 37, 72, 77, 78
loners, 16–17, 26, 30, 213, 240, 267n20
Longinus, 8, 63, 87, 259nn17,20
Lukács, Georg, *The Theory of the Novel*, 17, 286n22

MacCannell, Dean, 16–17, 49, 52, 142, 265n7, 272n71, 285n18
Macculloch, John, 22, 289–90n21; *The Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland*, 131, 170–71

Mack, Robert L., 35, 268n31
Macpherson, James, 16
Malta, Scott, 13, 154
McGann, Jerome, 208, 291n42
McKeon, Michael, 57
Mellor, Anne K., 191, 206, 215, 295n23, 296n14
Melville, Herman: *Moby-Dick*, 66, 232–33; "Paradise of Bachelors," 156; *Pierre*, 269n45, 296n12; poetry, 66
middle class, 13, 71, 249–50; high-cultural, 9–13, 21, 70, 79, 82, 222, 247–48, 257n10; Radcliffe, 71, 75, 76, 126
Miles, Robert, 72, 78, 85, 106–7
military, 15–16, 80, 271n59; Scott and, 131, 135, 172, 197
Milton, John, 11, 27; *L'Allegro*, 27; *Comus*, 33, 268n29; *Il Penseroso*, 27; Radcliffe and, 78, 92, 278n27; *Samson Agonistes*, 33, 267n28
Montagu, Mary Wortley, 27, 262n33
Montanvert glacier, 43, 91, 108–11, 213–17, 269n48, 295n23
Mont Blanc, 7–8, 48, 50, 91, 207, 209, 214, 219, 258n15, 271n65
Moore, Thomas, 185
morality, 44–45, 112, 215
Moretti, Franco, 57–58
Moskal, Jeanne, 206–7, 270n56, 293n7, 294n14
Mulvey, Christopher, 82, 265n7, 278n28
Murray, E. B., 205, 293n7
Murray, John, 250
Murrays, vs. tour books, 279n31
music, 38, 81, 133, 278n27
The Mysteries of Udolpho (Radcliffe), 23, 72, 86, 94–97, 102, 113–19, 277n18; companionable tourism, 29, 30; and Gilpin, 73–74; gothicism, 48, 281nn4,5; health travel, 13, 113–14; landscape gardening, 124; names, 109; pastoralism, 103–4; pilgrimages, 248; poetry, 67; and Rousseau, 111, 124; science, 282n20; and Scott, 128, 131; transports, 87, 131; Venice, 224–25
mysticism, Radcliffe, 77, 91, 275n4

Napoleon, 18, 188, 189, 192, 231–32, 250, 271n65
National Gallery, 18
nationalism, 129–30, 194, 222. *See also patriae*
neoclassicism, 60, 73, 82, 224, 276–77n6
Nicholls, Norton, 29–30
Norton, Rictor, *Mistress of Udolpho: The Life of Ann Radcliffe*, 72, 76–78, 277–78nn17,20, 281n4, 282n20
Norway, Wollstonecraft, 38, 52–53
novels, 54–56, 200–201, 272–73; international, 129–30; realism, 4, 56–60, 67, 68–69, 93, 111, 148–51, 218, 244–45, 258–59n17, 275n29, 287n28; virtual witnessing, 57, 62. *See also* Romantic novels

Obenzinger, Hilton, 11, 261n29
Orkneys, 157–58, 160, 210, 295n23
Ossian, 16, 18, 232, 249
Ousby, Ian, 48

painting: Cenci, 41, 227, 240, 251–52, 269n45; Dutch "genre," 180; from Italy, 221–22; Raeburn, 138–39; Renaissance, 227. *See also* landscape painting; Turner, J. M. W.
Paley, Morton, 241
Paris, 14, 18, 37, 203–4
Parks, George B., 21
pastoralism, Radcliffe, 103–5, 110, 123
patriae, 15, 27, 120–21, 154, 166. *See also* domestic touring
patriarchy, 18, 70, 95, 107–8, 110, 150, 199, 227, 282n18
personal identities: in novels, 114–16, 132–33, 183, 188–89; tourists' new, 45–47, 132–33
personal renewal. *See* health tourism
photography, 249
picturesque, 35–36; Austen, 44; Byron on Rhine Valley, 206; Coleridge, 63, 165, 288n12; Gilpin, 36–37, 44, 48, 118, 185, 268n35, 288n12; Radcliffe, 71, 84, 94,

122; Scott, 135, 136, 147, 149, 156, 165, 180, 197, 285n12; Mary Shelley, 229
pilgrims and pilgrimages, 16, 254; *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, 231–32, 247–48; childlike, 29, 248; fictionalized, 221–54; high-cultural, 5, 10–12, 70, 222, 247–48; secularized, 12, 260n23; Mary Shelley's *The Last Man*, 236, 240, 247–48; tour-like, 5, 10–11, 12, 70, 247–48, 260–61nn23,25,27,29
Piranesi: *Carceri d'Invenzione*, 222; *Vedute di Roma*, 222
play: Romantic novels, 4, 69–70, 152, 180–81, 239–40, 246, 248; Romantic tourism, 69–70, 100, 155, 180, 204, 239–40, 248
pleasure: in companionship, 26, 28; in definition of tourism, 10; disappointed expectations of, 26, 47–52, 54, 74–75, 84–85; vs. education, 37; Gray and, 28, 35, 37; imagination and, 1, 20–21, 25, 28, 47–51, 244–45; managing, 5, 35, 37. *See also* transports
poetry, 2–3, 66, 265n8; of Gray letter-journals, 32–33; incomplete disclosure, 62–63; prospect poem, 15; Romantic novels, 2, 22, 62, 65–68, 70, 75, 119, 219–20, 230, 247–48, 275n28; Scott, 2, 66, 126–27, 128, 129, 165, 166–69, 199, 248. *See also* Byron, Lord; Coleridge, Samuel Taylor; Gray, Thomas; Wordsworth, William
politics, 10; Byron and, 231–32; Radcliffe, 71, 72, 76–77, 82, 84–87, 106, 109–10, 124–25, 201; Scott, 129–30, 172, 198–99, 201; Shelleys, 201; Staël and, 231–32; tour books and, 83, 84–87; Wordsworth, 89–90, 271n65, 294n18. *See also* imperialism
poor, rural and urban, 37, 141–42, 157–58, 271n59
Poovey, Mary, 235
Pope, Alexander, 27, 262n36, 265n8; *The Dunciad*, 11
Poussin, Gaspard, 95
Poussin, Nicolas, 149, 222
Price, Uvedale, 136, 197, 283n26
property appropriations: tourist, 45–46, 204–5, 235, 261–62n32. *See also* souvenirs
Protestantism: and Italy, 222; Radcliffe, 69, 77, 86, 276n4; Scott, 127, 149, 153. *See also* Christianity
Providence: Gray and, 35; Romantic novels, 4, 56, 65–70, 110–11, 122, 127, 148–49, 150, 184, 246
psychology: Radcliffe novels, 93, 94, 95, 96, 105, 114–15, 138, 258–59n17; realism, 56, 58–59, 69, 93, 184, 258–59n17; Romantic, 100–101; Romantic tourism, 24, 100–101; Scott novels, 137–38, 184; Mary Shelley novels, 138, 230–31; sublime, 259n20; transport, 89, 138, 259n20

Radcliffe, Ann, 1–2, 4, 36, 59, 63–64, 69, 71–125, 245, 256n5, 274n16, 283n2; and alienated man, 17; Austen and, 78, 80, 280n2; *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, 96, 102; disappointed tourism, 49, 50, 51, 74–75, 84–85, 241; *Gaston de Blondeville*, 74, 93, 119; gothicism, 42–43, 71, 78, 95–97, 103, 106–7, 109–10, 117–18, 163–64, 245, 281nn4,5; and Italy, 223, 224–25, 243, 299n34; *A Journey Made in the Summer of 1794*, 72–73, 79, 82, 83–88, 102, 116, 279n32, 280n38; Lake District/Ullswater, 50, 63, 84–91, 271–72n68, 298n30; and landscape gardening, 123–25, 197, 283n26; London, 14, 72, 77, 78; personal life, 72–78, 277n18, 283n3; poetry, 66, 75, 119, 278n27; Rhine voyage, 91, 206; Scott and, 95, 126–29, 131, 148, 163–64, 172, 197, 283n3; Mary Shelley and, 108, 201–2, 210, 216, 219, 220, 223, 242, 243, 245–46; *A Sicilian Romance*, 41, 96, 98–99, 103, 106, 119, 122, 202, 216; and sketching, 73, 276–77n6, 281n4;

spiritual tourism, 92–125; tour books and journals, 23, 71, 72–73, 79–91, 102, 107, 116, 276n4, 278nn23,24, 279n32, 280n38; transports, 9, 66, 70, 75, 87–88, 98–99, 108–9, 115–16, 122, 131, 138, 148, 216, 247, 258–59n17. *See also The Italian*; *The Mysteries of Udolpho*; *The Romance of the Forest*
Radcliffe, William, 76, 80, 82, 101–2, 278nn23,24, 280n38
Raeburn, Sir Henry, 138–39
rail networks, 22, 249, 250–51, 279n31
realism: edited, 37; novelistic, 4, 56–60, 67, 68–69, 93, 111, 148–51, 218, 244–45, 258–59n17, 275n29, 287n28; Scott and, 140, 287n28; Turner and, 197. *See also* authenticity; fictionality; historical record; science
Reeve, Clara, 59, 66, 272–73n5, 275n29; *The Old English Baron*, 54–56
religion: Scott and, 131, 149; tour books and, 83. *See also* Christianity; pilgrims and pilgrimages; spiritual tourism
revolutions: American, 106; Britain's Glorious, 77, 85, 86, 87, 125; France, 82, 87, 106, 179–80, 238, 283n3; Greece, 201; Italy, 201
Rhine voyages: Byron, 205, 206, 215; Radcliffes, 91, 206; Shelleys and Claire, 30–31, 202–3, 205–6, 215
Rhymer's Glen, 196, 197–98
Richardson, Samuel, 54, 56, 57
roads, 14–15, 80, 271n65
Rogers, Samuel, 101; *Italy*, 70, 246; Turner illustrations, 185
romance, 272–73n5; ancient, 55–56, 59, 71, 93; comedy, 4, 130, 140, 246, 286n19; defined, 9, 58; medieval, 4, 42, 59, 92; modern, 55–56; Renaissance, 4, 59, 92, 93. *See also* Romantic Age; Romantic novels
The Romance of the Forest (Radcliffe), 23, 93, 96, 103–13, 117, 277n18, 281n4, 282n21; Enlightenment world-view, 58; garden landscape, 123–24, 197; gothicism, 48, 118; health tourism, 13; incest, 77; pastoralism, 103–5, 110; patriarchy, 70, 95, 107–8, 110, 282n18; pilgrimages, 248; Savoy, 91, 106, 107, 282n19; and tour books, 83, 84–85; transports, 216
Romantic Age (1745–1830), 21–22, 27, 249, 255–56nn4,5; High-Romantic literature, 66, 249. *See also* Early Romantics; Romantic tourism
Romantic irony, 190–91. *See also* satires
Romantic novels, 93; defined, 22, 55; features, 4, 22, 24, 56, 64–70, 94, 103, 104, 148–49, 222, 246–47, 249; fictionality, 3–6, 10, 54–70, 92–125, 128, 148, 164–68, 256n6; flight-and-pursuit pattern, 94; haste in writing, 64; health tourism, 13–14, 113–14, 118, 211–12, 298n30; heteroglossic, 65–66; ideal reader, 59–64, 70, 274n20; incomplete disclosure, 62–64, 243; physical description, 94; play, 69–70, 152, 180–81, 239–40, 246, 248; poetry, 2, 22, 62, 65–68, 70, 75, 119, 166–68, 219–20, 230, 247–48, 275n28; Providence, 4, 56, 65, 67–68, 69, 70, 110–11, 122, 127, 148–49, 150, 184, 246; reader's imaginations, 59–64, 70, 180–81, 243; and Romantic tourism, 1–9, 65–66, 69–91, 97–98, 102, 108–9, 123, 132–52, 158–59, 164–84, 202, 203, 209–11, 223–24, 227, 232–49, 257n8; transports, 8–9, 66, 70, 75, 87–88, 98–99, 108–9, 122, 131, 258–59n17. *See also* gothicism; Radcliffe, Ann; Scott, Sir Walter; Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft; theatrical
Romantic tourism, 2–3, 250, 256n5, 279n31; British domestic, 14–22, 27, 32, 43, 80–81, 120–21, 154, 250–51, 281n7; disappointments, 26, 47–52, 54, 74–75, 84–85, 241, 251–52; elopement, 45, 201, 239; features, 12–13, 21, 24, 25–26, 69–70, 249, 260n23; fictionality, 1–10, 20–21, 25–53, 221–54, 255–56n4, 258n15, 269n48; high-cultural, 9–13, 21, 79, 82,

222, 247–48, 257n10; ideal traveler, 15, 80; imaginative reshaping, 4–5, 25–26, 51–52; photography, 249; play, 69–70, 100, 155, 180, 204, 239–40, 248; predecessors, 9–21; Romantic novels and, 1–9, 65–66, 69–91, 97–98, 102, 108–9, 123, 132–52, 158–59, 164–84, 202, 203, 209–20, 223–24, 227, 232–49, 257n8; strategies and devices of, 35–38. *See also* Continental travel; health tourism; Italy; pleasure; Radcliffe, Ann; Scotland; Scott, Sir Walter; Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft

Rome, 10, 14, 37, 224, 226–32; Byron, 222, 230, 231–32; Coliseum, 37, 49, 223, 230, 250, 251, 253, 268n39; Colonna Gallery's Cenci painting, 41, 227, 240, 251–52, 269n45; Dickens, 251–53; Gibbon and, 10, 20; Hawthorne, 41, 49, 250, 253, 269n45; James and, 10, 253; Pantheon, 37, 49, 230, 296n15; Radcliffe and, 243, 299n34; Ruskin, 253, 299n44; Shelleys and, 10, 22, 221, 226–27, 229–31, 240, 241, 242; Staël, 30, 230, 231, 242, 243

Rosa, Salvator: Gilpin and, 37, 42, 73–74; and Italy, 222; Radcliffe and, 73–74, 95; *Robbers*, 74; savage sublime, 27, 73, 187, 222; Scott novels and, 137, 150, 174, 186, 187; Turner illustrations and, 186, 187, 290n21

Rousseau, J.-J.: Byron and, 207–9, 294n15; *Emile*, 109; *Julie ou la Nouvelle Héloïse*, 54, 55, 56, 58, 109, 124, 207–9, 257n8, 282n21; Radcliffe and, 108, 109, 111, 124, 129, 282n21; Shelleys and, 58, 207–9

ruins: Iona's monastic, 16; Italy, 222; Rhine voyage, 205–6; in Scott novels, 181–84, 248

Ruskin, John, 253, 299n44

Ryan, Chris, 48

Salvator. *See* Rosa, Salvator

Sandby, Paul, 222

Sandys, George, 11, 261n28

satires, 11–12, 25, 26, 49, 264n3, 269–70n49, 280n2

Saussure, H.-B. de, 258n15; Mont Blanc, 7–8, 258n15; *Voyages dans les Alpes*, 6*fig*, 7–8, 7*fig*, 21, 258n18

Savoy, 91, 106, 107, 209, 282n19

Scandinavia: Norway, 38, 52–53; Trollhate, 50–51, 287n29

Schiller, Friedrich, "Naïve and Sentimental Poetry," 17, 263n42

science: and novelistic realism, 4, 57, 58–59; in Radcliffe novel, 282n20; Shelleys and, 201, 214; travel literature and, 6–7. *See also* Enlightenment

Scotland, 15–16, 22; Boswell and Johnson, 16, 42, 43, 46–47, 83, 145, 161, 162, 240, 271n59, 287n1; feudal, 16, 145, 157, 160, 271n59, 285–86n18; gothicism, 42, 96–97, 163; Hebrides, 83, 145, 155, 163–69, 185; Highlands, 16, 32, 96–98, 131–51, 157–72, 248; Isle of Skye/Loch Coriskin, 42, 43, 164–71, 170, 185, 288n9, 290n21; Macculloch, 22, 131, 170–71, 290n21; in Scott writings and tours, 16, 22, 43, 95, 129–84; Turner, 169–71

Scott, Sir Walter, 1–2, 73, 154–99, 245, 256n5, 283n3, 286n21; *The Bride of Lammermoor*, 67, 68, 70, 127, 159, 165, 182, 284n6; diary, 155, 156, 159–62, 169, 171, 178; "The Field of Waterloo," 192; gothicism, 54, 127, 163; health tourism, 13, 154, 262n34; *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, 67, 126–30, 143–53, 159, 284n7, 286n19, 287n28; and historical record, 3, 93, 128–30, 139–45, 166–68, 172, 228, 248, 285n17, 289n14, 296n14; *Ivanhoe*, 67, 284n6; *The Lady of the Lake*, 2, 165; and landowner absenteeism, 110, 198–99; and landscape gardening, 136, 155, 196, 197–98, 283n26; and lastness, 297n18; *A Legend of the Wars of Montrose*, 126, 284n6, 286n19; *The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, 193; *The Lord of the Isles*, 43, 155, 164–70, 170, 185, 289nn14,15; *Marmion*, 2; *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 129, 181, 185–86,

186; *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, 185, **196**; *Old Mortality*, 130; "On Landscape Gardening," 185, **196**, 198; *Paul's Letters*, 155, 185, 188–97, **195**, 291n38; personal life, 188, 283n2; *The Pirate*, 155, 158–59, 288nn7,8; *Poetical Works*, 168–69, 170, 185, 186; poetry, 2, 66, 126–27, 128, 129, 165, 166–69, 192, 248; *Prose Works*, 193, **195**, 197; *Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, 184–85; and Radcliffe, 95, 126–29, 131, 148, 163–64, 172, 197, 283n3; review of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, 62, 64, 290n30; review of *Frankenstein*, 56, 57, 244–45, 273n6, 293n5; *Rob Roy*, 48, 62, 142, 143, 145, 149, 150; *St. Ronan's Well*, 44–45, 130, 262n34, 270n49, 285n15; Scotland in writings and tours, 16, 22, 43, 95, 129–84; Mary Shelley and, 201–2, 227–28, 296n14; and sketching, 135, 142, 172, 174, 175, 176, 180–81, 275n24, 285n15; transports, 9, 65–66, 126–53, 181, 258–59n17; Turner collaboration, 154, 155, 168–71, 170, 184–88, **186**, 187, 193–98, **196**, 288n4, 291n33. *See also Guy Mannering*; *Waverley*

Selwyn, Tom, 5, 69–70

Shakespeare, William, 4, 27, 60, 65, 66, 69; *As You Like It*, 4, 74–75, 88, 93, 104, 105; birthplace, 40; *Hamlet*, 127; and Italy, 222; *Macbeth*, 127, 162, 244, 245; *Measure for Measure*, 127, 148, 284n6; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 71, 87, 92; *Othello*, 127, 290n26; Radcliffe and, 74, 78, 87, 88, 92, 104, 105, 225; *Richard II*, 15; romantic comedy, 4, 246, 286n19; Scott and, 127–28, 129, 148, 162, 284n6, 286n19, 290n26; Shelleys and, 204; *Twelfth Night*, 4, 168; *The Winter's Tale*, 127

shame, tourist, 50, 189–90, 252, 278n28

Shanes, Eric, 197

Shaw, Harry, 67

Shelley, Harriet, 201, 294n9

Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft, 1–2, 12, 27, 65, 93, 200–220, 270n53, 292n3; actor-observer, 45; alienated man, 17; appropriations, 45–46, 204–5, 235; companionable tourism, 30–31, 200–220, 234, 236–39, 249, 267n20; disappointments, 51; elopement, 45, 201, 239, 292n3, 293n8; "The English in Italy," 200; "Four Letters from Geneva," 203, 217, 293n8; and historical record, 228, 229, 230–31, 296n14; *History of a Six Weeks' Tour*, 202, 203–9, 213–14, 236, 237, 293nn7,8; Italy, 10, 202, 221–23, 226–31, 249, 296n9, 298n28, 299n34; *The Last Man*, 70, 202, 203, 223, 226, 232–49, 296–98; *Lodore*, 249; Londoner, 14; Montanvert glacier, 43, 213–17, 269n48, 295n23; and Percy's gravestone, 39–40; and poetry, 66–67, 219–20, 230; *Rambles in Germany and Italy*, 203, 212–13, 249, 293n7; renewal through touring, 46, 270n56; Rhine voyage, 30–31, 202–3, 205–6, 215; and Staël, 223, 230, 242, 299n34; tour books and journals, 73, 202, 203–9, 212–14, 217, 236, 237, 249, 263n43, 293nn7,8; transports, 9, 10, 66, 138, 202, 209–20, 229, 237, 245, 259n17; *Valperga*, 201–2, 203, 225, 226, 227–31, 232, 240, 296n14. *See also Frankenstein*

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 10, 12, 21, 27, 281n7; *The Assassins*, 204–5, 233, 239; *The Cenci*, 41, 203, 225, 226–27, 269n45; and *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, 202, 203, 207, 208; companionable tourism, 30–31, 201–20, 226, 234, 237; death (1822), 201; elopement, 45, 201, 239, 292n3, 293n8; "Four Letters from Geneva," 203, 207, 214, 293nn7,8; France, 202–4; *Frankenstein* contributions, 202; gravestone's "Cor Cordium" (heart of hearts), 39–40; *History of a Six Weeks' Tour* contributions, 202, 293n7; Italy, 10, 202, 222, 223, 226–27, 236, 293n9;

"Julian and Maddalo," 226; in *The Last Man*, 234, 235, 237; "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills," 226, 227; "Mont Blanc," 214; "Ozymandias," 233; Rhine voyage, 30–31, 202–3, 205–6; and Rousseau, 58, 207–9; and sublime, 206–7, 209, 237, 294n14; Switzerland, 202, 203, 204, 206–8, 214; transports, 204; travel journal, 202–9
Shelley, Percy Florence, 212–13, 249
Sidney, Sir Philip, 11
Skene, James, 176, 180, 288n4, 290n28
sketching, 17, 62–63, 274n14; photography and, 249; Radcliffe novels, 73, 276–77n6, 281n4; Scott novels, 135, 142, 172, 174, 175, 176, 180–81, 285n15; Turner, 171, 185, 193
Smollett, Tobias, 14–15, 38–39, 49, 268n39; *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, 65, 112, 270n49; Radcliffe and, 78, 112; *Travels through France and Italy*, 112
sole survivor narratives, 232–48, 297
solitariness, 16–17, 26, 30, 213, 240, 267n20
sound: distracting, 50–51; music, 38, 81, 133, 278n27; sublime of, 151–52, 287n29; transport, 51, 217
Southey, Robert, 294n18; "A Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo," 192–93; *Roderick the Last of the Goths*, 232
souvenirs: modern tourists, 52; tourists and pilgrims, 260n23; tourists at Waterloo, 189–90, 192. *See also* property appropriations
spas, 12–14; Bath, 14, 43, 113, 269–70n49; German, 249–50
Spencer, Jane, 107, 282n18
spiritual tourism, 92–125, 260n22
Staël, Germaine de, 223; Rome, 30, 230, 231, 242, 243. *See also Corinne, or Italy*
Stendhal, 54, 259n17
Sterne, Laurence, 38–39, 91, 268–69n40; *A Sentimental Journey*, 39; *Tristram Shandy*, 39, 57
Stevenson, Robert, 156, 158, 288n4
Stewart, Patrick, 160, 288n8
storying places, 5, 36–47, 70, 221, 240–43, 247. *See also* fictionality
Strawberry Hill, 20
sublime: Burkean, 8, 50, 98, 109, 135, 148, 151–52, 206, 245, 266n14, 281n8; egotistical, 49, 209; gendering, 86, 98, 219; Gray and, 33–34, 264n48, 266n14; incomplete disclosure, 63; liberating, 9, 86, 87, 101, 164; Macculloch and, 170–71; obscurity and, 50, 63, 271–72n68; Radcliffe and, 71, 86–89, 108–9, 110, 111, 115–16, 216, 281n8; ravishing, 86, 109, 135, 164, 285n14; savage, 27, 73; Scott and, 135, 147–48, 151–52, 156, 179, 186, 187; Shelleys and, 202, 206–7, 209, 215–16, 219, 229, 237, 245, 269n43, 294–95nn14,23; of sound, 151–52, 287n29; of terror, 87–88, 163–64, 245; transport, 8, 87–89, 108–9, 116, 216, 245, 259nn17,20; Turner and, 186, 187
Sultana, Donald, 189
Sutherland, John, 188, 283n2
Switzerland: Byron, 30, 206, 208, 217; Gibbon, 21, 208–9; Radcliffes, 91, 107; Shelleys, 43, 202–8, 213, 214, 219, 234, 237–39, 269nn43,48. *See also* Alps

Tacitus, *Histories*, 204
Talfourd, T. N., "Memoir of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Radcliffe," 76–78, 79, 82, 101–2, 277n12, 278nn23,24
terror, 73, 87–88, 117–18, 163–64, 245
theatrical, 149, 264–65n5, 275n28; Addison and, 25, 26, 264n5; Mary Shelley's *The Last Man*, 239, 240–41, 242, 244, 245
therapeutic tourism. *See* health tourism
Thomson, James, 21, 66, 119, 265n8
Tiepolo, Giovanni, 222
tour books and journals, 8, 27, 52, 82–83, 200–201, 250–51, 261n31, 278n29, 291n38; Addison, 27, 83, 221, 264n3, 279n35; Cooper, 39–40, 269n43; Defoe, 27, 279n35, 291n38; Dickens, 251–53; fictionality, 5–8, 36–47; Gray, 27–37,

49, 266n17, 267n25; interior voyages, 39, 82, 83, 269n40, 279n30; Murrays distinguished from, 279n31; Nicholls, 29–30; Radcliffe, 23, 71, 72–73, 79–91, 102, 107, 116, 276n4, 278nn23,24, 279n32, 280n38; Scott, 73, 130, 155, 156, 159–62, 169, 171, 178, 185, 188–97, 195, 289nn14,15, 291n38; Shelleys, 73, 202–9, 212–14, 217, 236, 237, 249, 263n43, 269n43, 293nn7,8; Staël and, 223; Sterne, 38–39, 268–69n40; West, 32, 33, 49; Wollstonecraft, 27, 52–53, 83, 204, 220, 238, 280n40. *See also* tourist tales

tourism: American, 254; centers and peripheries, 142–43, 263n40; definitions, 10, 257n10, 259–60n22; Dickens as site of, 254; economics, 11, 14, 205, 249; educational, 11–12, 212, 241; military and, 131; objectionable behavior, 45–46, 189–90, 204–5, 235, 250, 261–62n32; pedestrian, 8, 11, 80, 97, 143, 176, 204, 207, 209–11, 229, 258n16; pilgrimages like, 5, 10–11, 12, 70, 247–48, 260–61nn23,25,27,29; spiritual, 92–125, 260n22; traveler/tourist opposition, 26, 265n7. *See also* health tourism; picturesque; Romantic tourism

"tourist shame," 50, 189–90, 252, 278n28. *See also* appropriations; disappointments

tourist tales: fictionality, 5–8, 25–26, 36–47, 269n48. *See also* storying places; tour books and journals

tragedy, literary, 4, 130

transports, 8–9, 10; external and internal influences, 51; imaginative, 3, 8, 54, 122, 147, 181, 258–59n17; Radcliffe, 9, 66, 70, 75, 87–88, 98–99, 108–9, 115–16, 122, 131, 138, 148, 216, 247, 258–59n17; Scott, 9, 65–66, 126–53, 181, 258–59n17; Mary Shelley, 9, 10, 66, 138, 202, 209–20, 229, 237, 245, 259n17; Percy Shelley, 204; sublime, 8, 87–89, 108–9, 116, 216, 245, 259nn17,20; tourism, 108–9, 259n17; Wordsworth, 89. *See also* pleasure

travel infrastructure, 80, 176–78, 249–50; France, 204; lodgings, 48, 80, 176–78, 260n23; pilgrim, 260n23, 261n29; rail, 22, 249, 250–51, 279n31; roads, 14–15, 80, 271n65; Scandinavia, 52–53; spas, 12–14, 43, 113, 249–50; steamship, 251; water conveyances, 205

travel journals. *See* tour books and journals

Trollhate, Wollstonecraft, 50–51, 287n29

Turner, J. M. W., 21, 290n21; Byron works, 185, 193, 194, 195, 197, 292n47; "Col. Mannering, Hazelwood, and the Smugglers," 187; "The Field of Waterloo," 193–95, 194, 292n48; "Hougoumont," 194–95, 195; "Lancaster Sands," 90, 91; *Loch Coriskin*, 168–71, 170, 185, 288n9, 289n19; *Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, 184–85; "Rhymer's Glen," 196, 197–98; Scotland, 169–71; Scott collaboration, 154, 155, 168–71, 170, 184–88, 186, 187, 193–98, 196, 288n4, 291n33; "Staffa: Fingal's Cave," 169, 289n18; Waterloo visit/illustrations, 192–97, 194, 195, 292n48; and Wordsworth, 291n32

Ullswater, 50, 63, 86–87, 271–72n68, 298n30

Vale of Elysium, 33–35, 70, 241

Venice: Byron, 47, 224–26, 228, 231, 253, 295–96n9; Radcliffe, 224–25; Ruskin, 253; Shelleys, 226, 227–29; Staël, 223, 224

Victorian fiction, 4

virtual witnessing, 57, 62

Voltaire, 208

Walpole, Horace, 3, 11, 27, 59–60, 66, 70; and ancient romances, 93; *The Castle of Otranto*, 20, 54–62, 66, 68, 96, 230, 244–45, 273n7; gothicism, 20, 54, 57, 59; Grand Tour with Gray, 28, 29, 32, 266nn11,14; and Italy, 222

Warton, Joseph, 27
Warton, Thomas, 27, 257n9; Elder, 265n8, 266n15; junior and senior, 266n15
Waterloo, 188–97; Byron visit/poetry, 192, 193, 194, 247, 291n42; Napoleon defeat, 188, 189, 192, 232; Scott visit/*Paul's Letters*, 188–92, 195–97, **195**; Turner visit/illustrations, 192–97, **194**, **195**, 292n48
Waverley (Scott), 126–53, 181, 185, 284–85nn8,12,13, 286nn19,22, 296n14; and Grand Tour, 1, 134; Gray and, 35; *Guy Mannering* compared with, 142, 172, 173, 174, 175–76; ideal reader, 62; landscape gardening, 197; poetry, 67, 165, 248; Mary Shelley and, 201–2, 296n14; Turner and, 291n33
West, Richard, 28, 29, 32, 115, 266n14, 267n25
West, Thomas, *Guide to the Lakes*, 32, 33, 49
Wharton, Thomas, 29–30, 32, 35, 266n15
Wilson, Richard, 222
Wollstonecraft, Mary, 36, 210, 294n18; *Letters from Norway*, 52–53, 83, 204, 220, 238, 298n31; Norway, 38, 52–53; Mary Shelley's mother, 201, 220, 238, 292–93n4, 298n31; tour books, 27, 52–53, 83, 204, 220, 238, 280n40; Trollhate, 50–51, 287n29
Wood, John, 43
Wordsworth, Dorothy, 27
Wordsworth, William, 2, 11, 21–22, 165, 280n43; *Descriptive Sketches*, 11; egotistical sublime, 49; Gilpin/picturesque tourism criticized by, 35–36, 165, 288n12; on Gray's letter-journals, 32; *Guide to the Lakes*, 38, 267n26; "Lines Written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey," 15, 30, 205, 210, 213, 215–16, 268n31; *Lyrical Ballads*, 18, 52, 211–12, 216; Mont Blanc, 48, 50, 271n65; objectionable tourism, 250; *The Prelude*, 11, 48–49, 89–90, 99–100, 239, 271n65, 288n12; primitivist project, 18; Radcliffe and, 89–90, 91, 99–100, 115; Scott novels and, 144, 145–46; Shelleys and, 205, 210–16, 220, 235, 239, 241, 294n18; Turner and, 291n32; Waterloo poems, 193
Wright, G. N., *Landscape-Historical Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverley Novels*, 185, **187**
Wye Valley, 29, 31, 32

DATE DE RETOUR

CARR McLEAN 38-295-F

TRENT UNIVERSITY
0 1164 0543887 4